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THE NEW YORKER

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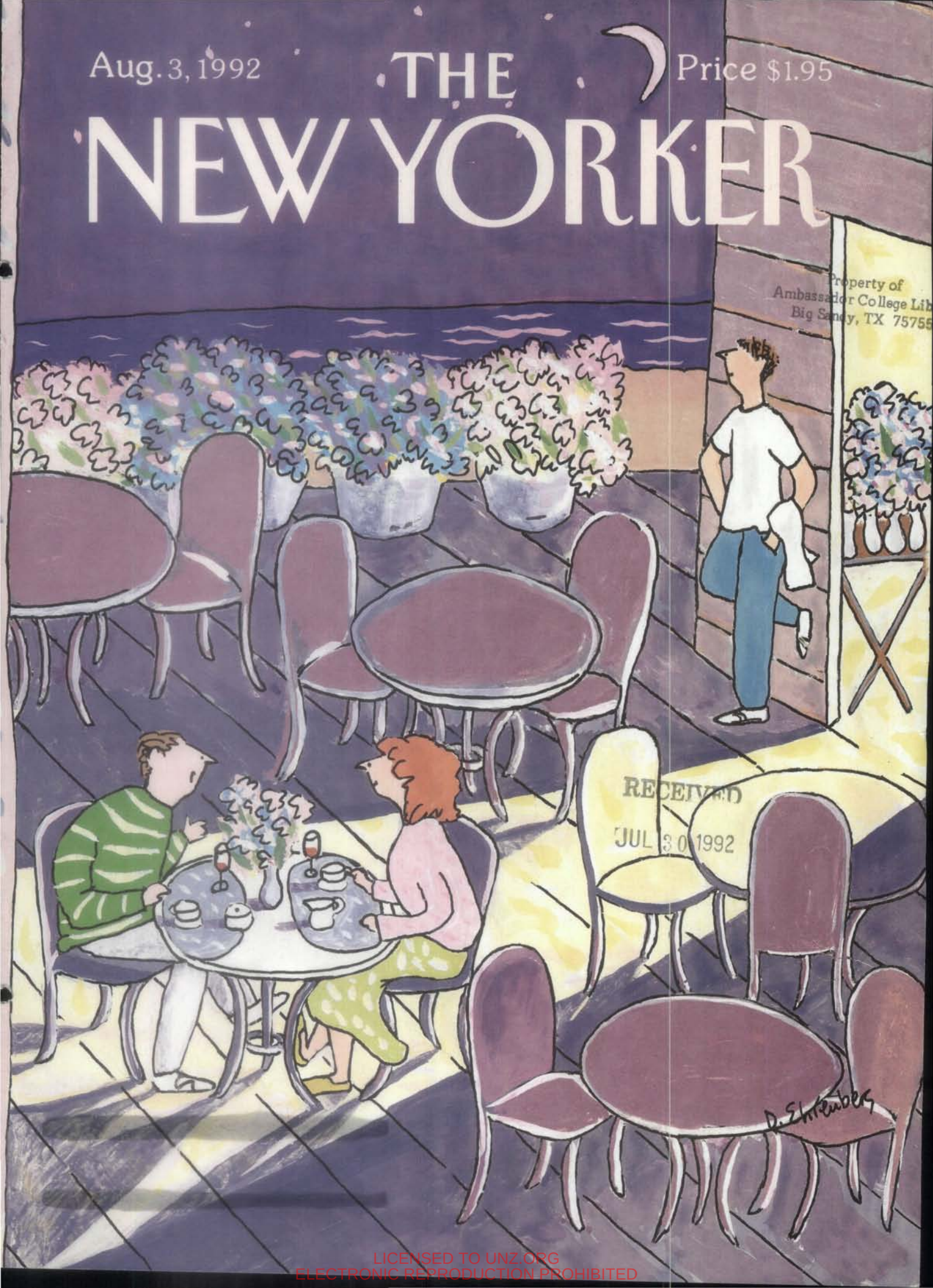

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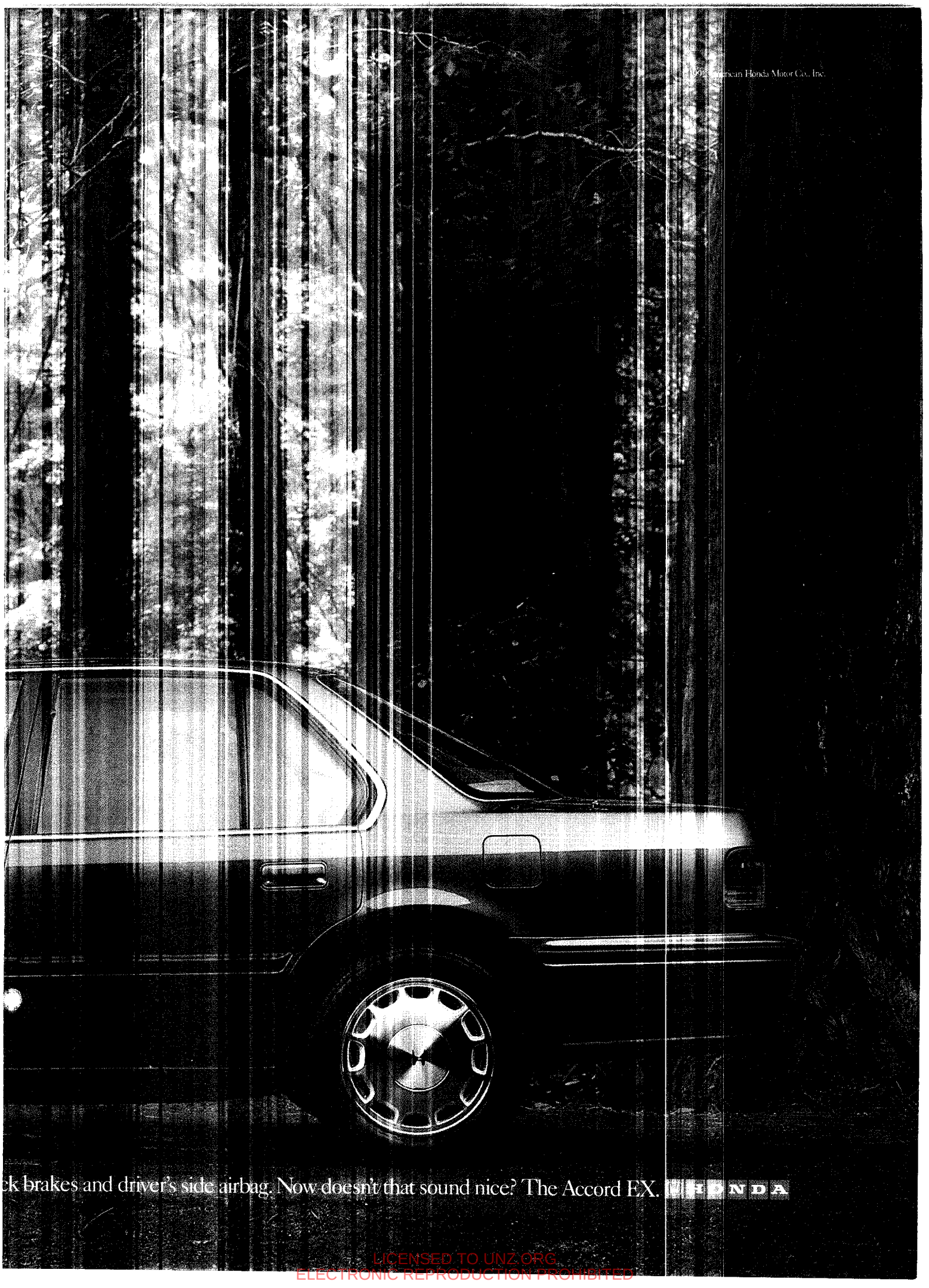

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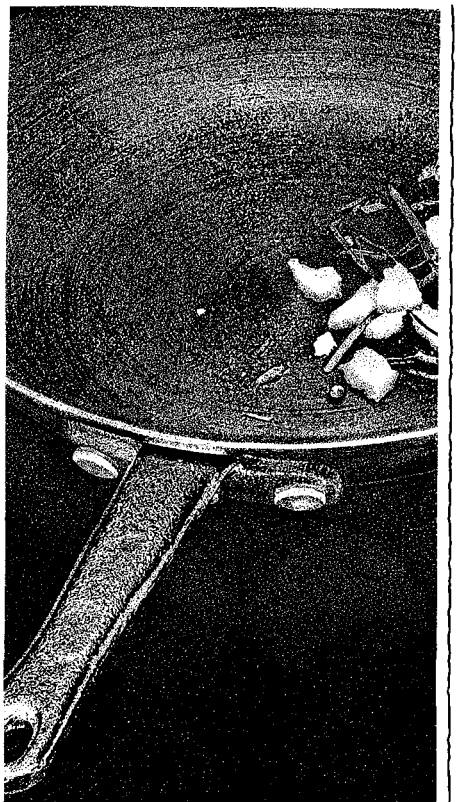

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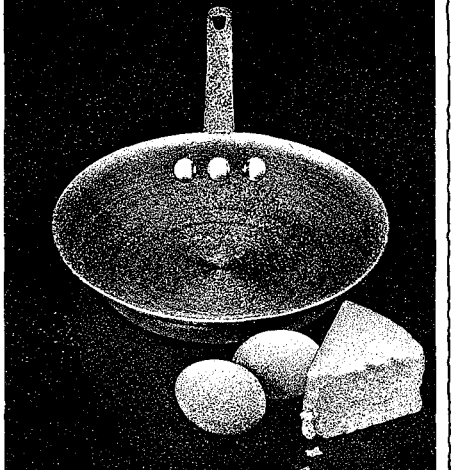

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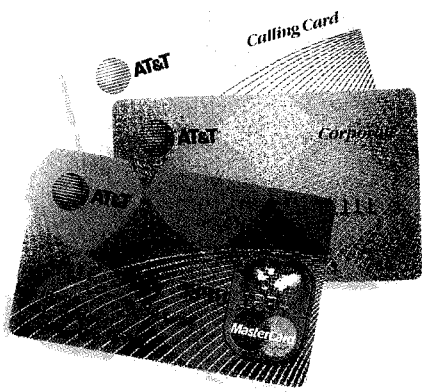

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

REMEMBER the monkey that, during the President's trip to Japan last January, retched every time the phrase "Bush-san" was spoken? Well, that monkey, whose name is Jiro, and a group of his macaque colleagues will be coming to New York next month, to perform at Lincoln Center and in Central Park. The monkey troupe, known as Suo Sarumawashi no Kai, is bound to have tabloid editors falling all over themselves to come up with theatrical-sounding headlines ("The Hairy Apes," "Monkey Business") and to elicit a few inquiries from people concerned about the macaques' treatment—the macaques come, after all, from a country in which monkey brains occasionally appear on the menu. But simians also hold a revered place in Asian mythology (think of the monkey king) and occupy a regular place in Japanese pop culture, turning up frequently in comic books and on children's cartoon shows. And monkey training, or sarumawashi, has a long history in Japan.

By the time Suo Sarumawashi was founded, however—in 1977, by Yoshimasa Murasaki—the art had all but died out. With the help of one of its few surviving practitioners, Mrs. Fujiko Shigeoka, Mr. Murasaki revived it, and now his son Taro oversees a troupe that features not only Jiro—a big wow on Japanese television—but also Choromatsu, Kanpei, and Hotaru. For the most part, the macaques appear in ancient samurai dramas, which are rich in the kinds of stage poses—both proud and humble—that the animals can adopt with relative ease. The macaques do not appear onstage alone; their handlers are there, too, often in speaking parts. The monkey characters' dialogue is conveyed through voice-over narration, and for the New York engagement (Alice Tully Hall, September 11-12; Central Park, dates to be announced) that narration will be in English. In another concession to local tastes, the samurai drama performed here, "Yoshitsune," will be fashioned into a Civil War saga. Maybe Jiro should audition for "Scarlett."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND and **THE FIFTEEN MINUTE HAMLET**—The Roundabout Theatre Company presents a double bill of comedies by Tom Stoppard. Simon Jones and David Healy star in both. Previews begin July 29. (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BALANCING ACT—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

THE BEST OF FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but our favorite sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she

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ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY—A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians. The jokes explode around us, and there isn't a dud in the lot. Louise DuArt does impressions. Mr. Lawrence takes a week's vacation after Aug. 2; Nipsey Russell will fill in for him Aug. 4-9. (12/23/91) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FATHER—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

CRAZY FOR YOU—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. The scenery is by Robin Wagner; the costumes are by William Ivey Long; and the masterly direction is by Mike Ockrent. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DAY DREAMS: THE MUSIC AND MAGIC OF DORIS DAY—Patty Carver stars in a musical by Jim Murphy (book) and David Levy and Darren Cohen (score and lyrics). Songs associated with Miss Day are also included. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes Aug. 2.)

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN—Mike Nichols' Americanized version of Ariel Dorfman's play (in which Juliet Stevenson took London by storm last year) is a sad disappointment. The play, which is set in "a country that is probably Chile" and concerns a woman's attempt to punish the man she holds responsible for torturing her in captivity fifteen years before, is anything but subtle, and Glenn Close, Richard Dreyfuss, and Gene Hackman are all grossly miscast. (3/30/92) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100. Closes Aug. 2.)

ETHEL MERMAN'S BROADWAY—Rita McKenzie is Miss Merman in this one-woman show. Written by Miss McKenzie and Christopher Powich, who also directed. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

FALSETTOS—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. We've never understood the appeal of Mr. Finn's trilogy. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. To us, though, it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FIRES IN THE MIRROR: CROWN HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN AND OTHER IDENTITIES—Anna Deavere Smith is a wily mimic and verbal caricaturist, with a sharp, discerning ear and a tongue to match. The program, which she wrote as well as performs, takes as its point of departure the aftermath of the accident last summer, in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, in which a car carrying members of a Hasidic sect went out of control and killed a black child, Gavin Cato. Miss Smith impersonates more than twenty-five people who were either directly or indirectly concerned. Her net is far-flung, and, not surprisingly, she is often strongest when funniest. Those here gathered include Angela Davis, in California; Professor Leonard Jeffries, of City College; and the omnipresent Reverend Al Sharpton. There are also a couple of rabbis; a couple of rapping street kids; a local Jewish housewife; and, most notably, Norman Rosenbaum, an Australian whose brother Yankel was stabbed to death in retribution on the night of the accident. All the material in the show was based on actual interviews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Aug. 16.)

FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery.

Earl Fields, Jr., and Jessica Smith in "Lotto"

(4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JAKE'S WOMEN—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the women in his life, past and present, is pretty much what you'd expect: some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

JELLY'S LAST JAM—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show, an original if ever there was one, was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover, who plays the character as a young man, is worthy of him, which is saying a lot. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. Luther Henderson has adapted Morton's music and offered some music of his own; the lyrics were written by Susan Birkenhead; and Hope Clark was the choreographer. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting **COLUMBUS, THE MUSICAL**, by Janet Villella and Earl

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Wilson, Jr. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Aug. 2.)

LOTTO (EXPERIENCE THE DREAM)—A comedy by Cliff Roquemore, which has recently moved downtown from the Heckscher Theatre. It's about a Los Angeles family who wins the lottery. The cast: Alimi Ballard, Steve Baumer, John L. Bennett, Elise Chinyere Chance, Earl Fields, Jr., Maurice Fontane, Peace Roberts, Bryan Roquemore, Jessica Smith, and Otis Young Smith. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

MARVIN'S ROOM—A play about dying, suffering, and sacrifice in one family, written in a style so frisky as to set the teeth permanently on edge. There is a fine performance by Mark Rosenthal as a smoldering adolescent. Also with Alice Drummond, Laura Esterman, and Tim Monsion. Scott McPherson is the dramatist. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—This is one musical we think the world could be without and feel no sorrow. The story of a girl forced to content herself with some old duffer because some other old duffer wanted to teach everyone a lesson about making do with what life has to offer, it's pseudo opera superimposed on pseudo Americana. As for Gerald Gutierrez's Goodspeed Opera production, it's your basic slightly-better-than-average dinner-theatre revival. What's the rumpus? (2/24/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

MURDER IN DISGUISE—A gay comedy mystery written by John Glines and directed by Pip Carpenter. With John Carhart III, Sean Flanigan, John Jason, Wayne Markover, Steve Silver, and Philip Stoehr. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St., at Bleecker St. 564-8038.)

THE NIGHT LARRY KRAMER KISSED ME—A play written and performed by David Drake. Directed by Chuck Brown (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

RED DIAPER BABY—Josh Kornbluth's one-man show, recently seen at Second Stage. Joshua Mostel directed. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

RUTHLESS!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

SALOMÉ and CHINESE COFFEE—Al Pacino stars in two shows that are running in repertory. The first is a revival of Wilde's camp classic which also stars Sheryl Lee, the young lady whose performance as Laura Palmer in "Twin Peaks" caused such a calm. The production is so bad that it's a hoot—especially for those who don't like Pacino. But then, who doesn't like Pacino? The second production is a contemporary play by Ira Lewis. ("Salomé" was reviewed in our issue of 7/6/92.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. "Salomé" closes July 29 and "Chinese Coffee" Aug. 1.)

SIGHT UNSEEN—Donald Margulies' engrossing new play, which is about an Eric Fischl-type painter who decides to look up an old girlfriend he once treated badly, takes the contemporary art scene to task. Technically, it also plays around with time a good deal, though never sloppily or gratuitously. You end up being affected by a curious kind of resonance—it's earned, not something you've brought with you into the theatre. With Adam Arkin, Margaret Colin, John Christopher Jones, and Pamela Gray. Michael Bloom was the director. (2/3/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Gregory Mosher's revival, with Jessica Lange in the role of Blanche DuBois, plays like a parody. It features a cuddly, avuncular Stanley (Alec Baldwin), a Stella (Amy Madigan) straight out of a Carol Burnett skit, and a lot of embarrassing staging. Miss Lange's acting is all "for the camera." One feels that she is trying to rescue the role of Blanche from decades' worth of assumptions about it but hasn't had much help or guidance from her director. (4/27/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 9.)

TUBES—A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)

TWO TRAINS RUNNING—August Wilson's latest, set in a Pittsburgh luncheonette in 1969, is one of those plays in which all the performances seem to be groping hotly after award nominations and everything is freighted with Meaning. (4/27/92) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.). . . **CATS**: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **DANCING AT LUGHNASA**: How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirty-second birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FOREVER PLAID**: Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS**: This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES**: The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **MISS SAIGON**: Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE**: A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **PERFECT CRIME**: A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**: This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **THE SECRET GARDEN**: This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING**: The never-ending nuptials of Anthony Angelo Nunzio and Valentina Lynne Vitale. With audience participation, as you probably know. (St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.). . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES**: The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. With Mac Davis. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

DANCE

WHEN Jed Wheeler, the producer of "Serious Fun!" was arranging this year's Megadance program, he went to Sally Banes and asked her to put together an evening of masterpieces from the recent avant-garde. Ms. Banes—the head of the dance program at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and a historian of postmodern dance—suggested that what made the avant-garde avant-garde was that it rejected the very notion of masterpieces. No, Mr. Wheeler responded, think of it like this: If you were going to attend a group program twenty years ago, what are some of the best things that might be on it? Taking that approach, Ms. Banes made a list of fourteen choreographers, which, in consultation with Mr. Wheeler, she then whittled down to nine. In most cases, she asked each choreographer for a specific work, although a couple of them made other choices. "For example, I wanted Meredith Monk to do her solo from 'Education of the Girlchild,'" Ms. Banes told us in a recent phone call. "But she chose to do 'Break.' I've never seen it."

Did she have guidelines for her own choices? "Yes," she said. "I was thinking how much dance has changed since the sixties and seventies. Even dance that was resistant to the greed and glitter of politics during Reaganism got more spectacular, larger in scale, and more virtuosic. It will be interesting to find out whether people can appreciate that early work, which is so spare and lean. Of course, you can also say that, in a recessionary time like ours, it's good to have models of how one can do more with small means. It's a question of going back to basics: What are we making? Why are we making it? What are we looking for in a dance? Remember, some of the things you'll see predate even the N.E.A."

IN TOWN

PILOBOLUS—July 27, July 30, and Aug. 4-5, all at 8: "The Particle Zoo," an unnamed work, "Televisitation," and "Début C.". . . ¶ July 28 at 8, Aug. 1 at 2 and 8, and Aug. 3 at 8: "Land's Edge," another unnamed work (première), "Alraune," "Walklyndon," and "Day Two.". . . ¶ July 29 at 8: "Ciona," "Moonblind," "Shizen," "Walklyndon," "Ocellus," "Pseudopodia," and "Untitled.". . . ¶ July 31 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Axons," "Clandestiny," "Pseudopodia," and "Sweet Purgatory." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Aug. 15.)

MEGADANCE—Revivals of works by nine choreographers: "Epic" (by Paul Taylor, 1957), "Interior Drama" (Lucinda Childs, 1977), "Octopus" (Douglas Dunn, 1974), "Huddle" and "Slantboard" (dance constructions by Simone Forti, ca. 1960), "Break" (Meredith Monk, 1964), "Countdown" (Rudy Perez, 1965, performed by the choreographer), "Trio A" (Yvonne Rainer, 1966), "Kinesia #5" (Gus Solomons, Jr., 1967, performed by the choreographer), and "Rose" (James Waring, 1975, reconstructed by Elizabeth Walton). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. July 29-30 at 8.)

ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY—Presenting two new pieces, "Postcards from Soweto" and "Earth Cry," as well as "Esa Mujer" and "Back to Bach." (LaGuardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 64th St. 877-3399. July 30-31 at 8.)

EVERETT DANCE—Dorothy Jungels' group shares a bill with David Dorfman's company. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 31 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

DANCES FOR WAVE HILL—Works by Ariel Herrera, Risa Jaroslow, and Jennifer Monson. (Wave Hill, Independence Ave. at 249th St. 549-3200, ext. 238. Aug. 1-2 at 3.)

NATIONAL DANCE INSTITUTE—Forty-five children from Jacques d'Amboise's group present "Dancing by the Sea," a program of ten dances, including "Radiation March" (première), "When I Was a Lad," and "End of the Journey." (World Financial Center Plaza, Battery Park City. Aug. 2 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Liz Lerman Dance Exchange, July 28-30 at 8, July 31 at 8:30, and Aug. 1 at 2 and 8:30. Presenting a new dance-theatre work, "The Good Jew?". . . ¶ Margaret Jenkins and Rinde Eckert in solos and duets, July 31 at 8, Aug. 1 at 5, and Aug. 2 at 7. . . . ¶ The Hubbard Street Dance Company, Aug. 4-5 at 8. The program by this seventeen-member troupe from Chicago features works by Twyla Tharp ("Baker's Dozen" and "The Golden Section"), Margo Sappington ("Mirage"), Bob Fosse ("Percussion Four"), and Daniel Ezralow ("Super Straight Is Coming Down"). Through Aug. 8. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

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NIGHT LIFE

ON their latest album, "Henry's Dream," Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds create a landscape populated with pimps, whores, killers, and madmen. Veins are opened, limbs are severed, a knife is plunged into a man's neck. Then things really start to go wrong. For over a decade now, Cave, a Melbourne native, has been spewing out gothic horror. His first notable band, Birthday Party, was a short-lived, crash-and-burn affair more admired than loved—a furious, often incomprehensible outfit, the title of whose 1982 EP, "Drunk on the Pope's Blood," gives you an idea of their tone. From their ashes rose the Bad Seeds, who now have seven albums to their credit.

Needless to say, Cave remains an enigmatic figure, whose particular circle of hell isn't for everyone. But "Henry's Dream" is a powerful, darkly beautiful work. Cave's gruff baritone is set against a backdrop of feverish, Pogues-like folk rock. And Cave has toned down his notoriously overwrought imagery; as he recently told an interviewer, "The lyrics are simpler. Clearer. Less this imbroglio of verbiage." The results are stark and unsparing. In "Brother, My Cup Is Empty," a psycho barfly rails, "For many a night I lay awake/And wished that I could watch her die/To see her accusing finger spurt/To see flies swarm her hateful eye." Cave has his gentler moments, but, as he puts it, "Any love song I write is touched with a certain disgust." Listening to "Henry's Dream" for the first time, we thought of Leonard Cohen, of William S. Burroughs, of Edgar Allan Poe, of Heathcliff with a bad hangover. Cave and his band, who will be playing at the Ritz on July 31, will probably give you a scare, but they may also make you glad—glad that you don't have Nick Cave's dreams.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer **KT SULLIVAN,** who won this year's "Outstanding Female Vocalist" award from the Manhattan Association of Cabarets, winds up her Oak Room début on Aug. 1. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The lively quartet called All Four Fun is currently offering a Duke Ellington revue. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** sings and plays Fridays and Saturdays at six-thirty and Sundays at three. Closed Mondays.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy, two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. The action this week includes Tamm E. Hunt (July 30), the **RICKY FORD** quartet (July 31-Aug. 1), and a group called Début (Aug. 2). Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. **GEORGE HOWARD** has the run of the place July 28-Aug. 2. Bassist **RAY BROWN,** an old-schooler who has served with Charlie Parker and Oscar Peterson, leads a quartet as of Aug. 4. First set at nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. **KRIS KRISTOFFERSON,** who was an "outlaw" country singer before he arrived in Hollywood, performs Aug. 1-2. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar in the heart of N.Y.U. country. It's advisable to get all your talking done between sets, because, once the first chord is struck, the audience here—with a little help from the management—becomes as quiet as a church congregation. **STEVE NELSON** and his trio are on the premises through Aug. 1. Music from ten. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: the management has had the good sense not to renovate. In recent years, CB's has become something of an empire; the club is now flanked by a pizzeria/boutique on one side and a bar/performance space on the other—all your shopping needs taken care of in one convenient location. Music from eight on Sundays and Mondays, from eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CHINA CLUB, 2130 Broadway, at 75th St. (877-1166)—Glam-seekers come here hoping to rub shoulders with models and celebrities. It's the kind of place that has some rooms you can go into and others you can't. Decorative touches include a big aquarium over the bar, Chinese folding screens, and snapshots of the fabulous partying at the club. Once in a while, big-league rock stars show up to jam after a performance elsewhere in town. Usually, though, you'll find a roster of heavy-metal-leaning upstarts. Dress is come-as-if-you-were-in-L.A.

CLUB 53, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (261-5853)—A new cabaret in the New York Hilton. It's a pleasantly lulling spot, where you can sink into deep sofas and eat off of big plates. **PEGGY LEE** kicks off an engagement on July 28. The singer, who was born Norma Doris Egstrom, in Jamestown, North Dakota, has been in the public eye since her days with the Benny Goodman orchestra. Her varied career has included such hits as the much-covered "Fever" and "Is That All There Is?" Here, she'll be examining the songs of Frank Loesser, among others. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-forty-five, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A candlelit basement restaurant within ticket-scalping distance of the Palladium. **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** is here through Aug. 2. Légère is a trained pianist, cellist, and accordionist; she has a four-octave vocal range and has written an opera. Don't be intimidated, though. She's also appeared as a blind blonde in "The Toxic Avenger II" and can play piano with one leg hitched up behind her head. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays and at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The seating arrangements in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement make flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. **JUDY NIEMACK** holds forth July 28-30, and trombonist **AL GREY,** a former star of Count Basie's constellation, puts his sextet to work July 31-Aug. 2. **ANITA O'DAY** checks in on Aug. 4. Ms. O'Day is a vocalist who rose to fame with Gene Krupa's big band in the forties, and then drifted out of the jazz world. A few years ago, she made a critically acclaimed comeback, and has been working ever since. When we last saw her, she had Krupa on the brain, performing hits she sang with his band and telling war stories from her days on the road. Ms. O'Day is an especially fine scat singer who uses her voice like a solo instrument; she's also quite funny, in that peculiarly Second World War-era, tell-me-another-one kind of way. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. Knickerbocker is an airy, good-spirited place and, while music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. July 29-Aug. 1 belongs to pianist **JOHN COLLIANI,** with bassist **PAUL LANGOSCH** joining him on the last two days. Music from nine-forty-five.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. A trio consisting of Sonic Youth's **THURSTON MOORE, JOHN ZORN,** and Japanese guitarist **HAINO KEIJI** is here on July 31. Clarinettist **DON BYRON** leads a quartet on Aug. 1 and, on Aug. 2, brings in his klezmer outfit, which will be playing the music of onetime Borscht Belt king Mickey Katz. Guitarist **MARC RIBOT** comes in to lead a trio on Aug. 3. Music sometime after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but

Mambo Mondays at Sounds of Brazil

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perhaps a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many forgotten or faded rockers turn up here. But the club's busy schedule includes a variety of newer acts, too. The Bob and Ray of rockabilly, **ROBERT GORDON** and **CHRIS SPEDDING**, are in action on July 31. Gordon, who looks every inch the fifties rocker, from his pompadour to his pointy shoes, has a resonant baritone that's just right for songs like "Black Slacks" and Elvis's "Love Me." But Spedding's guitar playing transcends the genre, making the duo's act much more than just a fifties retread. **ELVIN BISHOP & THE NIGHTHAWKS** are here on Aug. 1. Music after nine. Dining.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap food, a Greater East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of post-collegiates. The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drink concoctions lend the place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: this long, dark room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **PAVEMENT**, which is appearing July 28-29, recently put out a début album, "Slanted and Enchanted," that's the be-all and end-all on college radio at the moment. In an effort to retain its underground cool, the band is doing its damnedest to remain aloof, unkown, and unknowable. They probably spend more man-hours not developing an image than most bands spend trying to dream one up. But, in any case, "Slanted and Enchanted" is a wild and cocksure record. The group wears its influences on its sleeve—the Fall and the Velvet Underground come rushing to mind—but there's something wonderfully brazen about the reckless way its music shifts gears. Shows at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine other nights.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The club has recently gone Creole: there's a new chef, who's versed in dishes like fried catfish, and the current musical offering is a New Orleans-style jazz band, featuring pianist **TERRY WALDO**, trumpeter **BILL DILLARD**, and clarinettist **ORANGE KELLIN**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. "Say It with Music," an appealing, expertly produced Irving Berlin revue, is currently under way. **KAYE BALLARD, LIZ CALLAWAY, JOE COCUZZO, JASON GRAAE, JAY LEONHART, RON RAINES,** and **FRED WELLS** make up the cast. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS**, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Show times vary.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This decaying theatre, once the home of Studio 54, is now the site of one of the city's biggest, oldest, and loudest rock clubs, which was formerly located in the East Village. The club features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. **NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS** perform on July 31. **TESTAMENT** and **WHITE ZOMBIE** claim Aug. 1. Show times vary.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to score. Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. **SARAH ZAHN** and **CHARLES STROUSE** team up on July 29; **KAREN MASON** and **BRIAN LASSER** hold forth on Aug. 5. Shows at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

SONG OF SINGAPORE THEATRE, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—The new home of the New York Swing Dance Society, a group of Lindy Hop enthusiasts who've been putting on Sunday-night dance parties for several years now (the Cat Club was their former home base). Swing music at a mock forties Singapore night club—the musical "Song of Singapore" was put on here—may sound like an odd juxtaposition, but who cares? Strike up the band. George Kelly's Jazz Sultans have the stage on Aug. 2. Sets begin at eight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

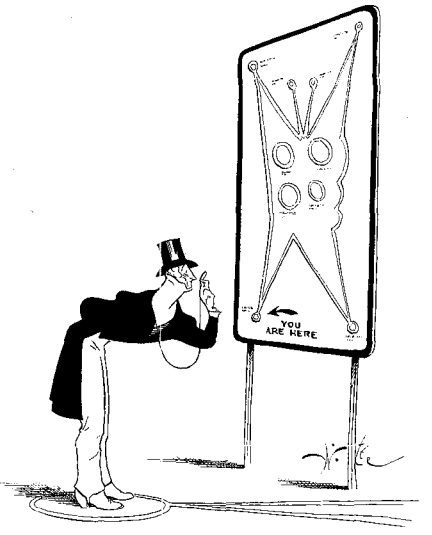
SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut decorated with a fruit-and-bamboo motif and dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. S.O.B.'s dance floor is always jumping with Rastas and N.Y.U. students, and there's always someone onstage shouting "Put your hands in the air!" The schedule, in part: the **ITALS**, a reggae group, on July 28; the Latin-jazz artist Sergio Mendes July 29; and the Haitian group **BOUKMAN EKSPERYANS** on Aug. 1. The week begins here with "Mambo Mondays," featuring an ever-changing lineup of Latin performers providing the music. Closed Sundays. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Trumpeter **ART FARMER'S** quintet, featuring sax player **CLIFFORD JORDAN**, is in swing July 28-Aug. 2; the **JULIAN JOSEPH** quartet claims the week beginning Aug. 4. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." July 28-Aug. 2 belongs to the **JAY HOGGARD** quartet. **DAVID MURRAY**, an influential, free-jazz-leaning tenor saxophonist with a combustive attack—he was a co-founder of the World Saxophone Quartet—leads a foursome (featuring **DON PULLEN** on organ) as of Aug. 4. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A relatively young club that has already managed to make a scene. Wetlands is usually thought of as a Deadhead hangout, but the club has also been the launching pad for a generation of young New York bands like Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors. Shows here can be absurdly sweaty and tight—the club seems to have a hard time turning people away—and it can be hard to get a view of the stage. Still, Wetlands is such a maze of a place that there's always some mellow corner to retire to. The Connecticut band **MIRACLE LEGION** is here on July 29. Early in its career, the group had to endure accusations of being R.E.M. clones, but they certainly weren't alone in that. Over the years, Miracle Legion has maintained its indie sensibility, and has produced some heartfelt, soul-baring confessional pop. Shows from ten.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. The team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** works out through Aug. 1. Music from eight every night but Sundays, when sets begin at seven-thirty.



EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"C'EST FORMIDABLE!" coos LaToya Jackson over and over, in a key too electronically enhanced to identify, as she walks amid the showgirls at the legendary Moulin Rouge. Despite pre-taping, melody is not her friend, and rhythm is clearly a recessive family trait. When she does move, her hourglass figure remains as jiggleless as old aspic. Bewigged like Samson, berouged like Delilah, begowned like Barbie, she is a true triple threat—can't sing, can't dance, can't act.

Then why does the neon of her billing on the marquee cast a pervasive coral glow onto a sidewalk clogged with hordes waiting to pour into Paris's tourist trap par excellence? The management has not even altered its magnum-sized tits-and-ass revue to accommodate her stellar status. They've merely crammed the raven beauty in between a bunch of acrobats and some guys who somersault into carry-on luggage. Truth is, it wouldn't matter if LaToya *could* act. The lady has everything she needs to make it in Paris: it's on her passport, right below "surname."

No doubt about it, this bad-bubbly-guzzling S.R.O. crowd would rather be watching Michael writhe or Janet snap, but right now LaToya is the most accessible member of American pop-culture aristocracy—an aristocracy that the citizens of the République surreptitiously adore. Our French hosts begged off joining us, on the grounds that they'd be surrounded by foreigners. Upon our return, they confessed: "Isn't she a hoot?" Almost every Parisian we met, in fact, had seen her. Not because they'd wanted to, of course: "I took relatives . . . friends from out of town . . . a friend's birthday." "In Paris," one of our hosts confided, "we think she is the *biggest* joke." Obviously. Why else would the city be willing to make this non-singing, non-dancing, non-acting young woman so rich that she could bid against Michael to buy Benny Hill's estate? "Isn't it funny how she says 'formidable' so much?" our host snickered. "Like she is describing her talent, no?" No, more like she'd just seen our bill.

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IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Serious Fun!—Final performances in Lincoln Center's annual survey of nontraditional performing arts and artists. July 28: Rose English in "My Mathematics."... ¶ July 29-30: "Megadance." See the Dance listings. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Evenings at 8.)

"Miauhaus"—A large installation of visual art works will serve as the backdrop for numerous performance artists, poets, musicians, and dancers. In all, fifty-seven artists are involved. On July 29, at 7:30, Dana Bryant, who calls herself a performance poet, orchestrates a poetry reading called "Love Medicine." (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway. Through Aug. 8. For a complete schedule of performers, call 966-9520.)

Penny Arcade—In a reprise of "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!," a performance piece that employs video and erotic dancing. (P. S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. July 30-31 and Aug. 2 at 9, and Aug. 1 at 9 and 11. The late show on Aug. 1 is a benefit. Through Aug. 23.)

Dixon Place—July 28-29 at 8: Nicky Paraiso in "Reckless Angels" and Paul Bonin-Rodriguez in "Talk of the Town."... ¶ July 30 at 8: Sara Cytron, a lesbian comic.... ¶ July 31 at 8: Frank Maya. (258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

TEE TIME

Has the potential ban on bungee jumping left you wondering what to do for the rest of the summer? How about a round of miniature golf in the unlikely setting of a Tribeca art gallery? "Putt-Modernism," the eighteen-hole course at Artists Space (223 West Broadway, August 1–September 27), is both entertaining and provocative, each hole having been designed by a different contemporary artist. In Gregory Amenoff's piece, the ball travels down a time line of Elvis's life to a cup labelled "Las Vegas: Hole of Fate." Pat Oleszko and Ward Shelley have you trying to outmaneuver their larger-than-life inflatable clown, who wears a hat called Censorama and looks suspiciously like Jesse Helms, while Joan Snyder's naturalistic design brings to mind two of golf's worst nightmares—hitting the ball into the water or into the woods.

The hole designed by Chris Clarke—a Bronx native who used to play miniature golf under the Broadway El—is a comment about the government's neglect of the AIDS epidemic; you putt the ball along a path and then through a replica of the White House made of neon AZT and Zovirax bottles. Mel Chin's contribution, which includes a replica of a Baghdad civilian shelter bombed during the Gulf War, has a surface more like a desert's than a putting green's.

"Putt-Modernism" will be in operation Thursdays through Saturdays from noon until midnight and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays from noon until ten. The golf balls are imprinted with "Truisms" by Jenny Holzer ("Raise boys and girls the same way," "Absolute submission can be a form of freedom"). You can rent a putter for five bucks, and just looking is free. Fore!

ART

DURING a recent Saturday gallery talk at Southampton's Parrish Art Museum, the painter Chuck Close, robust and vibrant in his wheelchair, spoke up from the audience to make a point about the afternoon's invited speaker, Joe Zucker. The man in question is paradoxically modest and blustering, a fisherman and Martini drinker, and an artist whose generosity and ingenuity are, in the very best sense, almost childlike. Zucker had been describing the stages of his development in the sixties and how they had led to a huge, motley painting titled "100-Foot-Long Piece, 1969/92," which was hanging right in front of us. This multi-panel work, which is fifty-five feet long (the loft it was made in measured a hundred feet: don't ask!), still functions as his "Sears catalogue of ideas," Zucker said; later, he revised the metaphor to "Caldor's." This was when Zucker's friend Close started talking. "A lot of other artists," he said, "went shopping in Joe's paintings, too."

Truer words were never said. Zucker's process-obsessed, strictly structured yet dishevelled oeuvre is a veritable seedbed of invention. Its prodigious network of gridded surfaces—variations include patterns made of bent wire hangers and casually ordered rows of rolled contact paper—today seems a distant early warning of artists like Meyer Vaisman and Mike Kelley, to name just two. Zucker is also an old-fashioned American pragmatist—i.e., a populist dreamer. This native Chicagoan even went so far as to invoke Studs Terkel.

Among new works on view at the Parrish (through August 1) are a puckish, touching tribute to Ben Shahn's famous portrait of Sacco and Vanzetti, and "Rubberbandman," a golem figure made of rubber bands and pushpins, which is available at the museum shop, in a do-it-yourself kit packaged in Ziploc bags, for under ten bucks.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Al-Andalus: The Art of Islamic Spain" includes more than a hundred works of art, from a wood ceiling to a mosaic dado to an ivory coffin. Through Sept. 27.... ¶ The recent donation of the Perls collection—a hundred and sixty-three objects from the kingdom of Benin—has substantially redefined the museum's African holdings. This exhibition of the collection is a welcome relief from the rigid theatre of many of the museum's blockbusters: it enables viewers to make their own discoveries. Through Sept. 13.... ¶ "Modern Design: 1890-1990" shows off the museum's holdings in twentieth-century furniture, architectural and design drawings, glass, ceramics, and other objects. Through Oct. 25.... **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Louis I. Kahn: In the Realm of Architecture." The unspoken question that this retrospective seems to be grappling with is, What was it that transformed Kahn's middling-good modern-architecture practice into a remarkable mission? Until about 1950, when Kahn was middle-aged (he died in 1974), all he had produced were decent buildings, mostly in a skimpy-looking modernist vein. Kahn's extraordinary transition from the correct to the transcendent is first apparent in the plain but definitely classy Yale University Art Gallery (1951-53). He obtained this commission while on sabbatical at the American Academy in Rome, during which he travelled and made sketches of classical buildings and statuary. Soon afterward, even his scale models assumed an ancient glow. Kahn's late works, from the sixties and early seventies—including institutional buildings in India and Bangladesh; the Salk Institute, in La Jolla, California; the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas; and the library at Phillips Exeter Academy, in New Hampshire—are glorious edifices that radiate a sense of passionate purpose. Through Aug. 18.... ¶ "The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-1970" presents work by, among others, Diane Arbus, Larry Clark, Bruce Davidson, Robert Frank, and Lee Friedlander. Through Oct. 13.... ¶ "Antoni Tàpies in Print" presents more than a hundred lithographs, intaglio prints, and illustrated books, from the forties to the present, by the Catalan artist. Through Aug. 9.... ¶ Eighty magazine-and-newspaper photocollages by Stephen Kroninger, displayed alongside the versions that appeared in *Time*, the *Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone*, and elsewhere. Through Aug. 9.... ¶ Erika Rothenberg's "House of Cards" installation features nearly a hundred fake greeting cards dealing with social, political, and racial issues. Through Aug. 25.... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. This summer's program is dedicated to the music of John Cage. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection" is on view, along with Dan Flavin's fluorescent-light installation, "Untitled (to Tracy, to celebrate the love of a lifetime)." Through Aug. 27. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"From Brancusi to Bourgeois" includes, as well, Kandinsky, Andre, Ryman, and Beuys. Through Aug. 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibition of landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and boxing scenes by painter and lithographer George Bellows (1882-1925). Through Aug. 30.... ¶ The second part of a show of recent additions to the museum's collection; more than seventy paintings and sculptures are included. Through Aug. 23. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Painters of a New Century: The Eight & American Art," an exhibition devoted to the work of the turn-of-the-century painters known as the Eight: Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan. Sept. 21.... ¶ Complementing the "Eight" show is a smaller display of prints, drawings, watercolors, and pastels by these same artists, as well as by George Bellows, Jerome Myers, and Walt Kuhn. Sept. 21.... ¶ "Tacit Transit," a new installation, by Korean-born artist Jin Soo Kim, that consists of wire-mesh modules and found objects. Through Sept. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—Eight paintings from the "North American Trophy Room" series, by Honduran artist Francisco Alvarado-Juárez. Through Aug. 2.... ¶ The museum's twelfth "Artist in the Marketplace" exhibition includes thirty-six emerging painters, sculptors, photographers, and installation artists. Through Aug. 2.... ¶ "Contemporary Painting and Calligraphy from Japan." Through Aug. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"An Album of Interiors" consists of more than sixty nineteenth-century watercolors, from two private family collections—one American and one European. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays 1 to 6.)

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Sketching at Home and Abroad" presents more than a hundred British landscape drawings and watercolors—from the literal to the lyrical—by Turner, Constable, Wilson, Gainsborough, and others. Through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Puss in Boots, the Master Cat, is the subject of an exhibition that spans three hundred years' worth of illustrations, beginning with Charles Perrault's original manuscript of Mother Goose stories. Through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ "Leaping the Fence" is an exhibition that examines, through illustrated treatises, the development of the English landscape garden. Through Aug. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"The Art of Embellishment" features fifty painted and stencilled objects—doors, pieces of furniture, tinware, and textiles—from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American homes. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ The American hand-carved walking stick (more varieties than you can shake one at) is the subject of "Step Lively: The Art of the Folk Cane." Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-four prints, drawings, and watercolors by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925). Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Masterworks of American Impressionism from the Pfeil Collection" features eighty-seven paintings, by such artists as Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Lila Cabot Perry, and John Twachtman. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ "The Artist's Eye," the first in a series of exhibitions to be curated by artists who are academy members. Philip Pearlstein has done the selecting here; among the forty works on view are Ryder's "Marine" and Sargent's "Portrait of Monet." Through Sept. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Ansel Adams: The Early Years" covers the years 1919 to 1941 and includes, along with several of the famous Western landscapes, lesser-known still-lifes, portraits, and views of New York City. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition, mostly of paintings, from the collection of the Century Association. Some of the works, such as Albert Bierstadt's "Guerrilla Warfare, Civil War" (1862) and Winslow Homer's "Nurse and Child" (1868), were accepted by the association in lieu of an initiation fee. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Convention fever lives on in "Party Time: Presidential Campaigns Since 1832," a large gathering of glorious political artifacts. Through Sept. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"In Life or Death Forever," a comprehensive show commemorating the centenary of Walt Whitman's death, includes a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, photographs, and letters, culled from both the Berg and Oscar Lion collections. Through Sept. 12. (Berg Exhibition Room.). . . ¶ The forays of Percy Bysshe Shelley into the political arena are chronicled in the letters, manuscripts, and bank checks on view in "Shelley: Unacknowledged Legislator." Through Aug. 8. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room.). . . ¶ "On the Edge" is an exhibition of more than two hundred black-and-white and color photographs from the covers and pages of *Vogue*. Through Aug. 1. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall.) (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88) designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his own sculptures. The entire range of his work is on view, from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures through several types of stone carvings, and including documentation of his prodigious public-art projects. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with sculptures. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Colombia: Contemporary Images," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by thirty-five native Colombians. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Drawings and distorted silhouettes by Brazilian installation artist Regina Silveira. Through Sept. 13. (A concurrent show

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ART–Cont'd

of Silveira's work is at LedisFlam, 584 Broadway, through Aug. 7. Closed Mondays.) (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GERTRUDE BARRER—This show is almost a parable about the fickleness of success. At the beginning of her career, in the mid-forties, this painter was a promising young talent, and works like "Intruder in the City" (1946) demonstrate why. An accomplished painting based on a washy kind of Cubism related to that of Feininger, it also displays a homespun aesthetic that qualifies it for a place in the American-modernist tradition. Barrer went on to become one of the Indian Space Painters, a group whose members attempted to fashion a modernist art rooted in Native American spirituality. Once she got too old to be "young talent," Barrer's options closed down—this is her first solo show in New York since the fifties. In the interim, she has gone a more commercial route, designing ceramic murals and illustrating books. One of the best parts of this show is a group of drawings from the late forties, which clearly delineate the artist's indebtedness to the surrealism that gave birth to the dominant art of the fifties. They have a playfulness that's absent from the paintings. Through July 31. (Berman-Daferner, 568 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID CARRINO / "LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES"—The artist has cut words out of large pieces of honey-colored silk and then sewn them back together so that the material puckers around the letters, forming bas-relief canvases. The words "kingdom," "mad," and "fling" stand out, and although the works may appear somewhat gimmicky, there is something disturbing and lyrical about their simplicity. / A very interesting show about precociousness and childhood sexuality. The best work here happens to be by the most well-known artists. Christian Boltanski has attempted to recapture childhood with a clay refabrication of a paper airplane he made when he was five, while Robert Mapplethorpe is represented by a box construction rather reminiscent of Cornell. The work, made when he was in his early twenties, embodies several issues that would later drive him as an artist. It's a figure of a child with two pairs of hands reaching out—a gesture of openness but also a plea. Also on display is a girl's red shoe made of wax, by Robert Gober—a melancholy work that protests against fixed gender roles while at the same time confirming them. A more portentous note is struck by two of Lewis Carroll's photographs of Alice Liddell, whom he portrayed, in all her youthful innocence, as an object of sexual desire. Through July 31. (Wooster Gardens, 40 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

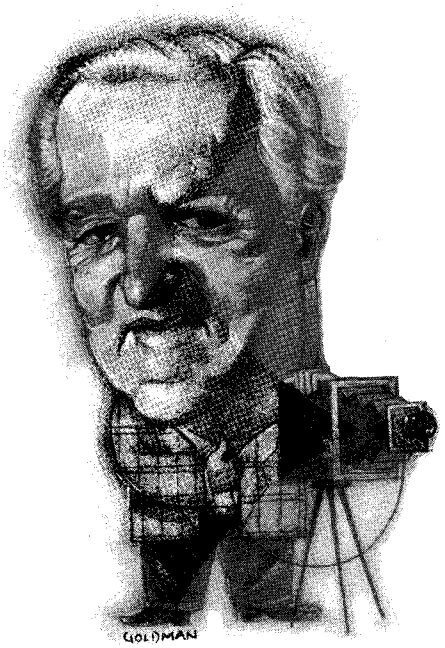
"WRITINGS ON THE WALL"—This summer, following an essentially dull season—one after which, ominously enough, several galleries will not be returning—303 Gallery has allowed a wide assortment of admired artists to vent a few frustrations by marking up its walls. Most of what has resulted is graffiti of a predictable sort. Perhaps the most interesting works here are those without words. Rikrit Tiravanija, for example, has burned a continuous line from the floor to the ceiling, symbolically torching the gallery in half. But there is nothing to suggest that, come September, 303 will not reemerge healthier and stronger from this cathartic period of self-criticism. Through July 31. (89 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

"PAPER"—An appealing show of works by seven artists whose principal medium is paper. The selections were made by Kiki Smith, whose own recent show at this gallery demonstrated her mastery of this medium. There is an eccentric relationship between these mostly unknown artists, making this a refreshingly personal gathering rather than a definitive curatorial affair. The most engaging works are those by Lesley Dill. Her "poem shirt," which consists of paper letters hanging high up on a wall in a spill of partially readable words, gives a sense of the fragility of speech; her "poem dress," which is more readable, speaks of alienation. Through Aug. 14. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St. Closed Mondays.)

"TROUBLE OVER SO MUCH SKIN"—This is a very funny show that aims to render ridiculous the current uproar over sexually explicit art. The work is neither erotic nor pornographic, but instead displays a kind of enlightened barnyard matter-of-factness about sex. The most conspicuous work on view is by John Lekay, who has been causing a minor sensation lately. The piece, titled "Ring a Ring of Roses," consists of a daisy-chain orgy of inflatable women with strap-on dildos. Another Lekay piece is more economical, and more absurd: a lone basketball with a black dildo strapped onto it. Elsewhere are G.B. Jones' lesbian drawings, whose style has been appropriated from Tom of Finland, and Richard Hawkins' collages, in which gay-porn shots are pasted on top of pages from art magazines showing viscous paintings by members of the contemporary male canon: Polke, Kiefer, Schnabel, and Bleckner. Through Aug. 7. (Feature, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

ABSTRACTION: A PERENNIAL CASE—In the 57th Street area, at **ROBERT MILLER**, there is a show of generally very good New York abstraction, which this gallery, with its unfailing good taste, has installed so as to make it look more profound than it is. The two painters who stand out are Mary Heilmann, whose girlishly charming études bring freshness to colored stripes and squares, and Louise Fishman, whose solid post-minimalist works are, by contrast, darker and more studied. In between are Martha Diamond, Bernard Piffaretti (the French exception), and the rarely seen Harriet Korman, whose watery canvases are punchy but have a short shelf life. Through July 31. (41 E. 57th St.). . . ¶ In SoHo, **AUCHINCLOSS** offers a somewhat more academic affair, in which the highlights are the few sculptures that fill the floor space between the paintings; these include Daniel Wiener's tangled web made of modelling material and cloth, Charles Long's mutant flying object covered with pennies, and, especially, Maureen Connor's gnarly bodysuit. There are also several paintings worth a look: Daniel Levine's dotted opalescent square, John Zinsser's sexy turquoise streak, and Byron Kim's violent "Belly Painting." Through Aug. 14. (558 Broadway.). . . ¶ Another SoHo venue, the **JOHN GOOD** gallery, seems more intent than the other two on advancing the cause of abstraction, although it may be pushing too hard. Fabian Marcaccio's canvas is a kitschy demonstration of the collapse of lyrical-abstract painting. It's sort of awful, but it is also very funny, and a wee bit insane. Other than another Byron Kim "Belly," the most incisive works are by women—added grounds for hoping that the nineties will be the decade when the inherent sexism of modernism will at last be squarely faced. Jody Lomberg's knitted painting seems equally indebted to Eva Hesse and Pat Steir. More engaging are two works that take up where Hesse left off, by infusing abstraction with a defiantly female sexuality: Carole Seborovski's naughty nipple paintings and Jill Baroff's violent slit in the wall separating the exhibition space from the office, a gesture with clear political overtones. Through July 31. (532 Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **GAGOSIAN**, 136 Wooster St.: Judging from its current show, the Gagosian gallery's attempt to define a cluster of artists for itself is, at best, an apples-and-oranges affair. What link is there, after all, between Richard Serra and David Salle, or Walter de Maria and Peter Halley? With the various trades, takeovers, and steals of the last season or two, it is clear that the "sensibility" that distinguished the galleries of yesterday is gone. But that's not what is surprising about this show in the gallery's downtown space. What catches the eye here—beyond Andy Warhol's placid blue camouflage-pattern painting and Andrew Lord's sassy gunmetal jugs—is new work by David Salle and Francesco Clemente. The two Salles—single photographic images on linen, stained with colored inks—don't look at all like his other work: there are no oppositional images, no overlays, no compare-and-contrasts, no iconographic viruses, just a single image of an obscured figure, with its legs spread, under a white sheet. It's nice to see Salle moving beyond a proven formula, but these new works lack the edge that kept his earlier work from being single-mindedly sexist. Clemente appears to be entering a new dark period himself, with canvas-mounted photographs of Muslim architectural motifs surrounded by inky spills of paint. It is a work that combines great skill and rank amateurism. Through July 31. . . . **THEODORE**, 580 Broadway: A show of works by some interesting young artists. Though the link does not seem intentional, these artists are all concerned, to various degrees, with confrontation. The fiercest work is by Jackie McAllister—two striped paintings, made of Lego blocks, that represent opposing Italian soccer teams and that, in the spirit of LeWitt and Buren, use the minimalist language to create a novel image of aggression and ritual combat. More lyrical are works by Gavin Brown—Polaroids of a burning trash can, and a stack of dance records, primarily by black performers, along with a turntable for playing them. Through July 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.)



Todd Webb

SHORT LIST—**CARL ANDRE**, Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. (opens at noon, closed Mondays, through July 31); **DAN FLAVIN**, RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 31); **VIOLA FREY**, Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through July 31); **GUERCINO**, The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, and Wednesdays until 8; through Aug. 1); **KWONG LUM**, Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. (through July 31); **LISA MACKIE** and **JOANNE MC FARLAND**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through July 31); **DAVID RABINOWITCH**, Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through Oct. 31); **REGINA SILVEIRA**, LedisFlam, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays, through Aug. 7).

OTHER VENUES

"ART IN THE ANCHORAGE"—Creative Time has mounted its ninth annual summer salon in the vaults of the Brooklyn Bridge. On view are six installations, by Helene Aylon, Gretchen Bender, Mildred Howard, Seiko Mikami, the Women's Action Coalition, and Liz Young; a continuous slide presentation of works by photographers Nina Kuo, Dona McAdams, Marilyn Nance, and Lynda Rodolitz; and a memorial exhibition of works by furniture designer and graphic artist Don Ruddy. Several readings, panel discussions, and performances are also scheduled at various times during the run of the show. Through Sept. 20. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

"CROSS SECTION"—Battery Park City has been transformed into one huge indoor-and-outdoor sculpture park for this show of seventy-five contemporary works, which are on loan from nineteen New York City museums. Among the sixty-five artists represented are Viola Frey, Nam June Paik, Alfredo Jaar, Louise Bourgeois, Christian Marclay, Isamu Noguchi, and Faith Ringgold. Through Sept. 20. (Battery Park City and World Financial Center. Exhibition guides are available at kiosks throughout the area.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Scots take pride in the number of world-changing inventors that their small country has produced. While Alexander Gardner, a Glaswegian who moved to America in 1856, in his mid-thirties, cannot be credited with the invention of photography, he deserves recognition for his inventive uses of it. The extraordinary record of American history that Gardner achieved in the early years of photography is featured in an exhibition, titled "An Enduring Interest: The Photographs of Alexander Gardner," at the International Center of Photography (1130 Fifth Avenue, at 94th Street; through September 6). The exhibition was organized by Brooks Johnson, the curator of photography at the Chrysler Museum, in Norfolk, Virginia, where this show was first seen, in a slightly different version. The Chrysler produced a catalogue for its show that makes a diverting, if hardly pathbreaking, addition to the Gardner literature. In Johnson's essay, for example, we learn that Gardner was so deft at paper photography that he could make undetectable counterfeit checks.

But it's not for his ability to fake things that Gardner is remembered today; it's for his capacity to reveal what was there. His many portraits of Abraham Lincoln remain endlessly fascinating character studies, and his Civil War photographs—which he published himself, along with the work of several colleagues, in "Gardner's Photographic Sketch Book of the War"—combine fact and emotion so persuasively that he has been called one of the inventors of photojournalism.

Gardner's photographs document many aspects of the Civil War. He took casual as well as formal portraits of Union officers and enlisted men, he photographed Confederate prisoners and wounded, and he memorialized the dead on the battlefield; we see these bodies as weighted forms among the rocks and sticks, already part of the earth beneath them. The photographer also left behind a haunting record of the hangings of conspirators. There is nothing romantic about Gardner's view of war; his photographs portray individuals as human beings, not as entities as interchangeable as machine parts. This attitude also comes across in his portraits of Native Americans, some of which are on display here (along with photographs by several of Gardner's contemporaries).

SHORT LIST—**LINDA BUTLER**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays, through Aug. 21); **BOB CRAWFORD**, Crawford & Sloan, 451 Broome St. (through July 31); **BEVAN DAVIES**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through July 31); **ARTHUR MONES**, McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (closed Mondays, through July 31); **EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE**, Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (closed Mondays, through Aug. 13); **MARTIN PARR**, Borden, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 31); **MAGGIE STEBER**, Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (closed Mondays, through July 31); **THOMAS TULIS**, Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Aug. 14); **TODD WEBB**, Houk Friedman, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. (closed Mondays, through Aug. 28).

MUSIC

THERE is one potent and undeniable advantage to resetting operatic stories in the present or the recent past. Young actors with little sense of history are often able to perform with greater specificity and conviction when they work with a language of gesture, expression, and attitude to which their lives and their experience of TV and movies accustom them. The advantage is more for the performers than for the public, which is perfectly capable of responding to period drama, provided the artists have first understood it and realized it vividly. But that is far easier said than done; if something dramatically true and technically accomplished can be achieved by bringing the material a little closer to home, the audience reaps a benefit.

Still, it's hard to assess the wisdom of the New York City Opera's apparent resolve to make updated productions part of its standard fare. The charges generally levelled against the practice—dramatic incongruity, infidelity to the author's intentions, diminishment of the music's emotional potency—seem, in varying degrees in different instances, valid. And City Opera's rather sensationalized productions of Italian standards like "La Traviata," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci" last season (revived in the current repertoire) were not inspiring. Against these reservations, however, we set the recollection of a few individual performances and a few whole productions that have lived on grippingly in memory. (We recently saw a hot new example at the Wolf Trap Opera, outside Washington, D.C.: a "Don Giovanni" set in some unspecified Latin country in what looked like the nineteen-fifties; Leon Major directed.)

Disappointed traditionalists, meanwhile, can hope that City Opera's new "Carmen" will manage to be interesting. The production premières on August 1.

IN TOWN—OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**LA BOHÈME,** with Elizabeth Hynes, Patricia Racette, Martin Thompson, and Jeffrey Kneebone; conducted by Mark Gibson. (July 29 at 8.). . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Gail Dobish, Michael Rees Davis, and Victor Ledbetter; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (July 30 at 8.). . . With Joan Gibbons, Mark Marriott, and Jeffrey Kneebone; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Aug. 2 at 1:30.). . . **110 IN THE SHADE,** with Karen Ziémba, Brian Sutherland, Richard Muenz, and Henderson Forsythe; Paul Gemignani. (July 31 and Aug. 5 at 8.). . . **CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA** and **PAGLIACCI,** in a double bill, conducted by Steven Sloane; with RoseMarie Freni, Craig Sirianni, and Edward Huls in the former, and Christiane Riel, Vincenzo Scuderi, and Sigmund Cowan in the latter. (Aug. 1 at 1:30.). . . **CARMEN,** in a new production, with Sharon Graham, Patricia Racette, John Absalom, and Dean Peterson; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Aug. 1 and Aug. 4 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA—Vincent La Selva conducts staged performances. July 27 at 7:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci.". . . ¶ July 29 at 7:30: Verdi's rarely performed "Stiffelio," composed in 1850, immediately preceding "Rigoletto," and recounting the travails of a Lutheran pastor with an unfaithful wife. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

MAGIC CIRCLE OPERA REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—Presenting seven short chamber operas, fully staged, in repertory. In addition to the works cited here, every performance also includes one installment of "A Gypsy Carmen," a five-part serial setting employing Bizet's "Carmen" score, but with original dialogue and flamenco choreography added to recast the tale from the gypsy's point of view. July 27 at 7:30: Barber's "A Hand of Bridge" and Kenneth K. Guilmartin's "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.". . . ¶ July 28 at 7:30: Joelle Wallach's "The King's Twelve Moons" and Holst's "The Wandering Scholar.". . . ¶ July 29 at 7:30: Ned Rorem's "A Childhood Miracle" and Mr. Guilmartin's "The City of Gypsies.". . . ¶ July 30 at 7:30: "The Wandering Scholar" and "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.". . . ¶ July 31 at 8: "The King's Twelve Moons," "A Hand of Bridge," and "The Wandering Scholar.". . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8: "A Hand of Bridge" and "The City of Gypsies.". . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 7:30: "A Childhood Miracle" and "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting the première of "Profecías," an oratorio by Timothy H. Mallard commemorating Columbus's arrival on Western shores. (Amato Opera Theatre, 315 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Aug. 1 at 7:30 and Aug. 2 at 2:30.)

"99% ARTFREE!"—Several members of New York City Opera's chorus offer operatic parodies in a cabaret. (Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. 757-0788. July 27 at 6 and Aug. 3 at 10.)

IN TOWN—CONCERTS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—In its annual series of free outdoor concerts, Kurt Masur conducts three of Dvořák's "Slavonic Dances," Ravel's "La Valse," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Aug. 3 at 8, with fireworks following the concert. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** the Bronx, Aug. 4 at 8, with fireworks. (For rain-date information, call 875-5709.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—July 27: Works by Mozart, Schubert (his "Trout" Quintet), and Mendelssohn, performed by the Mendelssohn String Quartet, plus friends. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticketholders, pianist Lilian Kallir will perform music by Haydn and Mendelssohn (his "Variations Sérieuses"). . . . ¶ July 28-29: Christoph Eschenbach conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in two symphonies by Mozart (including the "Prague"), arias by Mozart and Strauss (with soprano Cyndia Sieden), and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 (in which the conductor will double as soloist). . . . **NOTE:** In pre-concert recitals, beginning at 7 and open to ticketholders, cellist Eric Bartlett will play a sonata by Joseph Woelfl, a contemporary of Beethoven. . . . ¶ July 30: The Canadian Brass and the New York Brass. . . . ¶ July 31-Aug. 1: Neeme Järvi conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 60, as well as Mozart's Symphony No. 7, C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 503, with Barry Douglas), and Flute Concerto No. 2 (K. 314) and C-Major Andante (K. 315, with the last two featuring flutist Paula Robison). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticketholders, Mr. Douglas will perform Mozart's D-Minor Fantasy and G-Major Gigue, and Ms. Robison will join him for Prokofiev's Flute Sonata. . . . ¶ Aug. 3: The American String Quartet plays Haydn's A-Major String Quartet (Op. 55, No. 1), Mozart's Clarinet Quintet (with Richard Stoltzman), and Brahms' Piano Quintet (with Jon Kimura Parker). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticketholders, the performers will present works by Haydn and Chopin. . . . ¶ Aug. 4-5: Neeme Järvi conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in the Symphony in D Minor by the precocious early-nineteenth-century Spanish composer Juan Arriaga; both of Beethoven's "Romances" for violin and orchestra and Mozart's Rondo in B-Flat (K. 261a), featuring Augustin Dumay; and other works by Mozart, including his A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488), with Maria João Pires. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticketholders, Mr. Dumay and Ms. Pires will perform two Mozart sonatas (K. 301 and K. 304). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Evenings at 8.)

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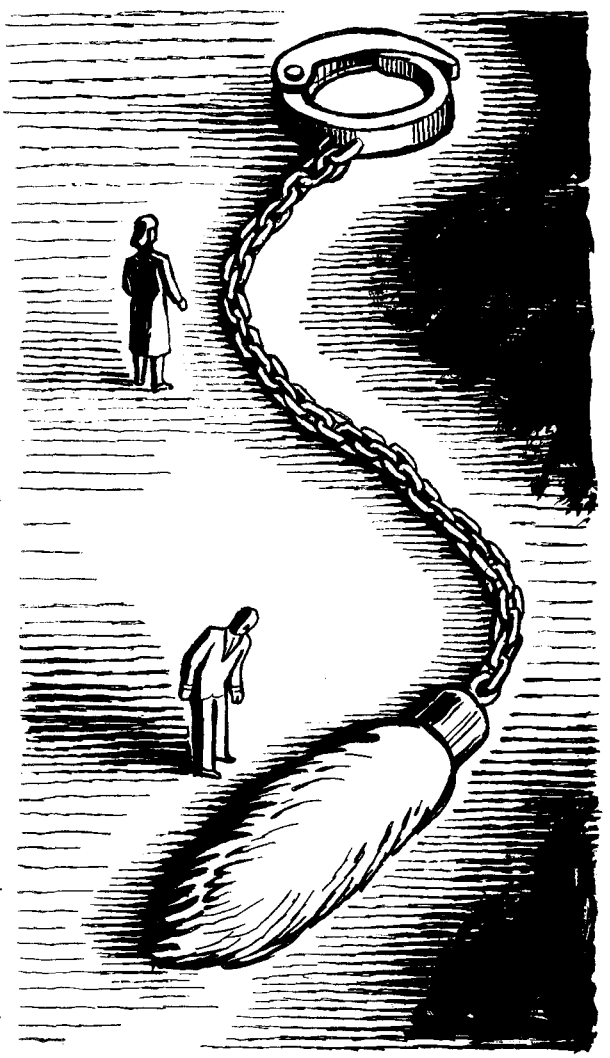

Prudential Securities' Chief Economist is Richard D. Rippe, who has been selected by *Institutional Investor* for its All-American Research Team five times since 1985. (Another economy of discount brokers is no economists.)

And our Chief Investment Strategist, Greg Smith, has consistently ranked in the top tier in *The Wall Street Journal* for his long-term, asset-allocation recommendations.

All of which brings us to another subject.

One that we believe we know a lot more about than discount brokers do: you.

You, you, you.

Your personal needs and financial goals are just that, personal.

So before we advise you on how to invest your money, we first invest the time it takes to get to know you. (Discount brokers don't know you from Adam.)

To this end Prudential Securities has highly trained Financial Advisors in offices throughout the country.

Working together, we can create a long-term investment strategy and financial portfolio that is designed to form a profitable relationship, for both of us.

You see, while discount brokers don't have to worry about the success of your investments, ours depends on it.

If you have any questions or would like to meet a Prudential Securities Financial Advisor, please call us at 1-800-654-5454, ext. 1231 or drop by one of our offices.

And you don't have to bring your checkbook: this service is free. (It always has been.) We also have offices in every major financial center around the world, if they can be of any help to you.

We hope this advertisement has helped you see financial service fees as investments unto themselves.

And introduced you to a company that, quite simply, offers you a better return on yours.

Prudential Securities

PAST PERFORMANCE IS NOT A GUARANTEE OF FUTURE RESULTS. A RECORD OF THE SPECIFIC SINGLE BEST IDEAS RECOMMENDATIONS AND THEIR PERFORMANCE IS AVAILABLE ON REQUEST.
*TIME PERIOD FOR COMPARISON: JANUARY 12, 1990 THROUGH MAY 29, 1992. ©1992 PRUDENTIAL SECURITIES INCORPORATED. MEMBER SIPC.

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MUSIC–Cont'd

ORGAN RECITALS—July 28 at 7: Yang Sook Hwang. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 7: Mary Preston. (Riverside Church. Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Admission by contribution. Free carillon recitals, beginning at 6:30, precede both concerts.)

BARGEMUSIC—French hornist Robert Routch is featured in Scriabin's "Romance," and a Mozart duo; the program also includes Debussy's Violin Sonata and Arensky's D-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. July 30-31 at 7:30 and Aug. 2 at 4.)

SUMMERGARDEN AT MOMA—The New York première of John Cage's "Europera 5," written in 1991, for voices, piano, and victrola. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 31-Aug. 1 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

BRONX ARTS ENSEMBLE—Gisèle Ben-Dor conducts Brahms' A-Major Serenade and Stravinsky's *Octet for Wind Instruments*. (Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 2 at 2. . . . ¶ McGinley Center, Fordham University, the Bronx. Aug. 2 at 4. No tickets necessary for either concert. For information, call 1-718 549-1899.)

OUT OF TOWN

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA—*THE TURN OF THE SCREW*, Britten's masterpiece of moral ambiguity, in a production by Mark Lamos, conducted by Stewart Robertson. (July 27 and Aug. 5 at 2:30, and July 30, and Aug. 1 at 8.). . . . **IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO**, Cimarosa's rollicking comedy about eighteenth-century family values, in a production (with supertitles) by Jonathan Miller. (July 29 and Aug. 2 at 2:30.). . . **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE**, in a production (with supertitles) by Martha Clarke, conducted by Richard Bradshaw. (July 31 at 7:30 and Aug. 3 at 2.) (Cooperstown, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255.)

TANGLEWOOD—July 27 at 8:30: The opening concert of this year's Tanglewood contemporary-music festival spotlights works by James Primosch, Stephen Jaffe, Berthold Tuercke, Osvaldo Golijov, and Scott Lindroth. . . . ¶ July 28 at 8:30: Works by Frederic Rzewski, Roger Reynolds, Art Jarvinen, Rand Steiger, and Morton Subotnick, performed by the California EAR Unit. . . . ¶ July 29 at 8:30: Works by Stephen Hartke, John Corigliano, Christopher Rouse, Yehudi Wyner, Fred Lerdahl, and Esa-Pekka Salonen (who is better known as the Finnish music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra). . . . ¶ July 30 at 8:30: Works by Terry Riley, John Zorn, Peter Sculthorpe, Robert Ostertag, Steven Mackey, and Henryk Górecki; with the Kronos String Quartet and Mr. Mackey (playing the electric guitar). . . . ¶ July 31 at 6:30: Works by William Matthias and Ned Rorem. . . . ¶ July 31 at 8:30: Leonard Slatkin conducts the Boston Symphony in works by John Corigliano, Prokofiev (his Piano Concerto No. 3, with John Browning), and Brahms (his Symphony No. 2). . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2: Music by Luigi Dallapiccola, Christopher Rouse, Arthur Berger, Peter Maxwell Davies, Hans Werner Henze, and Jacob Druckman; with Dennis Russell Davies conducting an ensemble, assisted by pianist Peter Serkin. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony in music by Druckman, Messiaen, Tchaikovsky (his Symphony No. 2), and Bach (his D-Minor Keyboard Concerto, with Mr. Serkin as pianist). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 10 A.M.: Works by Andrzej Panufnik, George Perle, Scott Wheeler, and John Harbison. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30: David Zinman conducts the Boston Symphony in works by Harbison, Vaughan Williams, and Dvořák (his Cello Concerto, with Yo-Yo Ma). . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 8:30: Orchestral works by Messiaen, Schoenberg (his Violin Concerto, featuring Rose Mary Harbison), John Gibson, Nicholas Maw, and Shulamit Ran; with Mr. Harbison and others conducting an orchestra. (Lenox, Mass. For tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—July 31 at 8:30: Pianist Daming Zhu performs two Schubert Impromptus, seven Liszt "Transcendental Etudes," Chopin's Sonata No. 3, and arrangements of Chinese pieces. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8:30: The American Brass Quintet, in its Caramoor début, plays works by Bach, Gabrieli, Eric Ewazen, and Stephen Foster. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5:30: Soprano Faith Esham performs songs by Foster, Wolf, Duparc, and Barber, as well as arias by Gounod and Carlyle Floyd; with pianist Warren Jones. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-1252.)

ASTON MAGNA FESTIVAL—Early Baroque music on period instruments, including works by Dowland, Monteverdi, and Frescobaldi. (Bard College, Annandale-on Hudson. July 31 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-914 758-7425. . . . ¶ St. James Church, Great Barrington, Mass. Aug. 1 at 6. For information about tickets, call 1-413 528-3595.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—July 31 at 8:30: A smorgasbord of chamber works by Purcell, Schumann, Brahms, and Bartók. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8:30: A program that includes Handel-Halvorsen's "Passacaglia for Violin and Viola," Hindemith's Septet for Wind Instruments, and Tchaikovsky's A-Minor Piano Trio. (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

WATERLOO FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Gerard Schwarz conducts Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World") and Saint-Saëns' Piano Concerto No. 2 (with André Watts). Also on the program is "Sensemayá," by the Mexican composer Silvestre Revueltas, in his own re-scoring (for orchestra) of his vocal-orchestral setting of a poem by Afro-Cuban revolutionary poet Nicolás Guillén about the killing of a tropical snake. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. Aug. 1 at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-201 347-4700.)

A Thelonious Monk program at "Classical Jazz"

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS/FREEDY JOHNSTON—Despite the name, They Might Be Giants (the nom de disque of local alternative-rock heroes John Linnell and John Flansburgh) are teeny minimalist tinkerers. Their records provide the musical equivalent of stumbling upon some brilliant late-night cable-access TV show run by a clique of anarchic crypto-parodists. On this tour, the duo have abandoned their cheesy automated-tape backup and hired a real drummer, bassist, and saxophonist/clarinettist, thereby adding some welcome organic contours to their studio-science experiments. Completing the bill is Freedy Johnston, who has just released a superb second album, "Can You Fly." Johnston, a passionate rocker from Kansas, looks a little like John Hiatt's kid brother, and he has a gift for songwriting that places him right up there near Hiatt, Elvis Costello, and Marshall Crenshaw. He sings with a high, lonesome, and slightly cracked voice that makes his compositions sound more eccentric than they really are, but his lyrics are penetrating and dead-on accomplished, and his twanging rock kicks up its heels with sly exuberance. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Aug. 5 at 8.)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN—Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. July 28, July 30-31, Aug. 2, and Aug. 4-5, all at 7:30. Through Aug. 10.

FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS—Pier 16, South Street Seaport, East River at Fulton St. July 30 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.

OLU DARA AND CASSANDRA WILSON—Brooklyn Museum Sculpture Garden, Eastern Parkway. Aug. 2 at 3. Tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis at the door on the afternoon of the concert.

"JAZZ IN JULY"—Final performances of the 92nd Street Y's eighth annual festival. July 28: Dave Frishberg, Frank Wess, Joe Temperley, Milt Hinton, Butch Miles, Spanky Davis, Dick Hyman, and Derek Smith. . . . ¶ July 29: Flip Phillips, Carol Woods, Roy Gerson, Mr. Hinton, Joe Wilder, and others. . . ¶ July 30: Kenny Davern's Windy City Stompers and the Frank Teschemacher Celebration Band. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Evenings at 8.)

"CLASSICAL JAZZ"—Opening performances of another annual summer jazz shindig, this one at Lincoln Center. July 31: The music of Thelonious Monk, performed by Wynton Marsalis, Marcus Roberts, Muhal Richard Abrams, Tommy Flanagan, and others. . . . ¶ Aug. 1: Wes Anderson, Mr. Marsalis, Reginald Veal, and others. . . ¶ Aug. 5: Michael White, Mr. Marsalis, Mr. Roberts, et al. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Evenings at 8. Through Aug. 8.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE—Aug. 1: Marion Williams and the Five Blind Boys. . . . ¶ Aug. 2: Superblue and the Baha Men. (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Concerts at 3. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

YANKEES—Vs. the Baltimore Orioles, July 28-29 at 7:30 and July 30 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Indians, Aug. 3-5 at 7:30.

METS—Vs. the Chicago Cubs, July 31 at 7:40, Aug. 1 at 7:10, and Aug. 2 at 1:40.
(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000; and the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

RACING

HORSES—At Saratoga Springs: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1, starting July 29. The Test is on Aug. 1. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays and Thursdays, at 1:05. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:15. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights, except July 27, at 7:45.

THE OLYMPICS—The twenty-fifth Summer Games, in all respects the biggest ever, continue through Aug. 9 in Barcelona, Catalonia.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS"—Opening nights of a free festival of performing arts in the environs of Lincoln Center. Aug. 4-5 at 8:15: Ballet Folklórico Tradición Mestiza, folk dancers from Mexico. (The festival continues through Aug. 30.)

READINGS—July 27 at 8: George C. Wolfe, Gregory Hines, Keith David, and Tonya Pinkins read from Thulani Davis's new book, "1959." (Chartwell Booksellers, 55 E. 52nd St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ July 30 at 8:30: Paule Marshall and Terry McMillan read from their own prose. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.)

WALKS—Aug. 2 at noon: A tour of "Millionaires' Mile," Fifth Ave. between 59th and 79th Sts. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For reservations, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 1: A stroll around the tip of Manhattan, where all the action first started. Sites include City Hall, St. Paul's Chapel, and the financial district. Sponsored by Citywalks. For reservations, call 989-2456. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 3: Beekman Pl. and Sutton Pl., the erstwhile residences of Irving Berlin and Greta Garbo, among others. Sponsored by Adventure on a Shoestring. For reservations, call 265-2663.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Monster in a Box" (Nick Broomfield), with Spalding Gray. From July 31: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (directed by Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 3: (Separate admissions) "Hear My Song" (Peter Chelsom), with Ned Beatty; and "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves.
Theatre 4: "Zentropa" (Lars Von Trier, in English and German), with Jean-Marc Barr, Barbara Sukowa, and Eddie Constantine.
Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (†).
Theatre 6: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French), with Dominique Pinon and Marie-Laure Dougnac.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Aug. 2: (Separate admissions) "Cousin Bobby" (Jonathan Demme), a documentary about the Reverend Robert Castle; "Brazil" (1985, Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce, Kim Greist, Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish.
Aug. 3: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 4: "Per Firenze" (1967, Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Elizabeth Taylor; and "Cadaveri Eccellenti" (1976, Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Max von Sydow, Fernando Rey, and Charles Vanel.

Newman Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
July 27: Theatre closed.
July 28-30: "I Basilischi" (1963, Lina Wertmüller; in Italian) and "La Carne" (1991, Marco Ferreri; in Italian).
July 31-Aug. 2: "Dov'é la Libertá" (1954, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Totó; and "Alambrado" (1991, Marco Bechis; in Italian).
Aug. 3: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 4: "Niagara" (†); and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953, Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe, and Charles Coburn.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Man Trouble" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 3: "Unlawful Entry" (†).

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 31: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Mom and Dad Save the World" (Greg Beeman), with Teri Garr, Jeffrey Jones, and Jon Lovitz.
Theatre 4: "The Best Intentions" (†).
Theatre 5: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 30: "A League of Their Own" (†). From July 31: "One False Move" (†).
Theatre 7: "A League of Their Own" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Adjuster" (Atom Egoyan).
Theatre 3: "Daughters of the Dust" (1991, Julie Dash).
Theatre 4: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 5: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.
Theatre 6: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 7: "Mo' Money."

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 4: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 5: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 6: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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	27	28	29	30	31	1
2	3	4	5			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Playboys" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sister Act" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 31: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 30: "Man Trouble" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin.
From July 31: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 2: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid."

Crown Gotham, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 30: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
From July 31: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 30: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).
From July 31: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†). From July 31: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Sister Act" (†). From July 31: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 3: "The Playboys" (†).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
"Toto le Heros" (Jaco Van Dormael; in French), with Michel Bouquet; and "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Man Trouble" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: "My Cousin Vinny" (Jonathan Lynn), with Joe Pesci.
Theatre 3: "The Player" (†).
Theatre 4: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "The Waterdance" (Neal Jimenez and Michael Steinberg), with Eric Stoltz, Wesley Snipes, William Forsythe, Helen Hunt, and Elizabeth Peña.
Theatre 6: "Basic Instinct" (Paul Verhoeven), with Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 2: "Universal Soldier" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Best Intentions" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Mom and Dad Save the World" (Greg Beeman), with Teri Garr, Jeffrey Jones, and Jon Lovitz.
Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 30: "Patriot Games" (†).
From July 31: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Housesitter" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Goldie Hawn. From July 31: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Unlawful Entry" (†).

Loews Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Sister Act" (†).
Theatre 2: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 3: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 4: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 5: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.
Theatre 6: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).
Theatre 7: "Mom and Dad Save the World" (Greg Beeman), with Teri Garr, Jeffrey Jones, and Jon Lovitz.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 2: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "Echoes from a Somber Empire" (1990, directed by Werner Herzog; in French and English), a documentary. From Aug. 3: "Dream Deceivers: The Story Behind James Vance Vs. Judas Priest" (David Van Taylor), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: Through July 30: "One False Move" (†). From July 31: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders), with Brooke Adams, Ione Skye, and Fairuza Balk.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt. From July 31: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "The Player" (†). From July 31: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Boomerang" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Wisecracks" (†). From July 31: "Father" (John Power), with Max von Sydow.
Theatre 2: "Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).
Theatre 3: "Europa Europa" (Agnieszka Holland, in German and Russian).
Theatre 4: "Afraid of the Dark" (Mark Peploe), with Fanny Ardant, James Fox, and Ben Keyworth.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Theatre 3: Through July 30: "Man Trouble" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin. From July 31: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 4: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
Theatre 5: "A League of Their Own" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 30: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†). From July 31: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry.
Theatre 7: "A Stranger Among Us" (†).
Theatre 8: "Mo' Money."
Theatre 9: "A League of Their Own" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through July 30: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 31: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 3: "Mom and Dad Save the World" (Greg Beeman), with Teri Garr, Jeffrey Jones, and Jon Lovitz.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Stranger Among Us" (†).

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 2: "The Playboys" (†).
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon; and (evenings only) "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.
Theatre 4: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 5: "Wisecracks" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Player" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 30: "A League of Their Own" (†).
From July 31: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

LOEWS FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Afraid of the Dark" (Mark Peploe), with Fanny Ardant, James Fox, and Ben Keyworth.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Prelude to a Kiss" (†).
Theatre 2: "Night on Earth" (†).

LOEWS FINE ARTS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Far and Away" (Ron Howard), with Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman, Robert Prosky, and Barbara Babcock.

LOEWS COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Stranger Among Us" (†).

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"A League of Their Own" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Tale of Springtime" (Eric Rohmer, in French).
Theatre 2: "The Hairdresser's Husband" (Patrice Leconte, in French), with Jean Rochefort and Anna Galiena.
Theatre 3: "The Player" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 30: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
From July 31: "Death Becomes Her" (Robert Zemeckis), with Meryl Streep, Bruce Willis, and Goldie Hawn.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, and John Diehl.
Theatre 2: "Patriot Games" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 30: "Batman Returns" (†). From July 31: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 4: "Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.
Theatre 5: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 6: "Universal Soldier" (†).

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Man Trouble" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Cool World" (Ralph Bakshi), with Kim Basinger, Gabriel Byrne, and Brad Pitt. From July 31: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Mom and Dad Save the World" (Greg Beeman), with Teri Garr, Jeffrey Jones, and Jon Lovitz.
Theatre 2: "Sister Act" (†).

At the American Museum of the Moving Image, Louise Fletcher and Shelley Duvall in "Thieves Like Us"

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Basic Instinct" (directed by Paul Verhoeven), with Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 2: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 3: "Man Trouble" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin.
Theatre 4: "Batman Returns" (†).
Theatre 5: "Mom and Dad Save the World" (Greg Beeman), with Teri Garr, Jeffrey Jones, and Jon Lovitz.
Theatre 6: "Universal Soldier" (†).
Theatre 7: "Lethal Weapon 3" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Honey, I Blew Up the Kid" (Randal Kleiser), with Rick Moranis and Marcia Strassman.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Boomerang" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Boomerang" (†). From July 31: "Bebe's Kids" (Bruce Smith), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Sister Act" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Mo' Money" (Peter Macdonald), with Damon Wayans, Marlon Wayans, Stacey Dash, Joe Santos, John Diehl, and Harry J. Lennix.

NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Unlawful Entry" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 30: "Unlawful Entry" (†). From July 31: "Buffy the Vampire Slayer" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Kristy Swanson, Donald Sutherland, Paul Reubens, Rutger Hauer, and Luke Perry.

REVIVAL HOUSES

LE CINEMATOGRAPHE, 15 Vandam St. (675-4680)
July 27: "The Prowler" (1951, directed by Joseph Losey), with Van Heflin and Evelyn Keyer; and "Act of Violence" (1948, Fred Zinnemann), with Van Heflin, Robert Ryan, and Janet Leigh.
July 28: "Shack Out on 101" (1955, Edward Dein), with Lee Marvin, Terry Moore, Keenan Wynn, and Frank Lovejoy; and "The Killer Is Loose" (1956, Budd Boetticher), with Joseph Cotten, Rhonda Fleming, and Wendell Corey.
July 29: "The Reckless Moment" (1949, Max Ophuls), with James Mason and Joan Bennett; and "Witness to Murder" (1954, Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.
July 30: "Betrayed" (1944, William Castle), with Kim Hunter, Dean Jagger, and Robert Mitchum; and "The Seventh Victim" (1943, Mark Robson), with Kim Hunter, Tom Conway, and Jean Brooks.
From July 31: A festival of Humphrey Bogart films.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through July 28: "Paris Is Burning" (1991, Jennie Livingston), a documentary; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970, William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs, Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill.
July 29-30: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, and Victor Buono; and "Let Him Have It" (1991, Peter Medak), with Tom Courtenay, Eileen Atkins, Clare Holman, Chris Eccleston, and Paul Reynolds.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Casablanca" (1942, Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952, Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.
Aug. 2-4: "The African Queen" (1951, John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn; and "At Play in the Fields of the Lord" (1991, Hector Babenco), with Tom Berenger, John Lithgow, Daryl Hannah, Aidan Quinn, Tom Waits, and Kathy Bates.
From Aug. 5: "Some Like It Hot" (1959, Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Truth or Dare" (1991, Alek Keshishian), with Madonna.

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through July 28: "Somewhere in the Night" (1946, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with John Hodiak, Nancy Guild, Lloyd Nolan, and Richard Conte; and "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942, H. Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis, and Laird Cregar.
July 29-30: "Born to Kill" (1947, Robert Wise), with Claire Trevor, Walter Slezak, Lawrence Tierney, and Audrey Long; and "The Devil Thumbs a Ride" (1947, Felix Feist), with Tierney.
July 31-Aug. 2: "Detour—The Remake" (1992, Wade Williams), with Tom Neal, Jr.
Aug. 3-4: "The Phenix City Story" (1955, Phil Karlson), with John McIntire, Richard Kiley, and Kathryn Grant; and "99 River Street" (1953, Karlson), with John Payne and Evelyn Keyes.
Aug. 5: "Private Hell 36" (1954, Donald Siegel), with Ida Lupino, Steve Cochran, Dean Jagger, and Howard Duff; and "The Hitch-Hiker" (1953, Ida Lupino), with Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, and William Talman.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 27: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabelle Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "My Life to Live" (1962, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
July 28: "Goldfinger" (1964, Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery, Gert Frobe, Honor Blackman, and Shirley Eaton; and "From Russia with Love" (1964, Terence Young), with Connery, Robert Shaw, Lotte Lenya, Pedro Armendariz, and Daniele Bianchi.
July 29: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975, Milos Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Taking Off" (1971, Milos Forman), with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry.
July 30: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977, Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Rebecca" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948, Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, Ethel Barrymore, and Kent Smith.
Aug. 2: "Interiors" (†); and "Love and Death" (1975, Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.
Aug. 3: "Juliet of the Spirits" (†); and "Il Bidone" ("The Swindlers"; 1955, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina, and Richard Basehart.
Aug. 4: "Blonde Venus" (1932, Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, Cary Grant, and Dickie Moore; and "Shanghai Express" (1932, von Sternberg), with Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.

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MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Aug. 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983, Terry Jones); and "Time Bandits" (1981, Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese, Sean Connery, and Shelley Duvall.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—July 27 at noon and July 28 at 6: "A Man and a Woman" (†).... ¶ July 27 at 3: "Extérieur Nuit" (1980, directed by Jacques Brel; in French), with Christine Boisson.... ¶ July 27 at 6: "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (1967, Jean-Marie Straub; in German).... ¶ July 28 at noon: "The Three Crowns of the Sailor" (1983, Raoul Ruiz; in French).... ¶ July 28 at 3 and July 31 at 6: "When Father Was Away on Business" (1985, Emir Kusturica; in Serbo-Croatian).... ¶ July 30 at noon and Aug. 1 at 2: "The Big Red One" (1980, Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill.... ¶ July 30 at 2:30: "Trash" (1970, Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.... ¶ July 30 at 5:30 and July 31 at 12:30: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (1988, Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a documentary.... ¶ Aug. 1 at noon and Aug. 3 at 6: "Viridiana" (1961, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 4: "The Leopard" (1963, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.... ¶ Aug. 2 at noon and Aug. 4 at 6: "Harakiri" (1962, Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).... ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30 and Aug. 3 at noon: "Yaaba" (1989, Idrissa Ouedraogo; in Mooré).... ¶ Aug. 2 at 5 and Aug. 3 at 3: "The South" (1983, Victor Erice; in Spanish).... ¶ Aug. 4 at noon: "A Man Escaped" (1956, Robert Bresson; in French), with François Leterrier.... ¶ Aug. 4 at 3: "Leo the Last" (1970, John Boorman), with Marcello Mastroianni, Billie Whitelaw, and Calvin Lockhart.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—July 27 at 2, July 28 at 6:15, and July 29 at 2: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina.... ¶ July 27 at 4:15, July 28 at 8:25, and July 29 at 4:15: "Weekend" (1967, Godard; in French), with Mireille Darc.... ¶ July 27 at 6:30 and July 28 at 2: "The Beekeeper" (1986, Theo Angelopoulos).... ¶ July 27 at 8:45 and July 28 at 4:15: "The Seventh Seal" (1956, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe.... ¶ July 29 at 6:15 and July 30 at 2: "Ariel" (1988, Aki Kaurismäki; in Finnish).... ¶ July 29 at 7:45 and July 30 at 3:30: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980, Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Bette Faria and Jose Wilker.... ¶ July 30 at 6 and July 31 at 2: "Mr. Universe" (1988, Gyorgy Szomjas).... ¶ July 30 at 4 and July 31 at 4: "Paris, Texas" (1984, Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.... ¶ July 31 at 7 and 9, Aug. 1 at 2, 4, 6, 8:15, and 10:15, Aug. 2 at 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, and Aug. 3–4 at 4, 6, 8, and 10: "Deep Blue" (1991, Robert Mugge).... ¶ Aug. 5 at 4 and 8: "Siren of the Tropics" (1927, Henri Etievant and Mario Nalpas) and "Borderline" (1928, Kenneth MacPherson).... ¶ Aug. 5 at 6:15 and 10:15: "Letters from Alou" (1990, Montxo Armendáriz).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077) "American Impressionist: A Robert Altman Retrospective." Aug. 1 at 2: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, and René Aubenjonois.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 4:30: "Thieves Like Us" (1974), with Carradine, Duvall, John Schuck, Louise Fletcher, and Bert Remsen.... ¶ Aug. 2 at 2: "The Long Goodbye" (see page 20).... ¶ Aug. 2 at 4: "The Player" (†).

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—July 31 at 3 and 7: "A Man and a Woman" (†).... ¶ Aug. 1 at 3 and 7: "Accident" (†).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 5 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "One Deadly Summer" (1983, Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani, Alain Souchon, Suzanne Flon, and Michel Galabru.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdan Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—Aug. 5 at 8: "West of Zanzibar" (1929, Tod Browning; silent), with Lon Chaney and Lionel Barrymore. (Organ accompaniment written and played by Lee Erwin.)

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—July 30 at 6:30: "Cria Cuervos" (1977, Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Geraldine Chaplin.... ¶ July 30 at 8:45: "Ay, Carmela!" (1990, Saura; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura.... ¶ July 31 at 6 and 10: "The Golden Coach" (1953, Jean Renoir), with Anna Magnani.... ¶ July 31 at 8: "French Cancan" (1954, Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 4:30 and 9:30: "Wings of Desire" (1988, Wim Wenders; in German, French, and English), with Bruno Ganz, Solveig Dommartin, and Otto Sander.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 7: "The American Friend" (1977, Wenders; in English, German, and French), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz.... ¶ Aug. 2 at 4: "Pather Panchali" (1954, Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).... ¶ Aug. 2 at 6:15: "Aparajito" (†).... ¶ Aug. 2 at 8:30: "The World of Apu" (1959, Ray; in Bengali).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—July 30 at 6 and 8:30: "The Devil's Wanton" (1949, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Doris Svenlund, Birger Malmsten, and Eva Henning... ¶ July 30 at 7:30 and 10: "Simon of the Desert" (1965, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.... ¶ July 31 at 6: "Le Million" (†).... ¶ July 31 at 7:30 and 11: "Beauty and the Devil" (1949, René Clair; in French), with Michel Simon and Gérard Philipe.... ¶ July 31 at 9:30: "Dementia #13" (1963, Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell, Luana Anders, and Mary Mitchell.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 4: A program of short films by Ron Rice, Hans Richter, and Paul Sharits.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 5:45 and 7:30: Two different programs of short films by Kenneth Anger.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 9:15 and Aug. 2 at 8:15: Two different programs of short films by Stan Brakhage.... ¶ Aug. 1 at 10:30: "Prelude" and "Dog Star Man," both by Brakhage.... ¶ Aug. 2 at 3: A program of films by James Broughton... ¶ Aug. 2 at 4:45: "A Man Escaped" (1956, Robert Bresson; in French), with François Leterrier.... ¶ Aug. 2 at 6:45: "Pickpocket" (1958, Bresson; in French).

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 3 at 6:30: "Black Athena" (1992), "Dr. Jeffries' Albany Lecture" (1991, Clemson Brown), and "Black History: Lost, Stolen or Strayed" (1969, George Foster).... ¶ Aug. 4 at 6:30: "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1983, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cook and Paula Kelly; and "The FBI's War on Black America" (1990, Denis Mueller).... ¶ Aug. 5 at 6:30: "Sugar Cane Alley" (1983, Euzhan Paley; in French); and "Fields of Endless Day" (Terence McCarthey-Filgate).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A cleverly barbed comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness and, as the centerpiece, a long drunken Sunday party, with people sitting down to supper when they're too soused to eat. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly, gripping his jaw to stop a stutter or folding his arms to keep his hands out of trouble. With Stanley Baker, who is properly swinish as another academic, and Vivien Merchant, Jacqueline Sassard, Michael York, Alexander Knox, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. Cinematography by Gerry Fisher; music by Johnny Dankworth.—P.K. (Metropolitan Museum of Art; Aug. 1.)

Aparajito (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu Trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, but it's full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from its medieval village life to the modern streets of Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with the school system, and later, when he has left his mother, with the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—you understand how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it not to be a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. Adapted from a novel by B. B. Bandapadhay, by Ray; music by Ravi Shankar. In Bengali.—P.K. (Symphony Space; Aug. 2.)

Goldie Hawn, Meryl Streep, and Bruce Willis in "Death Becomes Her"

Batman Returns—Tim Burton's sequel to his phenomenally successful 1989 "Batman" doesn't try to top the first picture, either with splashier special effects or with loftier pretensions to significance; nor does it simply go through the motions, repeating the surefire stuff with a self-satisfied air of professionalism. It's a blend of playful novelty and reassuring familiarity—a difficult mixture to get right. This time, the hero (again Michael Keaton) does battle with a greedy businessman named Max Shreck (Christopher Walken) and the roly-poly arch-criminal known as the Penguin (Danny DeVito). And whenever Batman ventures out on one of his nocturnal crime-fighting missions, he runs into a mysterious woman who dresses like a cat and carries a whip. The hilariously twisted relationship between the hero and the Catwoman (Michelle Pfeiffer) plays like an apache dance in animal costumes, and it's the glory of the movie. The cat clothes seem to release something strange and wild in Pfeiffer: her performance is ferociously sexy and uninhibitedly, over-the-top funny. As in the first movie, Burton gives the material a luxurious masked-ball quality and a sly contemporary wit without violating the myth's low, cheesy comic-book origins. He's an artist who's comfortable with both the higher aspirations and the lower instincts of his nature as an entertainer: he and Batman are an ideal match. Screenplay by Daniel Waters; cinematography by Stefan Czapsky; score by Danny Elfman; production design by Bo Welch.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/29/92.) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, and

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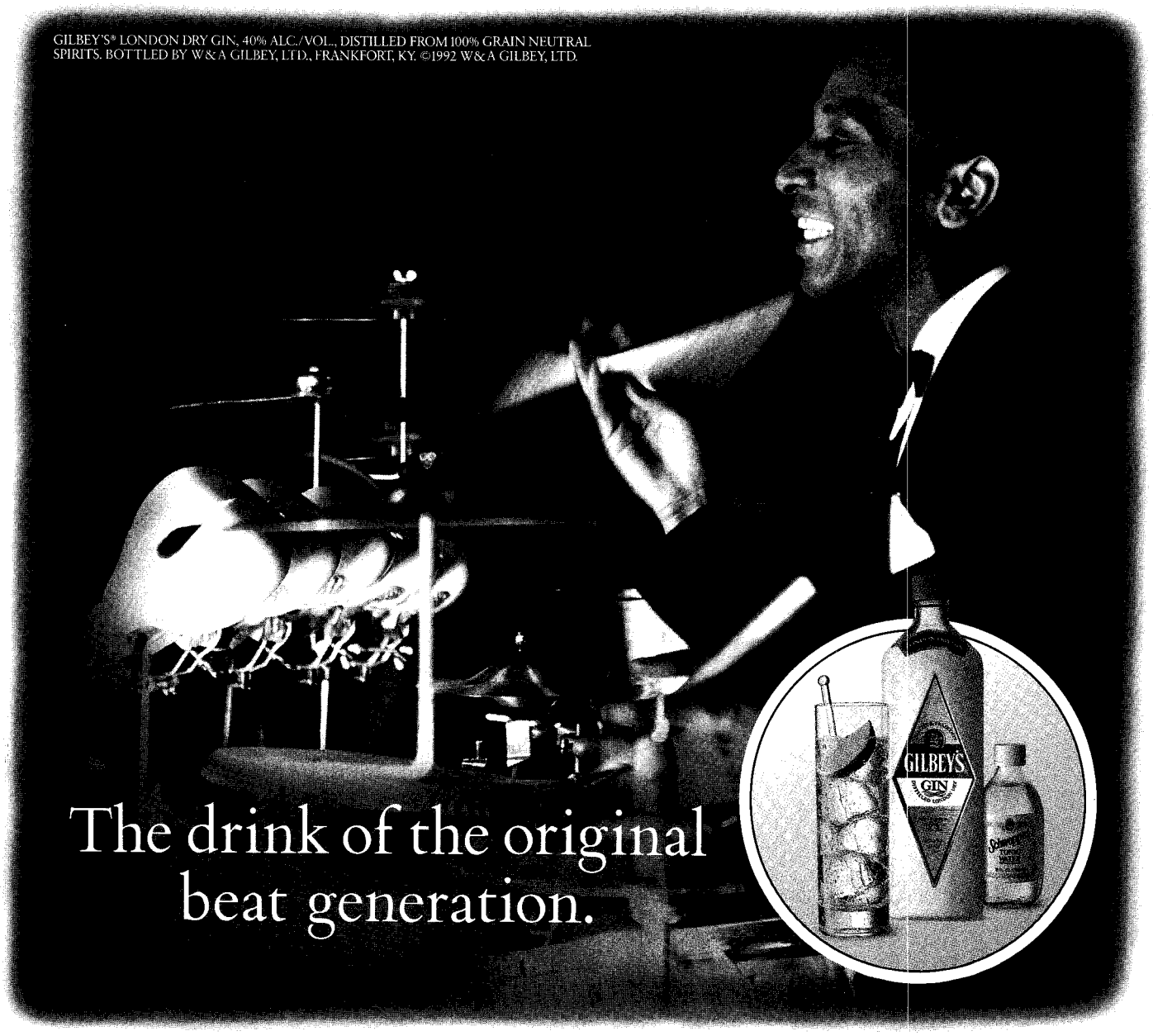
Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through July 30.)

The Best Intentions—It boasts the built-in interest of a script by Ingmar Bergman, dramatizing the courtship and early married life of his parents. Bille August directed, and Jorgen Persson did the cinematography; their square filmmaking has an antique sheen. But they've made an orderly movie about disorderly conduct. At three hours, the drama, about the mismatch between a tormented, self-denying pastor (Samuel Froler) and a coddled bourgeois woman (Pernilla August), is one prolonged, unrevealing study in frustration. Of course we know that these two won't live happily ever after; they did give birth to Ingmar Bergman. With its inexorable depiction of increasing marital woe, this film is the cinematic equivalent of predestination. Except for the expressive Max von Sydow (in the role of Bergman's maternal grandfather), the actors don't operate in a climate of free will; they register carefully prescribed dollops of anguish. Stefan Nilsson's music relies on a piano theme that is meant to be ineffably tender and melancholy, but is repeated so often that you feel like shooting the piano player. In Swedish.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Beekman.)

Boomerang—Set in a world where entire upscale companies are run by African-Americans, this Eddie Murphy vehicle tries hard to be positive. It's a pity that the movie isn't any good. Murphy is a Manhattan marketing hot shot and ladies' man who ends up working under the woman of his dreams (Robin Givens) when their cosmetics firms merge. She treats him as cavalierly as he treated the previous women in his life; the script hands out one earnest lesson after another, so that he can learn what it feels like to be used. Givens knows how to employ her flashing eyes and chiselled, haughty features for comic effect, but she doesn't get a single clever line. As the gal who strives to save the hero, Halle Berry is so much more accessible than Givens, while being equally pretty, that dramatically there's no contest. Murphy has a couple of peppy scenes with David Alan Grier and Martin Lawrence, who play his best buddies, but a lot of the time he acts unconvincingly modest. The screenplay (by Barry W. Blaustein and David Sheffield), with its constant references to Murphy's sexual magnetism, does all the bragging for him. Padded with manic interludes involving Eartha Kitt, Geoffrey Holder, and Grace Jones; directed by Reginald Hudlin.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Loews Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensitive job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant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In the early seventies, Elliott Gould and Robert Altman forged a terrific creative relationship—one that reached a peak of audacity when they invaded Bogart territory in their 1973 variation on Raymond Chandler's "The Long Goodbye" (playing August 2, at the American Museum of the Moving Image). Altman refashioned Chandler's Los Angeles Galahad, private eye Philip Marlowe, in Gould's smudgy, hard-to-pin-down image. As in the novel, the police accuse a friend of Marlowe's named Terry Lennox (played by pitcher and "Ball Four" author Jim Bouton) of murdering his wife; Marlowe tries to clear Lennox' name while working for a cool blonde (Nina Van Pallandt) who's married to a dipsomaniac writer (Sterling Hayden). Gould's Marlowe does abide by a personal code of honor, but he's buffoonish and unpredictable; he isn't romantic, the way Bogart was in "The Big Sleep." Like an overstretched rubber band, this Marlowe frays and snaps. Altman sympathizes with his antihero's courage and loyalty but also mocks the simple, foolish pride behind Marlowe's certainty that his pal is innocent. Like Gould's performance, Altman's direction and Vilmos Zsigmond's cinematography have a striking, low-key volatility. Supporting characters make overwhelming impressions, especially Mark Rydell's gangster Marty Augustine, one of the scariest (and funniest) portrayals of egotistical power in any movie. Augustine's viciousness cuts through Altman's delusive L.A. atmosphere; he provides the perfect violent counterpoint for the sometimes hallucinatory action of a film that begins and ends with the song "Hooray for Hollywood."

striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Loews Fine Arts.)

Interiors (1978)—The people in this serious Woody Allen film are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. It's a puzzle movie, constructed like a well-made play from the American past (such as "Craig's Wife"), and given the beautiful, solemn visual clarity of a Bergman film, without, however, the eroticism of Bergman. "Interiors" looks like a masterpiece and has a superbanal, metaphysical theme (death versus life). The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters (Diane Keaton, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kristin Griffith) tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. The film is a handbook of art-film mannerisms; it's so austere and studied that it might have been directed by that icy mother herself—from the grave. Woody Allen's idea of artistic achievement (for himself, at least) may always be something death-ridden, spare, perfectly structured—something that talks of the higher things. People who watch this movie are almost inevitably going to ask themselves, How can Woody Allen present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sort of tinny anxiety discourse that he used to parody? With E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Richard Jordan, and Sam Waterston. Cinematography by Gordon Willis.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina, and Sandra Milo, Valeska Gert, Lou Gilbert, José-Luis de Villalonga, Sylva Koscina, Valentina Cortese, and Friedrich Ledebur. Cinematography by Gianni Di Venanzo; music by Nino Rota. Written by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Brunello Rondi. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3.)

A League of Their Own—Penny Marshall's fictional account of the All-American Girls Professional Baseball League has no mind of its own. Marshall directed it with both eyes on the audience. She and the screenwriting team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel slap together a bare-bones narrative (about the league's 1943 début season) and dress it up with set-piece gags and sentimental ploys. All they want is for people to come out saying that they laughed and they cried. The lead characters are Dottie Hinson (Geena Davis) and her kid sister, Kit Keller (Lori Petty), who catch and pitch, respectively, for the Rockford Peaches and act out their sibling tensions on the baseball diamond and in the locker room. Tom Hanks mugs ingratiatingly as Jimmy Dugan, the Rockford coach and an alcoholic former slugger, and Madonna sashays through the supporting role of All the Way Mae, a ballplayer who tests the league's deportment code. This movie aims for the tear ducts and the funny bone as ruthlessly as the summer's big action-fantasy hits go after the viscera. It unfolds in field-of-dreams land—complete with cornstalks.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Bay Cinema, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through July 30.)

Lethal Weapon 3—When that manic L.A.P.D. detective Martin Riggs (Mel Gibson) visits the home of rough-and-ready I.A.D. cop Lorna Cole (Rene Russo), he notices that her personal computer contains Three Stooges software. Moe, Larry, and Curly, who showed up in a film clip in "LW2," have become the guiding spirits of the series. The director, Richard Donner, and the screenwriters, Jeffrey Boam and Robert Mark Kamen, are too proud of their hit formula. They keep restating it: Cole describes the career of Riggs and his staid partner, Roger Murtaugh (Danny Glover), as a combination of "*The Police Gazette* and *Mad* magazine." Topically enough, the villain is a sadistic, corrupt ex-cop (played by Stuart Wilson). But all Donner and company deliver is their usual quasi-comic "chaos and mayhem." Joe Pesci surfaces again as Valley-speaking fixer Leo Getz, presumably to prove that the more stooges the merrier. But the central gag goes unstated. Riggs and Murtaugh are supposed to be effective. The "Lethal Weapon" movies put Keystone Kops on the Thin Blue Line and ask us to cheer them toward victory.—M.S. (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 59th Street East Cinema; through July 30.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Probably the most efficacious make-out movie of the swinging sixties. The young cinematographer-director Claude Lelouch conveys tender love by cutting to gambolling lovers among gambolling horses and then lambs and then dogs. The characters have exciting, photogenic occupations: stuntman, script girl, racing-car driver. They take their kids on photogenic boats or for walks on wintry beaches. The actors don't have to do anything because the camera—shooting through rain and snow and ice and into sunsets—supplies the moods for them. Anouk Aimée is blankly mysterious and glamorous; Jean-Louis Trintignant and Pierre Barouh are like a teen-age girl's dream boyfriends—daredevils to the world but gentle and sweet with her. Lelouch blurs for romantic softness and he tints for mood and variety; he throws a nimbus of mist around everything. The score is by Francis Lai; the script is by Lelouch and Pierre Uytterhoeven. In French.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 27-28. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Museum of Art; July 31.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy movie with such delicate, dreamlike inevitability. René Lefèvre plays the poor young painter who has a winning lottery ticket—only he hasn't quite got it; it was in the pocket of a coat that got sold to a secondhand shop. The entire film, which Clair adapted from a stage musical, is the hero's chase after the ticket, with his creditors, his girl (Annabella), his friends, and the police chasing after him. (The sequence in the opera house is clearly the inspiration for a sequence in "A Night at the Opera.") This movie is lyrical, choreographic, giddy—it's the best French musical of its period. The cinematography is by Georges Périnal; the art direction is by Lazare Meerson. In French.—P.K. (Anthology Film Archives; July 31.)

Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie but it's compellingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and her amoral, destructive tramp—carnal as hell—may represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enough to keep the first half of this murder melodrama going, but by the second half there's nothing but plot twists, centering on Niagara Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is her lover. With Jean Peters and Denis Dea. Directed by Henry Hathaway, from a script by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen.—P.K. (Newman Theatre; starting Aug. 4.)

Night on Earth—This anthology film, written and directed by Jim Jarmusch ("Stranger Than Paradise"), has a gimmicky premise. Each of its five stories takes place in a different city, and each is about a taxicab ride. All the trips are going on at the same time, but in different time zones, so there's an illusion of temporal progress: the picture begins at sunset in Los Angeles and ends at dawn in Helsinki. (The intervening episodes take place in New York, Paris, and Rome.) It's a feeble but serviceable conceit; if the sketches were funny, we'd barely notice the preciousness of the structure. Unfortunately, the material is very thin, and the movie doesn't vary its style from sketch to sketch: Jarmusch sticks doggedly to his trademark deadpan manner. The comedian Roberto Benigni, playing a motor-mouth cabbie in the Italian episode, briefly enlivens the picture with a riotous erotic monologue. But, for the most part, the movie induces in the viewer an eerie, suspended feeling that mimics the time-stands-still monotony of a long airplane journey. It tries for a chipper, lighthearted tone, but it gives the audience a gruelling flight—a red-eye to nowhere. Also with Winona Ryder, Gena Rowlands, Giancarlo Esposito, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Rosie Perez, Isaach de Bankolé, Béatrice Dalle, and Matti Pellonpää. In English, French, Italian, and Finnish.—T.R. (5/18/92) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

One False Move—Skillfully performed and welcomely unpredictable, this low-budget crime film, made by actor-turned-director Carl Franklin, starts out as a herky-jerky exploitation piece, then turns into something better. After a jolting series of execution-style killings, a trio of crooks go on the lam from Los Angeles to Star City, Arkansas, where two L.A. lawmen and a local sheriff lie in wait. What saves the opening sequences is the inspired pairing of a black sociopath (Michael Beach) and a white psychopath (played by Billy Bob Thornton, who co-wrote the script with Tom Epperson). Beach's inhuman brilliance and Thornton's edgy earthiness make them deadly companions. Cynda Williams, as Thornton's African-American lover, hits on marvellous combinations of ingenuousness and amorality, even when the script plays peekaboo with motivation. Meanwhile, Star City's sheriff (Bill Paxton) tries to persuade the visiting metropolitan cops (Jim Metzler and Earl Billings) that he's ripe for big-time law enforcement. Paxton lays on the hick ingratiation, but midway through he shows how this good ole boy grows into a good ole man. Like Paxton, the movie improves as it goes along; it leaves hokum as well as wholesale carnage far behind.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Film Forum; through July 30. . . . ¶ Loews Village Theatre VII; starting July 31.)

Patriot Games—Phillip Noyce's film, adapted from one of Tom Clancy's jillion-selling suspense novels, is a much more effective thriller than it has any right to be. The screen-

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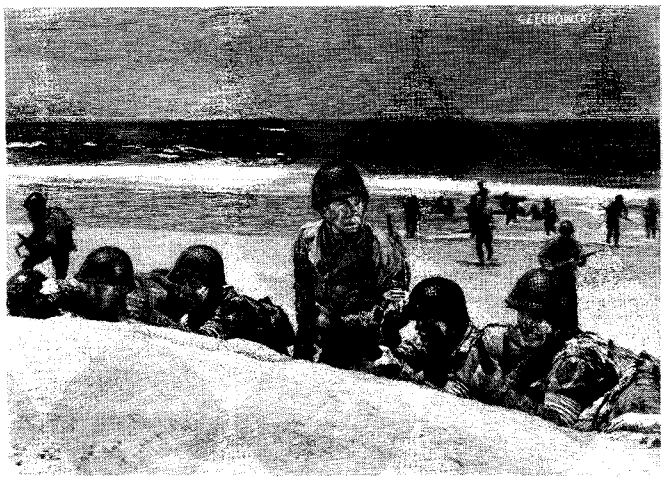
writers, W. Peter Iliff and Donald Stewart, have eliminated much of the novel's hot air without entirely knocking the wind out of the material; the script tones down Clancy's right-wing ideology and gives the story some straightforward action-movie narrative drive. The plot, which pits Irish terrorists against an Annapolis history professor and sometime C.I.A. analyst named Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford), is ridiculous, boys'-adventure stuff, but the filmmakers almost put it across. Noyce handles the action sequences beautifully: they're lucid and exciting, and their construction has a kind of formal elegance that's oddly satisfying. (He's less successful with the scenes of the Ryan family's domestic bliss, which are meant to establish Jack's credentials as a champion of traditional values.) Ford brings a welcome trace of ambivalence to his character's heroics—a sense that Ryan isn't altogether proud of the lethal efficiency he displays when's he's drawn into combat. Sean Bean, Richard Harris, and (especially) James Fox do nice work in supporting roles. This is an expert, entertaining genre picture. Noyce and his team serve Clancy's crude material well—too well, probably. Also with Anne Archer (who's awful), Thora Birch, James Earl Jones, Samuel L. Jackson, and Patrick Bergin.—T.R. (6/15/92) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews New York Twin, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.... ¶ U. A. East; through July 30.)

The Playboys—This absorbing, uneven romantic comedy-drama, set in a small Irish town in 1957, takes its name from a travelling troupe. The heroine is an unwed mother named Tara (Robin Wright). She challenges every male authority figure in town and drives all the men wild—especially the violent, alcoholic constable, Sergeant Hegarty (Albert Finney), who seethes when he sees her with her actor lover Tom (Aidan Quinn). The screenwriters, Shane Connaughton (who co-wrote "My Left Foot") and Kerry Crabbe, are full of ideas and observations about orthodox religion, claustrophobic village mores, the craziness of life in a divided country, and the last gasp of strolling players before TV's ascendancy. Wright and Quinn are well matched, and the director, Gillies MacKinnon, and his cinematographer, Jack Conroy, provide images that sparkle with amorous possibilities. But the filmmakers don't funnel their panoply of themes gracefully into Tara's story. Her affair with Tom comes off as a foil to Finney's passionate portrait of stewed wrath and despair. He endows a clenched, masochistic character with such scale and force that he takes over the movie.—M.S. (5/18/92) (Gramercy, Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

The Player—The title character of Robert Altman's new movie is a young Hollywood studio executive named Griffin Mill (Tim Robbins), who, for no very good reason, murders an aspiring screenwriter. The picture is a brilliant dark comedy about the death of American filmmaking. It's like a documentary about a mirage: the world it shows us is sunlit and shimmering, and the people have the thin presence of holograms. Altman is doing one of his specialties here—exploring an odd American subculture—and when his idiosyncratic realism is applied to the insular, constantly self-regarding community of Hollywood "players" it has an almost hallucinatory effect. The movie has the exhilarating nonchalance of the director's seventies classics, and its tone is volatile, elusive: with breathtaking assurance, it veers from psychological-thriller suspense to goofball comedy to icy satire. Altman turns the self-reflective world of Hollywood into a fun house in which every grotesque distortion somehow appears to us as a newly discovered, paradoxical truth. Robbins gives a layered, richly suggestive performance—the sort of performance that Altman's style, at its best, produces without obvious effort. At sixty-seven, Altman still seems like the youngest filmmaker in America. Also with Greta Scacchi, Peter Gallagher, Fred Ward, Whoopi Goldberg, Cynthia Stevenson, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lyle Lovett, Dean Stockwell, and Richard E. Grant; dozens of movie stars (and a handful of writers) turn up in cameos. The script, by Michael Tolkin, is adapted from his own novel.—T.R. (4/20/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza.... ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through July 30.... ¶ American Museum of the Moving Image; Aug. 2.)

Prelude to a Kiss—The director, Norman René, and the writer, Craig Lucas, who collaborated on the play, have mounted the movie as if it were still before the footlights. The actors—Meg Ryan and Alec Baldwin as the romantic couple, Sydney Walker as the mysterious Old Man, and even supporting performers like Stanley Tucci (Baldwin's best friend and best man)—are as emotionally weak as they are gesturally emphatic. There's no behavior here, only stage action, and it thuds on celluloid. The camera ruthlessly



At MOMA, Lee Marvin and squad in "The Big Red One"

reveals the simultaneous thinness and clunkiness of the whimsy at the drama's core. The pivotal twist involves a soul-transference that's supposed to test the groom's vow to love his bride "all the more" when she shows the ravages of age. The concept's wispiness allows audiences to project their own agendas onto the script: the play has been perceived as an imaginative comment on everything from sexual orientation to the durability of love in the epoch of AIDS. Yet Lucas's banal language and fairy-tale sophistries oversimplify rather than enrich matters. There's no felt life on the screen. When Alec Baldwin cries, there's isn't a wet eye in the house.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Loews Orpheum VII, Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.... ¶ Baronet, and Chelsea Cinemas; through July 30.)

Sister Act—Whoopi Goldberg stars as a Reno lounge singer on the lam from her murderous mobster ex-lover (Harvey Keitel). Disguised as a nun in a San Francisco convent, she manages to bring new music into the choir, fresh street faces into the pews, and a social-activist spirit into the revitalized congregation. The plot and the characters are almost insultingly perfunctory (the pseudonymous Joseph Howard is credited with the script), and when there isn't any rock on the soundtrack the moviemaking is listless. Still, the director, Emile Ardolino, who made "Dirty Dancing," knows how to use sixties hits for an over-all bounce that jumps audiences past dead patches. Goldberg maintains her gruff tone, which helps keep the film from stagnating with sappiness. If Maggie Smith glowers ineffectually as the Mother Superior, a couple of actresses—Kathy Najimy and Mary Wickes—imbue their nun roles with the euphoria of inspired farceurs. (Najimy defines "overjoyed.") The film isn't a divine comedy, and it's not satisfyingly profane either. But it generates a few laughs. It's got a good beat, and you can dance to it.—M.S. (6/15/92) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Loews Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Embassy.... ¶ Cinema II; through July 30.)

A Stranger Among Us—At least there's the kick of hearing piping-voiced Melanie Griffith refer to the Cabala as "that Jewish Kama Sutra." Griffith plays a New York cop who goes undercover in the Hasidic community to investigate a murder. She moves into the household of the Rebbe (Lee Richardson), befriends his adopted daughter (Mia Sara), and comes on to his adopted son (Eric Thal). Apart from deflecting the proposals of her hospitalized boyfriend-partner (Jamey Sheridan) and the propositions of her aggressive replacement partner (John Pankow), she doesn't do much; detective work hardly enters into Robert J. Avrech's script. There aren't even any red herrings—certainly not kosher ones, since the filmmakers share the Hasidim's view of their community as a peaceable kingdom. The director, Sidney Lumet, abetted by the cinematographer, Andrzej Bartkowiak, relentlessly aestheticizes the world of his fathers. Griffith's artless embodiment of the script's deranged idea of tough-gal gumption isn't as amusing as it should be. She's a B-picture heroine stuck in an absurdly self-conscious prestige project.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and Loews Columbus Circle.)

Universal Soldier—There are a few funny notions knocking around the wreckage of this Jean-Claude Van Damme–Dolph Lundgren robo-drama. In the setup—a Vietnam War massacre—Van Damme, a righteous American soldier, and Lundgren, an unhinged sergeant, kill each other when Van Damme decides to stop Lundgren's slaughter of the innocent. When they're regenerated as fighting machines, their memories are chemically suppressed, but their pasts leak into their minds anyway. Audiences who have endured two decades of self-serious post-Vietnam melodramas might enjoy seeing these two lugs bring the war back home, since they play their Vietnam-flashback nightmare as comic-book black comedy. The director, Roland Emmerich, contrasts Van Damme's dumb lassitude with the hyperactivity of a cartoon newshound heroine (frisky Ally Walker). But the movie's virtues are only relative; to get through the garish mayhem, you need a high vicarious-pain threshold.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum VII, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Unlawful Entry—Madeleine Stowe and Kurt Russell play an upwardly mobile L.A. couple; Ray Liotta is the cop who thinks he's a better man for Stowe. For about ten minutes, the movie is an effective exploitation of atavistic male pride, with class warfare mixed in. But it swiftly degenerates into another cat-and-mice thriller—and this time both the cat and, fatally, the audience are much smarter than the mice. The film is short on observation and long on jeopardy. It's what TV executives call "a Jep movie," except that in TV Jep movies the victimized woman gets to avenge herself. Here she needs the protection of her husband. Jonathan Kaplan directed the script by Lewis Colick; Ken Lerner, as Russell's lawyer, and Roger E. Mosley, as Liotta's partner, contribute a smidgen of self-aware humor and realism.—M.S. (7/13/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and National Twin.... ¶ Crown Gotham, and Regency, through July 30.)

Wisecracks—The Canadian filmmaker Gail Singer explores the pressures on women comedians while showcasing performers ranging from Phyllis Diller, Whoopi Goldberg, and the talk-show host Jenny Jones (in her standup days) to a trio of madly inventive lip-synchers known as the Clichettes. In interviews and clips, Singer's subjects manage to be witty about everything from P.M.S. to pro-lifers, including the hostility these stand-ups sometimes face from audiences and promoters alike. Singer doesn't pose any topic that comics like Maxine Lapiduss, Ellen DeGeneres, Sandra Shamas, Joy Behar, and Lotus Weinstock can't riff on or parody. The director has a sure sense of balance: she knows that what sounds portentous in theory can be hilarious in practice. Her movie succeeds as investigation because it also succeeds as entertainment.—M.S. (6/1/92) (Worldwide Cinemas.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through July 30.)

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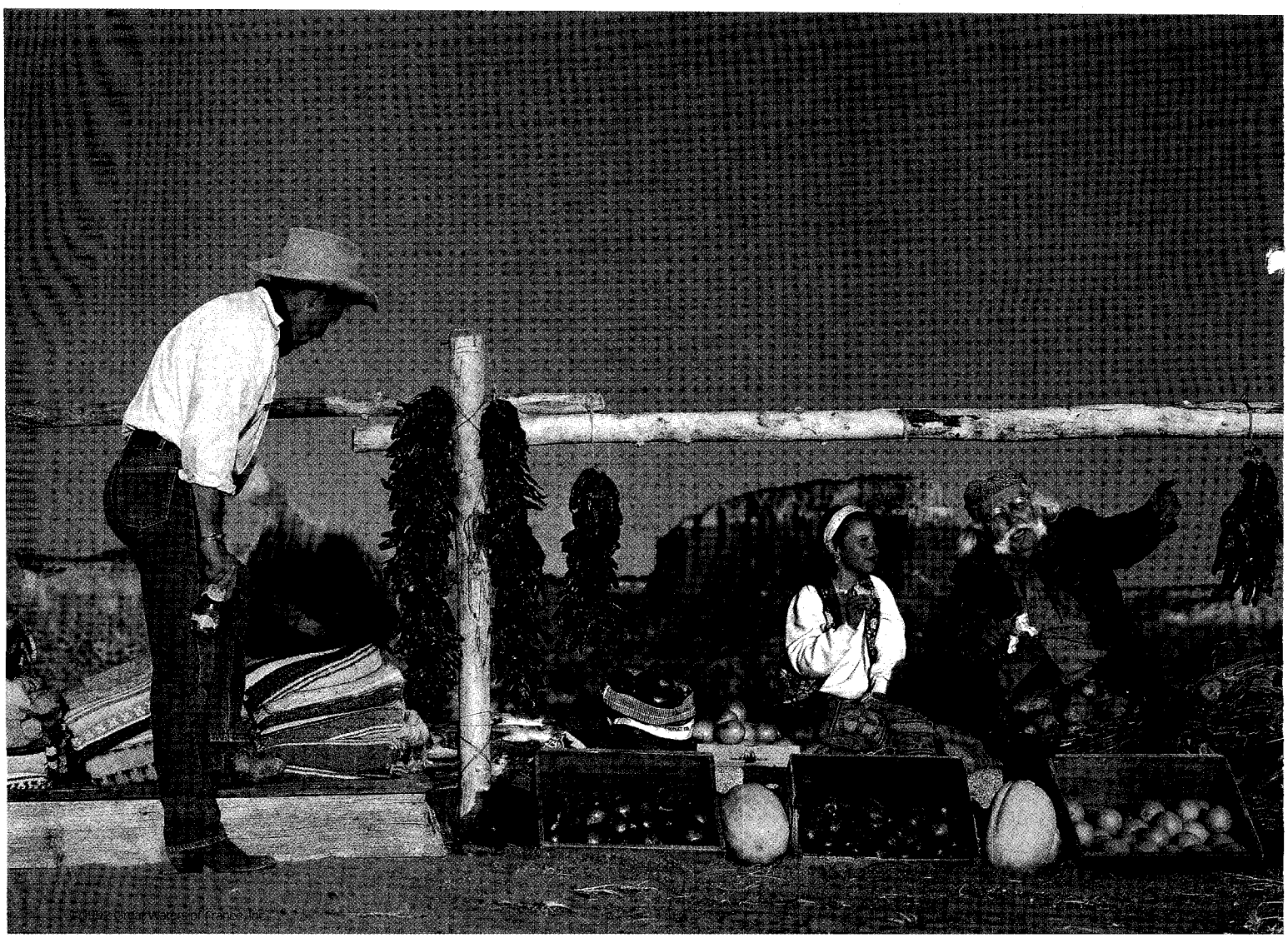

Along the dusty road to Santa Fe, you'll find

some great Navajo blankets,

more than a few hot chili peppers and maybe

even a legend or two.

Perrier. Part of the local color.

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THE NEW YORKER

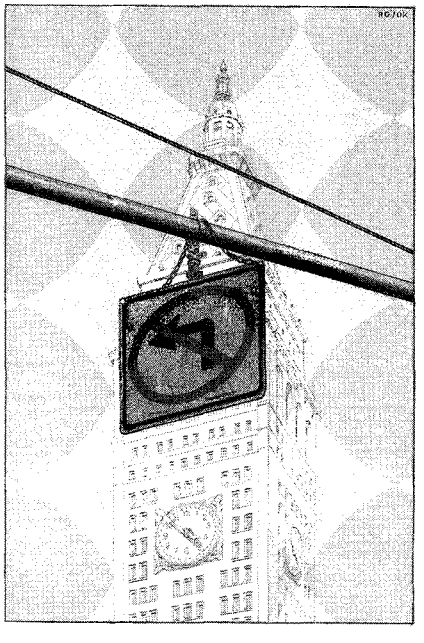
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YEAR ago, Linda Wilson, the president of Radcliffe, announced several objectives for the college's future: she wanted it "to engage women in shaping policy on important societal issues" and "to educate and inspire women for full participation in all areas of life." At the time, such objectives seemed almost bizarre; they suggested that somehow women, even educated women, were not active participants in American public life—an idea surely contradicted not only by the growing number of women who had been winning elections all over the country but also by the many women who were influential lobbyists, advisers, and advocates. Moreover, a lot of people were saying then that "feminism" was unnecessary now, because, even after the failure of the Equal Rights Amendment, women's rights had basically been secured. There was a good deal of plausible talk about "post-feminism" and "anti-feminism" and simply "non-feminism." Since Wilson announced her goals, however, she has come to seem more prescient than old-fashioned.

The idea that things were going O.K. for women—that women's position in society was more or less agreed on, and America's major problems now lay elsewhere—has been shaken in the past year. The first, well-publicized doubts were a result of the Anita Hill–Clarence Thomas hearings, last October. Some of the questions raised then were obscured by the heat and rhetoric surrounding the hearings, and have remained unanswered—questions about the definition and the frequency of sexual harassment, about whose sworn testimony is believed, and whose should be, about whose standards should be the standards for us all. Fundamentally, these are questions about how women see our society and how it sees women, and about whether men and women *are* treated equally.

About twenty-five years ago, women started to demand some of the things that men seemed to get automatically—to make their own decisions, to be taken seriously at work, to be treated with respect. Today, as we all know, women can be not only doctors and lawyers and judges but even senators. Women can get their own bank loans and can live alone if they want to. Women can run countries and women can be soldiers. Lately, though, all sorts of women have been asking if their current lives are really what they wanted. In the past quarter-century, women, as a group, have gained the *chance* to do whatever they want to; the snag is that individual women still seem to do much of what they formerly did, even if they choose to—or have to—work outside their homes. We don't have a national policy on day care or mandatory maternity leave or sufficient prenatal care. We still have a school year designed to meet the agricultural needs of the nineteenth century—an arrangement that worked well enough when women stayed at home but is now just another headache. European countries, in contrast, guarantee women several weeks of paid maternity leave as part of a package of comprehensive social benefits which also includes lump-sum payments when a child is born, subsidized day care, and monthly stipends while the child is growing up. It's probably not true anymore (if it ever was) that women have to work twice as hard as men to be thought half as good, but it is true that in this country many working women with families do work twice as hard, and that many working women still face discrimination in some forms.



One of the most widely publicized congressional candidates this year is a little-known woman, Lynn Yeakel, of Pennsylvania; she's challenging Senator Arlen Specter, the Republican who was so abusive during the Anita Hill–Clarence Thomas hearings that he has been suffering for it, even among his own party, ever since. Yeakel and five other women senatorial candidates were invited to speak on the first night of the Democratic Convention—an unprecedented diversion of attention from the Presidential race. And the next night more than fifty women congressional candidates, introduced by name, crowded the platform. At least two hundred women have run for Congress this year, and hundreds of others are running in state and local races. Not only could there be two women senators from California but there could be two from Kansas. And it's not just Democrats. Republican women are becoming equally outspoken, though fewer of them are running for national office this year. Six Republican women ap-

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peared at the Democratic Convention, declaring that they were Republicans but couldn't support George Bush, because of his opposition to abortion. At least three Republican pro-woman, pro-choice fund-raising groups are now working to defeat candidates who hold to the Party line.

The idea of more participation by women in the political system isn't exactly new, but the complete failure of most of the senators on the Judiciary Committee to comprehend why, for instance, Professor Hill didn't immediately report her allegations of harassment made clear that in many areas a huge gap still exists between the way our society treats men and the way it treats women. Madeleine Kunin, the former governor of Vermont, recently noted that "as much as we have relied, basically, on a surrogate system, letting men represent our views and our needs, that surrogate system has limitations." One of the Senate candidates put it more succinctly: "We cannot afford to reëlect the problem." The Hill-Thomas hearings and the serious and growing threat to the principle of leaving decisions about abortion in the hands of individual women seem to have been what was needed to goad women, "feminist" or not, into finally facing the fact that, although they now have rights, they live in a society that makes it difficult for them to exercise those rights. There are six million more women than men in America, and if the men won't change their views this may be the year when lawmakers—and laws—will change instead.

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Famous

Reet Marten-Sehr, an Estonian-Canadian, can stop a man hauling a video camera in his tracks just by calling out, "Don't you want to hear about the convention?" We saw her do it one week before the Democratic event, while she was having lunch in the Lindy's at the Ramada across from Madison Square Garden. That hotel was not only one of the Convention's press centers but also, as it happened, the site of the Sixth Estonian World Festival, or ESTO '92—an event that in itself attracted six thousand people from places as far away as Australia.

"Hear *what*?" the man asked.

"The convention going on now," Ms. Marten-Sehr said.

"But it doesn't start until next week," the man said.

"I mean the Estonian convention, ESTO '92," Ms. Marten-Sehr said. The man shifted his weight. Ms. Marten-Sehr went on, "Did you know that Estonia is still occupied by Soviet troops?"

Saying something on the order of "Sorry, I'm here for the Democrats," the man waved, and hotfooted it out the door.

That's where we came in. We went over to Ms. Marten-Sehr and introduced ourself as a member of the New York press. "You're kidding," she said. Then she smiled and introduced us to her companions at the table—two brothers, Margus and Eero Tae, who were fellow Estonian-Canadians. About an hour of talk followed, bringing us up to date on such points as that ESTO has been held in a different city around the world every four years since 1972 but that Estonians from Estonia began to attend it only in 1988, when *perestroika* took effect. After we'd absorbed all that, the trio led us up to the hotel's ballroom level to visit the convention proper, and there we discovered that we were the only member of the English-speaking press on hand. We asked Margus Tae why he thought ESTO was being given such a low media profile. He shook his head, and said, "We don't know, either. It's as if someone forgot to tell people that we were here."

The ESTO delegates didn't nominate anyone for formal office, but they had a moral leader. He is Mart Niklus, of Tartu, and his claim to authority is his status as Estonia's leading living dissident. Ms. Marten-Sehr and Margus Tae took us over to meet him. Mr. Niklus has thick black hair shot through with silver, a handsome face that could belong to an anchorman on a major network, and a penchant for making bitter jokes.

Sitting with us at a table in an anteroom, Mr. Niklus got the particulars of his fame out of the way first. He explained that he had been a political prisoner, in notorious camps in both Estonia and the old Soviet Union; that he was imprisoned four times, for a total of sixteen years, much of it in solitary confinement; that he has been "at large" for four years; that he is a zoologist by education and received a degree from Tartu University in 1957; that, owing to his persecution by the Soviets for speaking out against their presence in Estonia, he has never worked at his chosen profession; and that he has never married—"not even once, as the Estonians like to say." He went on, "Now I have requalified myself, as a teacher of English. My fate has made me speak English. I met some very nice English-speaking people in the camps. Some of them were Russians. We're all members of the international association of former Soviet prisoners. You know, there's going to be a reunion later this month of prisoners at one of the camps. But I have to miss it. I'm here."

We asked him why he was arrested. He shrugged. "I wrote letters to the Voice of America," he said. "I had anti-Soviet literature at my home." He thought a moment, then added, "Essentially, I approached everything with a critical attitude." He told us he had now been completely rehabilitated officially by the authorities. "But the situation remains very vague and complicated and sinister," he said. "The people who persecuted me—the old *nomenklatura*—still hold their positions of power. Those who were formerly red have turned pink, or black and white."

"We who live outside Estonia are more hopeful than you are," Mr. Tae remarked to him. "More blue-eyed, maybe."

"I would like to be hopeful," Mr. Niklus said, "but realities make me skeptical."

How was he spending his evenings during ESTO, we asked. Was he sampling any of New York's night life?

"At night, I like to sit in my room writing letters," he said.

"Imagine," Ms. Marten-Sehr said. "And everyone here wants to see him."

Mr. Niklus looked down at his hands, and said, "It is not so easy to be famous."

Normandie

On a cold February day fifty years ago, the S.S. Normandie, the flagship of the French Line and perhaps the most beautiful ocean liner

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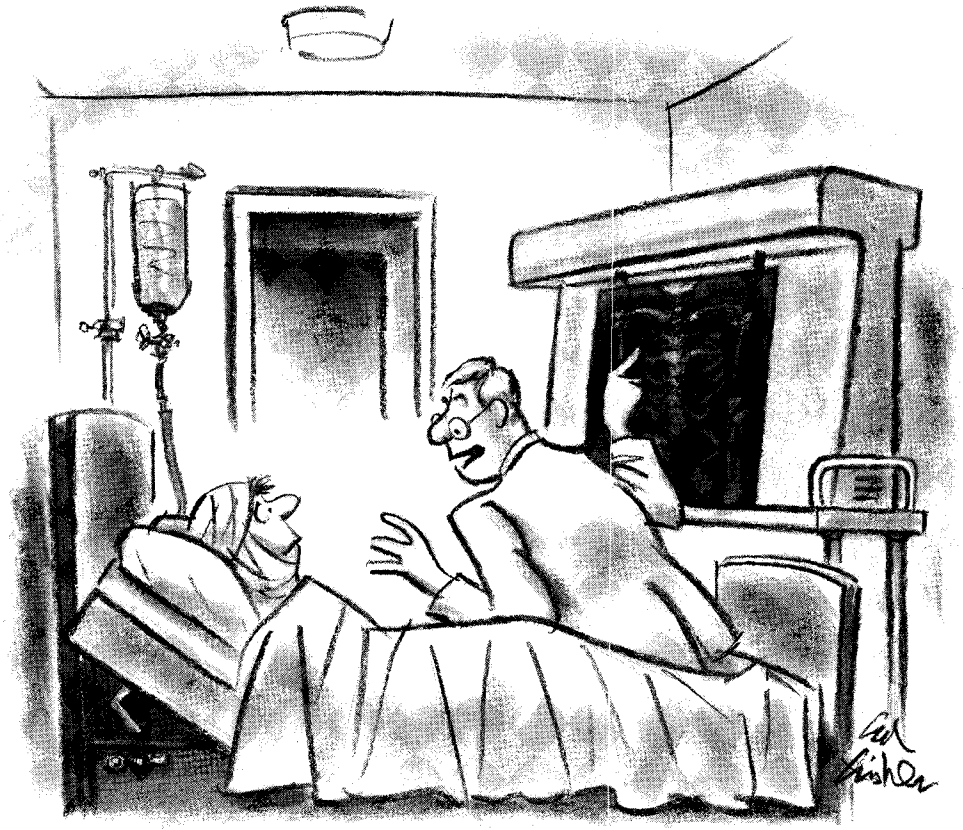
ever built, burned and capsized while she was tied up at Pier 88 in the Hudson River. Having made only a hundred and thirty-nine Atlantic crossings since her maiden voyage, in 1935, the ship had been sitting idle at Pier 88 for more than two years, since the start of the war in Europe. Now, two months after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, she was officially in the hands of the United States Navy, and, renamed the U.S.S. Lafayette, was in the process of being converted into a troopship. The writing room had been turned into shower stalls, the black hull covered with gray camouflage paint. On the afternoon of February 9th, a group of workers using torches to cut away lighting stanchions in the grand salon accidentally started a fire, and its flames were fed by several thousand life preservers filled with highly inflammable kapok. Fireboats and fire trucks responded quickly, pouring endless amounts of water into the ship, and put the fire out in a few hours. But by then the Normandie, filled with six thousand tons of water, had begun listing noticeably to port. In the middle of the following night, twelve hours after the fire began, the Normandie simply fell over on her side. The next year, in the most ambitious salvage job in history, the ship was stripped of her superstructure, righted, and towed to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. When the war was over, she was sold for scrap.

The Normandie is gone, but pieces of the Normandie are still around. The ship's whistle is at Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn; decorative glass panels from the grand salon hang in a dining room of the Metropolitan Museum; the ship's wheel is at the South Street Seaport. A couple of months ago, the largest concentration of Normandie relics and memorabilia ever assembled was here in New York, at the cultural arm of the French Embassy, in an exhibit called "Hommage au Normandie," which was installed by the Ocean Liner Museum. (The Ocean Liner Museum, founded in 1981, doesn't have a permanent home, but it manages to put on a seaworthy exhibit every two years in borrowed quarters; its last exhibit celebrated the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Cunard Line.) The Embassy show included nearly two hundred objects, highlighting the Normandie's Deco style, from her gracefully curved bow down to her silver-plated Martini toothpicks, one of which was on display, near some Lalique dinnerware and a Christofle champagne bucket. In a glass case across the room was a perfect piece of prewar grand-luxe silliness: a menu for dogs, offering a choice of five entrées, including a vegetarian selection. Elsewhere, a letter from Mary Pickford's secretary on Normandie notepaper, dated April 4, 1938, informed an eager couple that Miss Pickford would be happy to meet them tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock in the main lounge. While we were admiring the Mona Lisa smile of Jack Benny, in a snapshot of him and his wife taken on the promenade deck, a man came up to us and said he had crossed on the Normandie when he was six years old; he recalled that he heard Kitty Carlisle sing in the lounge, that she was wearing a pink satin evening dress, and that he had a bad sunburn.

The spirit of the Normandie and her ilk is on permanent display in the person of John Maxtone-Graham, one of the trustees of the Ocean Liner Museum, who organized the show. In 1972, Mr. Maxtone-Graham published "The Only Way to Cross," an eloquent history of the ocean-liner era. That book laid the foundation for his current career, which is writing and lecturing, on land and at sea, on the subject of ocean liners. Mr. Maxtone-Graham spends about a quarter of each year on ships. (Cruise ships, mostly. Only one passenger vessel, the QE2, still regularly crosses the Atlantic.) When he is not at sea, he and his wife, Mary, occupy a first-class cabin in a brownstone on the Upper West Side, and we paid a call on him there the other day.

Before he devoted himself to ocean liners, Mr. Maxtone-Graham worked for fifteen years as a Broadway stage manager, and anyone who has been to one of his lectures can tell you that he has never entirely left the theatre. He stands a few inches over six feet, and has deep-set blue eyes, well-combed gray hair, a plummy voice, and leading-man charm. We sat in his living room,



"You don't know how lucky you are! A quarter of an inch either way, and it would have been outside the area of reimbursable coverage!"

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in front of a couple of paintings of the Mauretania and facing a painting of his paternal grandfather, clad in a kilt of the Graham tartan. Mr. Maxtone-Graham told us that what made the Normandie such a knockout was that "the profile of the ship matches to perfection the Art Deco interiors," and he went on to say, "Of course, she was a splendid ship in other ways—she was the biggest, the fastest. She won the Blue Ribband on her maiden voyage. Then, too, she is what the ship buffs call a 'blood ship'—to use a term I don't really like—which means that she came to a tragic end, like the Titanic, the Lusitania, the Andrea Doria. These have a hypnotic fascination for the ship buffs, more than any others. But even if the Normandie had sailed as long as the Queen Mary—as she well could have—she would still be looked on with favor, because she would have been completely up to date right to the end."

Mr. Maxtone-Graham never sailed on the Normandie. Never even saw her. Nor does he remember anything about his first Atlantic crossing, on the Minnewaska, but that is because he was six months old at the time. He was born in Orange, New Jersey, in 1929, to a Scottish father and an American mother, and by the time he was ten he was a seasoned transatlantic traveller. "Ocean liners are paradise for children," he said. "Not a day passed when my brothers and I didn't make two or three visits to the gymnasium, which was full of electric camels, dumbbells, fencing foils, Indian clubs. We'd try everything and leave, and come back in an hour. Of course, storms and seasickness I remember, too, but for me the crossing was seldom exceeded by anything I found on the other side."

Mr. Maxtone-Graham told us that he wants his ocean-liner books (he has written four) to answer the question: What was it like on board? "Not how many rivets there were, or how many tons the rudder weighed, or how many eggs were used each day." Ever since "The Only Way to Cross" was published, he has been hearing from people who can help him answer that question, and he welcomes and encourages their letters. He is not the first member of his family to inspire outpourings of mail from strangers. In the late thirties, his aunt Joyce Maxtone-Graham, using the pen name Jan Struther, wrote a series of vignettes for the London *Times*, which became a best-selling book and a popular movie, describing the day-to-day life and thoughts of a supremely clear-eyed and wise fictional wife and mother of three named Mrs. Miniver. "It's a book of extraordinary charm," Aunt Joyce's nephew said. "Mrs. Miniver kept getting letters from people asking for advice: 'What's your favorite way of getting to Perthshire?'—things like that, which my aunt didn't want to be bothered with. She said, 'I'm so sick of Mrs. Miniver. I've created a monster.' "

Shipboard mementos that Mr. Maxtone-Graham's correspondents sent him when his first book came out led him to develop a collection of his own, and several items of his were in the show at the Embassy—a chrome-and-rosewood cigarette box from the Normandie, deck plans of the ship, and the Martini toothpick. A brown Bakelite stateroom telephone belonging to him was in the show, too. It has been disconnected for fifty years, but we have a feeling that if we had picked up the receiver we would have heard the voice of Mary Pickford on the other end and she would have invitied us to her cabin for drinks before dinner.

"We the jury, on the advice of our lawyers, decline to render a verdict."

Blobs

THIS April, a scientific team led by a physicist named George Smoot made a great discovery about cosmic light. Smoot's team, which had been working with a NASA satellite known as the Cosmic Background Explorer, or COBE (rhymes with "Moby"), produced an image of the face of the sky not long after the big bang—that is, a picture of the cosmic microwaves that are the remnant of a flash of yellow-white light that occurred everywhere in the universe then—and it's covered with blobs. The blobs show the existence of hot spots and cool spots in the microwave background. The big bang was evidently a spotty affair. Recently, a hundred or so cosmologists got together in Princeton to talk about the spots, in what one of them called "an emergency meeting to discuss the universe."

We found the cosmologists outdoors, crowded around tables of ham and macaroni, and drinking wine under a sweet-gum tree. The delicious possibility of a Nobel Prize lurked in the

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air, and George Smoot was there, working the crowd. The problem at hand for the cosmologists, he told us, was to figure out how the blobs had evolved into galaxies and collections of galaxies. "The first thing you see when you look at the sky is that matter is clumped," he said. "It's clumped into galaxies, and the galaxies are clumped into clusters, and there are clusters of clusters. It's like dogs have fleas, and fleas have fleas, and so on—know what I mean?" Smoot seemed a little dazed; he said he hadn't slept much lately. "I haven't done my income taxes yet," he said. "I didn't open my mail for three months. Somewhere in that pile was a bill for my car insurance. I didn't pay it, and my car insurance ran out. So now I'm not driving, because I'm not insured—know what I mean?"

All around us we heard cosmic background chatter:

"This is only *slightly* less important than the discovery of the microwave background itself."

"When I first got into cosmology, I thought I'd find all the answers. Now I think I'll die first. But it's a pleasant way to pay the rent in the meanwhile."

"The hot spots will turn into *voids*—did you know that?"

A founding member of the COBE team, David Wilkinson, who is a Princeton professor, told us how the quest for the blobs had got started. For a long time, he said, he'd just known that they had to be there. "In 1965, we built our own microwave horn, or receiver, to look for variations in the microwave background," he said. "See that building over there? The horn was sitting up on the roof, and it was a rattletrap apparatus. I bought the parts for it in war-surplus stores. The horn turned around twenty-four hours a day, driven by motors, since we were looking at the whole sky. The horn had pulleys, and they'd get to creaking. There was a dormitory nearby, and the students didn't like the creaking at night. They'd climb up on the roof, detach the pulleys, and cram snow into the horn. We worried a lot about pigeon droppings on the roof, because they emit microwaves." The horn didn't see any blobs in the sky, Mr. Wilkinson said, and its limitations caused him to want to launch his horns into space.

That evening, some of the cosmologists gathered at Mr. Wilkinson's house for a nightcap. They began drinking vodka out of little fired-clay shot glasses, and the conversation grew thick. In the living room, two cosmologists, James Peebles and Richard Bond, began arguing about what had happened right after the first .0000000000000000000000000000000000001 second of the universe's existence. Mr. Bond remarked loudly to Mr. Peebles that we *must recall* that delta T is proportional to the integral of combinations of the square of j subscript l. Mr. Peebles didn't buy that, loudly, and a crowd gathered around the two cosmologists.

"Incidentally, my men's group has retrograded into a poker game."

Mr. Bond shouted, "That integrand evolves!"

"Why do gravitational waves perturb it, then?" Mr. Peebles said.

"It *dies*."

"Diddly-squat!" Mr. Peebles replied.

"Let us *recall* the Sachs-Wolfe integral," Mr. Bond said. "By contrast, the gravity waves are coming into the horizon and crashing down—"

"The waves are crashing down!" Mr. Peebles echoed, holding his shot glass high in the air.

George Smoot, who was listening, remarked to us in a low voice that this was the old gravity-wave argument. We nodded, to let him know that we understood perfectly.

"Then the oscillations become *rapid*," Mr. Peebles said.

Mr. Bond had an answer for that: "Then there is this nice delta rho over rho in the Sachs-Wolfe case, but *you* say, 'Uh-oh, I have nothing to support me—' "

"But as you lose the support you lose the *photon!*" Mr. Peebles said.

"Don't look at me! *I* didn't do that calculation!" Mr. Bond said.

"I *thought* we were talking about a pure Einstein-de Sitter universe!" Mr. Peebles exclaimed.

The emergency meeting to discuss the universe wasn't settling anything, and it seemed that it might be a long time before the true significance of the microwave blobs became clear. Later, one cosmologist said to us, "If God came along and told us how he did it, we wouldn't understand anyway."

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Weekend In Vermont

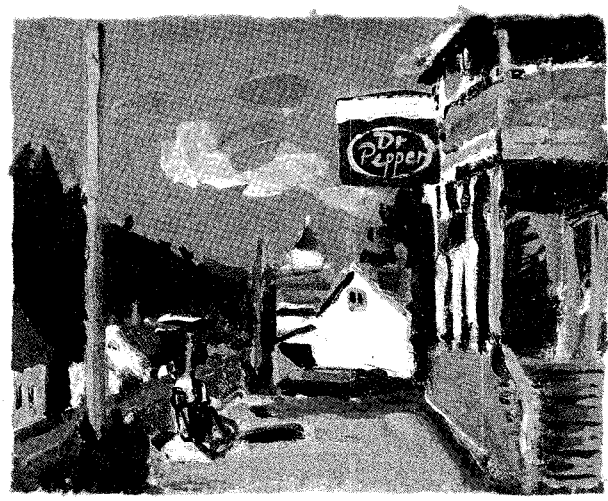
Breathe

Look

Walk

Think about life

Decide to live in the woods forever



Find general store and get corn chips and New York bus schedule

Huguette Martel

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CHANGE IN LOUISE

BRIDE stealing was common a long time ago. The bride's brothers would whisk her down the church steps after the wedding and take her home in a carriage. The groom hung around the church long enough to give everyone a head start, then pretended to search the countryside. Neighbors brought out the gifts—candlesticks, quilts, Mason jars of tomatoes and string beans—and said, "Keep going. You'll find her."

The groom took the neighbors' gifts to the bride's house as ransom. Twice he was denied, but after his third request the family relented, the bride and groom joined hands, and the dancing began. Later, the mother of the bride would bury silver coins in the garden. That was optional.

What is left of bride stealing has no particular point except as a screwball attack on the woman getting married. An extreme example would be what happened to Janelle Jones, during the Bicentennial. She took such a hit on the head outside the Baptist church in Wylie that on her wedding night she barely remembered her name. Rich Gamelon and some men from Pinville were trying to put her in a car when they struck her head against the door. Louise Darling was another bride who got stolen. This was after her first wedding—August 9, 1982. She was twenty-six years old and had just married Charles or "Tiny" Darling, a large ne'er-do-well who would, in fact, never do well. Seven of Tiny's friends descended in blue jackets the moment the bouquet left Louise's hand. They grabbed her and drove fast to the park in Chesley. Everyone settled on the ledge overlooking the river. Louise sat on a blanket, wearing a white dress with gauze cuffs.

Marijuana and a gourdlike bottle of Spañada were handed around. Dusty light followed the river, and Louise got loaded on two drags of Hawaiian marijuana. She wondered what had happened to the mild grass of high school—gone forever. Then it dawned on her that these men could throw her off the ledge and into the river. This seemed like a probable thing to happen, a very typical thing. Once this thought had entered her mind, it became hard to find the space for any others. She wondered if by spreading her arms she could fashion wings from the extra fabric in her wedding dress. It was a convoluted dress, with straps and strings and pockets, and she thought maybe it was supposed to have been a kite in the first place. If they threw her now, she could glide all the way to St. Louis or somewhere far like that.

Louise got away easily. She always did. She retreated from the ledge, carrying the train of her dress, fingertips touching the twigs and tree seeds that had hooked in there already. She climbed into a car. The doors and trunk were open. The radio was well into that very long Southern song about the bird who would not change. Louise started the engine and drove away. A cooler bounced from the trunk at the speed bump. In the rearview mirror she could see bottles and ice tumbling on the pavement.

That was her first wedding. The second came almost eight years later. It was a small ceremony on a perfect day. The groom was Dan Norman, the sheriff of the county.

LOUISE and Dan lived together for six months before marrying. At first they went back and forth between his trailer and her farmhouse. But you know how that goes—with all their running around they didn't see much of each other somehow, and their razors were never where they needed them to be. So Dan sold his place, to the farmer Jan Johanson, for two thousand seven hundred dollars.

Dan's trailer marked the point at which the town of Grafton turned to fields, and Jan wanted to clear and plow the land. He intended to move the trailer to his farm, an operation requiring a crane and a flatbed semi, and a number of people turned out on the Saturday this was to happen. Snow fell lightly, melting as it touched. Louise and Dan stood with Henry Hamilton, an old farmer who had sized up the situation and felt that something bad was going to happen.

Most of the work was done. The Johansons had jacked the trailer up and pushed two I-beams between it and the foundation. These ran crosswise at either end of the trailer, like axles without wheels, and cables connected the four ends of the I-beams to the hook of the crane. Where Henry differed from the Johansons was on the question of support; he thought a third girder was needed, for the middle of the trailer.

"What do you guess will happen when that crane starts pulling?" he said. He smoked a pipe but had to draw hard and often to keep it going in the snow.

"I'm sure they know what they're doing, Henry," said Dan, not really listening.

"The earth will open up and swallow the town," suggested Louise. She wore a quilted red vest and a Cargill Seed cap.

Henry went to Jan. "This won't work," he said. "You're going to fold that trailer in two."

"Don't you worry about it, Henry," said Jan. If there was uncertainty in his eyes, you could not have seen it, for he wore those light-sensitive glasses that always seem to be the same cloudy gray, indoors or out.

Hans Cook was running the crane, and now he finished a cup of coffee, screwed the top on his thermos, and climbed into the cab. Jan raised his left hand and rubbed his thumb against his fingertips. Hans revved the crane's engine, smoke puffing from the stack, and reeled in the main cable until it and the lines to the I-beams were taut. The trailer rose slowly, miraculously; it hung two or three feet in the air and did not buckle. But then something happened that was just bad luck. The clamp securing cable to I-beam at the southeast corner of the trailer broke, and the I-beam dropped, ringing like a church bell against the empty foundation. The trailer tumbled from its perch and rolled crunching and shattering onto the ground. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Jan Johanson kicked dirt. He took his boot off and winged it far from where he stood. "Son of a bitch, son of a bitch," he said.

No one spoke for a good long while. The snow increased. A crow coasted onto the field. Then Louise

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said, "I'm not believing that happened."

"I had a premonition," said Henry.

"So you said," said Dan.

Louise shook her head and sighed. "That was your house," she said, pulling Dan's hip to hers.

They lived together all winter—her bed was overly soft, that was the only problem—and in the spring announced their engagement. People wondered what Louise saw in someone like Dan. Of course, Dan had his merits. He might not have been a great crime-fighter but he behaved decently in most situations, which is not true of every cop. He had a plain handsomeness, gray eyes, and a good smile. He was as tall as she was. The question had more to do with Louise, who had developed a certain status apart from the town and its business. For years she had said the caustic things that came to mind, fearing only her mother—Mary Montrose, of the town council. Louise had lived on the fringe, in a denim jacket and hooded sweatshirt. The main reason she had married Tiny, so it was felt, was that most people regarded it as a futile gesture. So had she got tired? Had she changed? Did she want to settle in? Drive the patrol car? One phrase came to explain it; Nurse Barbara Jones said it to Annette Coyle. Annette owned Simply Hair, on Main Street, and she was cutting Barbara's hair at the time.

"She's come into herself," said Barbara. "You only have to look at her face. She has come into herself at last."

"Her hair's improved, too," said Annette Coyle. "It's got all those reddy highlights. People don't understand how dependent hair is on the emotions."

Louise put on a blue dress with white dots and went to see Pastor Dion Dorsey, of Christ Reformed Church. He was sitting with a shotgun in the cupola of the parsonage, waiting for pigeons.

"Evidently they are getting in the walls," he said. "We hear them at night."

He said this regretfully, as if he had invited them into the walls and only now realized his mistake. Pastor Dorsey was full of regret. This was true even when he was harping on the Catholics. "I hate to be the one to criticize other faiths," he would say, "but there are people in this town who are doing some very strange things." Christ Reformed Church seemed to get two kinds of pastors—simple, good men who did not understand a single thing about the town from the moment they arrived until they moved on, and mysterious, moody ones who embodied rather than laid to rest the anxieties of the congregation. Pastor Dorsey was in the second category.

"Dan Norman and I want to get married," said Louise. "We would like to do this in your church, if that's possible."

"Louise, congratulations," said Pastor Dorsey.

"Thanks," said Louise. "Now, you know I'm divorced. You know I don't come to services very often."

"True."

"So, do I have to sign something?"

"What? Now?" said Pastor Dorsey.

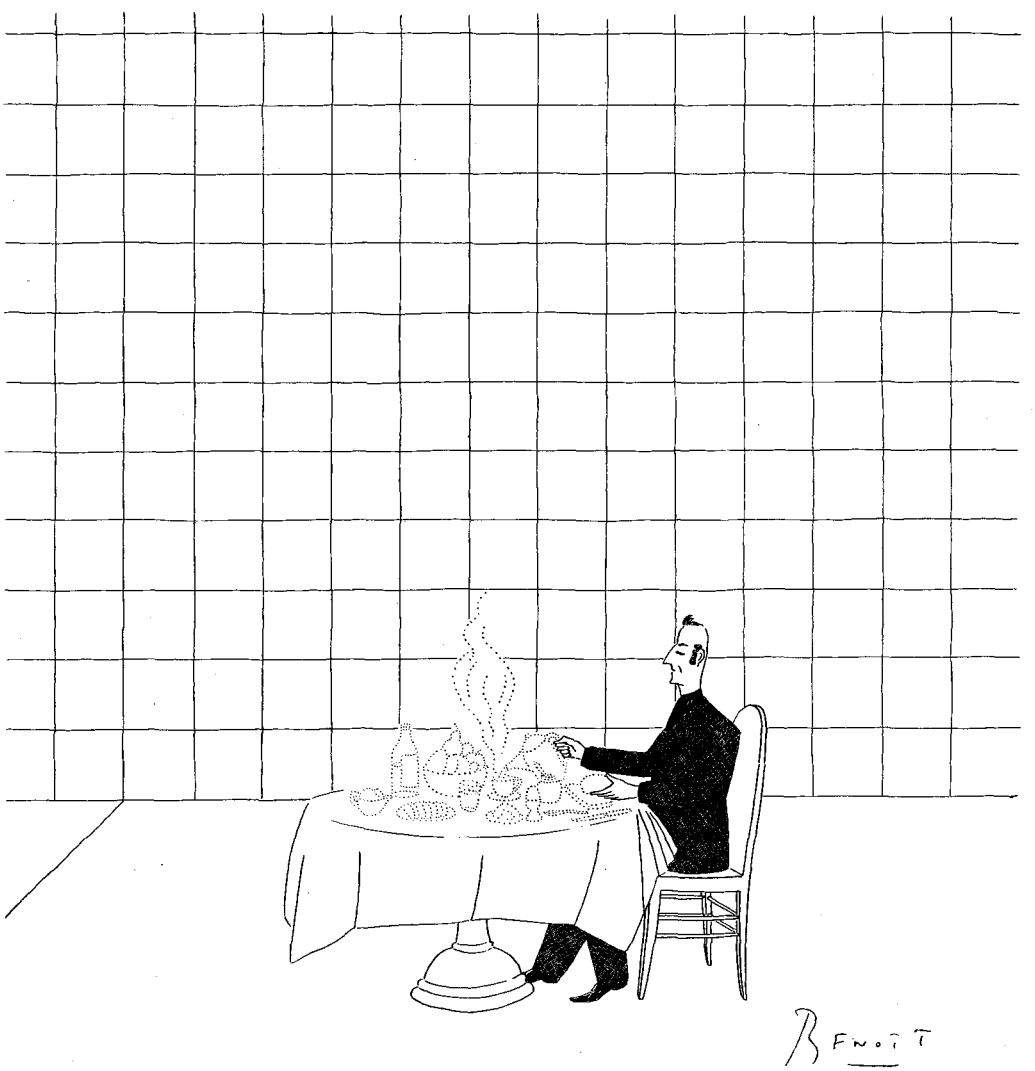
"Mom thought not being a regular member I would have to sign a statement," said Louise.

The pastor laughed sadly. "Mary remembers a powerful church that could dictate to the congregation. Mary forgets how many Sundays we have empty places. The truth is it won't be long before they close the Grafton church."

"Is that decided?" said Louise.

"Look at Pinville," said Pastor Dorsey. "Look at Lunenberg. It's the way things are going."

"You seem pretty down," said Louise.



The Conceptual Artist at Breakfast

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"I have enjoyed this mission. . . ."

Louise tried to think of something that would cheer him up. "They're paving the gravel south of town."

"That's true."

"Maybe people will be more inclined to drive in on Sunday," she said. "Did you ever think of that?"

Pastor Dorsey leaned forward and took Louise's hands in his. "I'm going to tell you something," he said. "I will say it, and then I won't say any more."

"What?"

"I am attracted to you, mentally and physically," said the pastor.

Louise looked at her shoes. They were white sneakers. "That's a hell of a thing to say," she said.

"It's the truth," said Pastor Dorsey.

After this she had to go downstairs and ask Farina Dorsey, the pastor's wife, for a book of ceremonies. Farina was friendly, dark-haired, hard-of-hearing. She often sat alone after supper on the front steps of the parsonage. Now she went around the house looking for the book. It was not on the desk, in the piano bench, or behind the piano. Farina did find an old photograph, which she handed to Louise. A young woman smiled, with smooth legs folded on summer grass. She had lipstick and sideswept hair.

"Do you believe that's me?" said Farina, pulling the book of ceremonies down from the top of the refrigerator.

"Sure," said Louise.

"That's on Rainy Lake," she said. "Every summer, my family went."

That afternoon Louise and Dan drove up to Stone City to have their blood drawn at Mercy Hospital for the marriage license. They sat in plastic chairs from elementary school, with fold-down palettes for their arms.

"This is unbelievable, but I think the pastor came on to me," Louise said.

"What do you mean, 'came on'?" said Dan.

"He said he was attracted to me."

"Maybe he meant he likes you."

A nurse they did not know hurried in and wrapped tubing around their upper arms. Louise had seen junkies apply this same kind of tourniquet on PBS. Then the intercom said something and the nurse went away.

"He said mentally and physically attracted," said Louise.

"That does sound like coming on," said Dan.

"It was strange," said Louise.

"Well, I wonder if we should find another minister," said Dan. "Was it that kind of thing?"

Louise leaned forward in the little chair and looked down the hospital hallway. "I can't imagine they're supposed to leave these things on your arm," she said. "Are you losing the feeling in your hand?"

They sprung loose the bands. The lights throbbed in their eyes. "Should we find somebody else?" said Dan.

"Mom wants Christ Reformed," said Louise. "He didn't push it. It was just strange."

"It's this dress," said Dan. "When you wear this dress, the most sacred man would be attracted to you."

"I thought you were the most sacred man," said Louise.

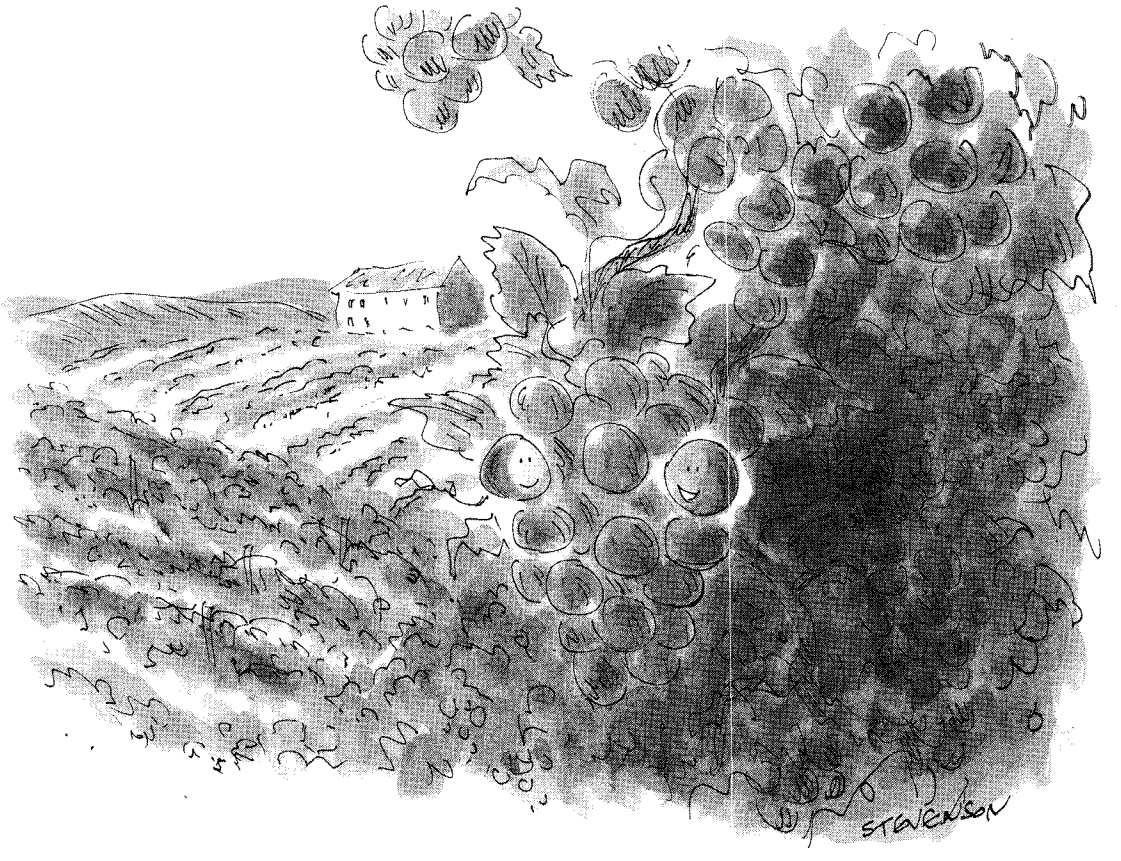
The nurse came back. She seemed to have freshened her makeup. "I could have sworn I put these on," she said.

"We were losing circulation," said Louise.

The nurse drew their blood harshly. The pain was startling and made the procedure seem like a sacrifice. Louise imagined that in the lab they would mix her blood with Dan's and hope for the best.

Dan dropped Louise off at a shopping center on the south end of Stone City. She went to Kinney's and chose a pair of pale-yellow shoes. They hurt her feet, but the saleswoman said, "You want that. If the shoe didn't feel painful now, it would probably be the wrong size. We could go to seven and a half or eight, but I guarantee you this foot of yours would swim in a seven and a half."

Louise paid for the sevens. She noticed a mother and daughter standing in line. They were buying a pair of small red leather shoes. Louise



"If the weather stays good, we could end up in a very prestigious 1992 Cabernet Sauvignon."

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waited outside the store and followed them down the wide corridor of the shopping center. The girl was perhaps two years old and drawn like a magnet to anything that would break, fall, or tear. In a lingerie shop she pulled a mannequin down by its shimmering green slip. At the newsstand she ripped apart *Popular Mechanics*. At the Nut Wagon she flung fistfuls of pistachios. Then the two walked to the big fountain and sat on the bench. The mother tried to read a newspaper and eat some cashews. The girl pried the lid from the shoebox, carried the red shoes to the fountain, and threw them in.

NOW, at this same time, gamblers had set up shop in Grafton. These were two men who drove a dark-red Chevrolet Impala and sat all day in the back of the Lime Bucket tavern. They claimed to be from Canada, but their knowledge of Canada was sketchy. Dan knew something about the gamblers but had not yet taken action. It seemed to Louise that many things fell into this category for Dan. A good part of the job of sheriff, the way he did it, was the biding of time.

Once, Louise overheard one of the gamblers talking on the phone. There was a pay phone in the Lime Bucket, but these two men generally walked across Main Street to the phone booth by the old bank. This was not what you would call private—the door had been removed years ago to discourage kids from going in there at night and kissing—but it was better than standing by the jukebox with "Third Rate Romance" playing in your ear.

"The angel will bite if it gets aggressive," the gambler was saying. "Sure it will. . . . I did tell you that, honey. You've got to separate them. . . . Yes, I'll hold on, but I want you to go right now and separate those fish. . . . How about in the tank with the mollies. . . . What do you mean? All of them? . . . Well, what exactly killed them, honey? . . . I am not, I'm not accusing you of anything. I just wish you wouldn't sound so happy when my fish die. . . . Listen, while I'm holding, why don't you put Klaus on. . . . Hi, Klaus. It's Daddy. It's your father, Klaus. . . . Do you hear me? Are you there? I hear you breathing. . . . Klaus? Hello?"

The gambler left the booth. He

TRANSATLANTIC

The last twenty years were good for practically everybody
save the dead. But maybe for them as well.
Maybe the Almighty Himself has turned a bit bourgeois
and uses a credit card. For otherwise time's passage
makes no sense. Hence memories, recollections,
values, deportment. One hopes one hasn't
spent one's mother or father or both or a handful of friends entirely
as they cease to hound one's dreams. One's dreams,
unlike the city, become less populous
the older one gets. That's why the eternal rest
cancels analysis. The last twenty years were good
for practically everybody and constituted
the afterlife for the dead. Its quality could be questioned
but not its duration. The dead, one assumes, would not
mind attaining a homeless status, and sleep in archways
or watch pregnant submarines returning
to their native pen after a worldwide journey
without destroying life on earth, without
even a proper flag to hoist.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

• •

dressed with style for someone living out of a Chevrolet Impala. He wore black pants, an ironed blue shirt, and a New York Mets cap turned backward over his ponytail. No one seemed to know his name, but he was called Larry Longhair.

"You're getting married," he said to Louise. "I saw your picture in the paper. I went to get you a present, but the store was closed. Anyway, good for you. Marriage is one of the reasons we play this silly game. Here's ten dollars."

"Oh, that's all right," said Louise.

"Oh, take it," he said.

"You'll need it for gambling," said Louise. "You and that other guy."

"Richie," said the gambler.

"It's not a secret," said Louise. "You can't get away with it forever."

"Maybe," said the gambler. "But I know of a good bet in the ninth race at Ak-Sar-Ben. If I call right now, we can get you in on it. I'll put in this ten, and you put in twenty."

"I thought this was a present," said Louise.

ONE evening Louise came home from work and found sawdust settled like snow on the floor of the

bedroom. Dan had dug an ancient string bed out of the attic and lengthened it by cutting and installing new four-by-four side rails. Then he had run six planks from rail to rail, spacing them evenly from the head of the bed to the foot, and nailed plywood to the planks. The mattress rested on the plywood, and the resulting bed was rustic, and fragrant, and very high. They got on their backs and slid underneath—it was like being in the basement of a new house and peering up at the joists.

"That ought to hold us," said Louise.

Dan had to go out later and help the Grafton Fire Department burn down a shed on the Leslie Pratt farm. Sometimes when people had old buildings they wanted gone, they would donate them to the fire department for practice. Dan returned at ten-thirty, took a shower, and came into the bedroom with a white towel draped across his head. "They do all right when they set the fire themselves," he said.

Louise put down the magazine she was reading. She enjoyed the elevated perspective from their new bed. "Climb up here and talk to me," she said.

THE women of Christ Reformed Church gave Louise a bridal shower in the cafeteria of the old school. Louise, Mary, and Louise's friend Cheryl Jewell sat at the head table. The other women walked solemnly by, leaving packages, and

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then they sat down and watched Louise open them. She got a popcorn maker, a birdhouse, and a set of two-pronged corn-on-the-cob handles. She got a broom, a shoeshine kit, and a framed poem about the dogwood tree. She got a fish-net heart in which to save ribbons. Inez Greathouse stood and prayed for the marriage, and then everybody had small cups of coffee. When it was over, Louise and Cheryl went to the tavern for a beer.

Cheryl Jewell had come back from Kansas City to be maid of honor. Her presence in Grafton was controversial. She was divorced from her third cousin Laszlo and usually flirted with him when in town. But Laszlo was remarried, to a woman named Jean. Also, Cheryl and Laszlo had had a daughter, named Jocelyn, who now lived with Jean and Laszlo. And Cheryl was staying with her Aunt Nan, whose house stood right next door to Jean and Laszlo's on Park Street. All these names are not important except to show the delicacy of the situation. Nan Jewell, imperious though she was, did not take sides; she disapproved of Cheryl and Laszlo equally. Cheryl had sexy gray bangs. She was always in school and always involved with someone unworthy of her time. Currently she was studying plants and dating a chemist named Walt.

"He runs away every time we make love," said Cheryl.

"You know who else was like that?" said Louise, and whispered the name of someone they both knew.

"Well, I mean literally runs away," said Cheryl. "He puts on tennis shoes and he's out the door. He runs up around the reservoir, down to the graveyard, and back. The blankets are still warm, and I hear his soles slapping the pavement. I don't think it's normal. And I also think he has a glass eye."

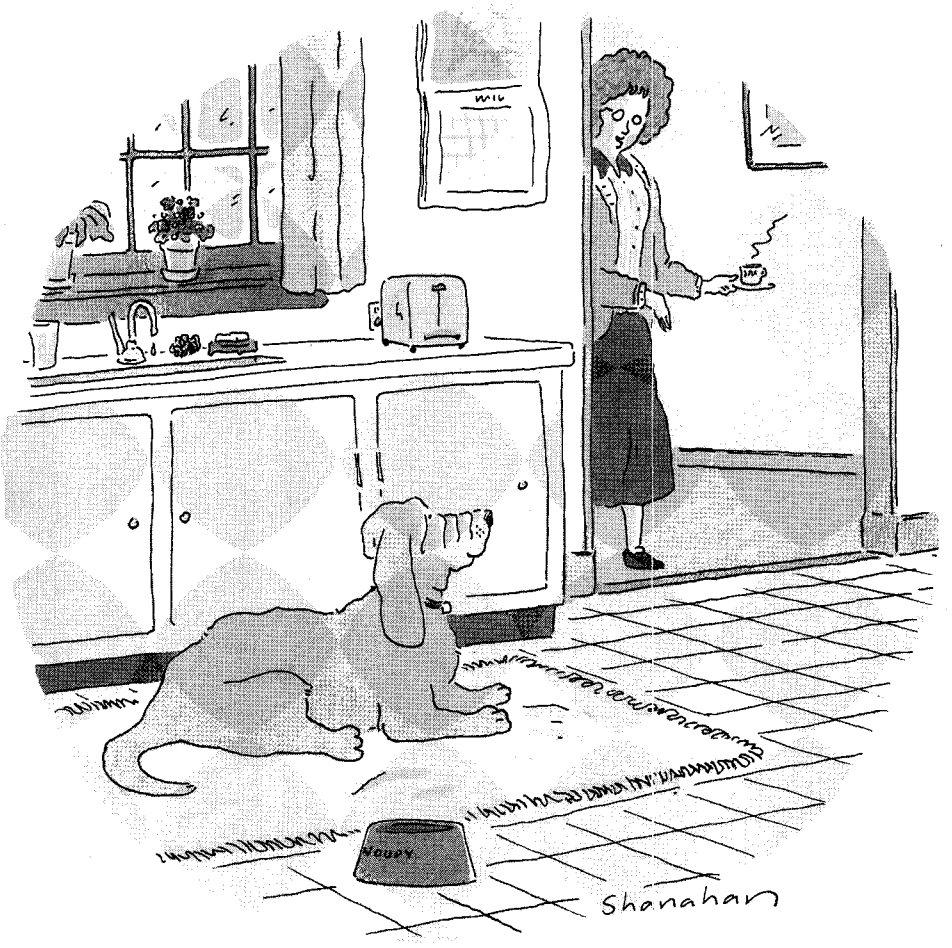
Louise laughed. "What do you mean?" she said. "You can't tell?"

"Sometimes he gives me a look, and I think, My god, those eyes are glass," said Cheryl.

"Dan's eyes seem real," said Louise.

"He's all right," said Cheryl.

"Hi, ladies," said the gambler with the ponytail. He stood at the table, holding a cigarette near his mouth.



"'60 Minutes' is on."

• •

"Say, Louise, I'm afraid that bet we made didn't pan out."

"I didn't make a bet," said Louise.

"Well, I put that ten dollars in for you. But the horse pulled up lame. Isn't that the way? The race was fixed, too, which is the hell of it. I guess you can't fix Mother Nature, much as we might like to."

"How are your fish?" said Louise.

"Last I heard, the tank had stabilized," said the gambler. "So when's the day?"

"Saturday," said Louise.

He sent a stream of smoke toward the ceiling, took off his baseball cap, and settled it on Louise's head. "Here's something blue," he said, and moved on.

"Who the hell is that?" said Cheryl.

"Larry Longhair," said Louise. She got up, put money in the jukebox, and played the first and second parts of "Rock Your Baby" by George McRae.

"Remember this?" said Louise.

"I played it when you and Tiny got married," said Cheryl. "Everyone hated it."

"No, they didn't," said Louise.

"It isn't a tune for the French horn," said Cheryl. "I realize that now."

"You were in the music academy. We assumed you knew what you were doing."

"It was a disaster," said Cheryl.

"No more so than the marriage itself," said Louise.

"I miss hanging around and talking," said Cheryl. Her eyes were shining. "Sometimes I think I'll get back with Laszlo."

"What about Jean?"

"You've touched on the problem," said Cheryl. She sighed. "I have to tell you—the big thing around town is that you've changed."

"What's your opinion?"

"Yes, but not how they think," said Cheryl.

Louise lowered the visor of the cap, sipped beer. "That sounds about right," she said.

Rod Stewart sang "Maggie May" on the jukebox, and as the music fin-

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ished, Cheryl said, "You know what I never liked about that song?"

"What?"

"Well," she said, "if it really don't worry him none when the morning sun shows her age, you know, why bring it up?"

LOUISE stayed at her mother's house the night before the wedding. She lay in her childhood bed, on her side, in the shape of a question mark. At the suggestion of *Teen Journal* she had climbed a stepladder twenty-three years ago and pressed glow-in-the-dark stars to the ceiling. Louise had been greatly influenced by *Teen Journal* there for a while. She had made and worn easy-to-make clothing that really looked very bad. She had joined the Gary Lewis and the Playboys Fan Club. The stars still held light, and she saw them faintly from the corner of her eye.

She fell asleep and dreamed. Louise had simple dreams most of the time. She had little patience for those who would draw her aside and say, "Listen to this dream I had. I was talking on the phone with my cousin, and then it was like I *was* the phone. . . ." Anyway, in this dream Louise and Dan were driving home at night from Morrisville, and Dan took a steep road that Louise had not known about. They glided up through the country. The sky was like a map of the sky, with concentric rings, big blue planets, names and distances printed in white. The road climbed sharply, and the scenery was lonely—a dark house, black pines—but beautiful in the planetary light.

"Do you take this route very often?" said Louise.

"In fact, I never have," said Dan, "but I'm familiar enough with the road system to know this will level out up ahead like a hawk's nest."

It didn't. The car went over the crest of the road and dropped into endless dream darkness. Louise woke, breathing rapidly. She heard *smack*, *plunge*, *smack*—the sound, she eventually understood, of a mop.

It was one-thirty in the morning, and Mary was washing the walls of the downstairs hallway for the reception. She wore a housecoat with the sleeves rolled up. She had never mastered cleaning, and as she flailed the plaster with the cords of the mop, she seemed to be losing ground.

"I wasn't going to do this," said Mary. "But I started in with a sponge, and don't you honestly think the mop does a better job?"

Louise yawned. "You're paranoid," she said. But she pitched in. She unfolded and set up five card tables with the distinct and tropical smell of Mary's basement.

They listened to a talk show on the radio and made their way down Mary's list. Their work acquired the intent and wordless pace that can only be reached after midnight. Louise chased cobwebs with a cloth-covered broom. Mary sewed the hem of Louise's dress. Louise taped white ribbons to the lamps. Together they made sandwiches without crusts.

The talk show featured a hostess in Rapid City interviewing an agoraphobic. But the guest got nervous and went home halfway through.

"I guess she wasn't lying," said Louise.

"You always had the opposite problem," said Mary. "You never wanted to come home."

Louise tried to remember from high school the seven signs of a flawed argument. Nothing came to mind. "I'm going back to bed," she said.

"Don't be scared about tomorrow," said Mary.

"Good night," said Louise.

"Good night."

In the morning they made punch—orange juice, grapefruit juice, pineapple juice, and vodka. Sun poured through the kitchen windows. They stood mixing and sampling until they were happy not only with the punch but with the house, the weather, and the lives they had led so far.

Heinz Miller came over shortly after noon. He was a retired farmer who lived next door with his wife, Ranae. Heinz had many pairs of overalls. On the wedding day he wore green.

"Our cable just went out," he said. "Would you mind if I turned on the ballgame? Got some money on the Twins. It's top of the third with one man on and nobody down. Our cable cut out on us. I thought of you."

"A field anthropologist from the new Museum of American Financial History, sir."

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CROSSED PATHS

The Brontë Sisters Meet Paris

• •

"How much money?" said Mary.

"Three thousand dollars," said Heinz.

"Jesus, Heinz," said Louise.

"How much?" said Mary.

"Three thousand," said Louise.

"I know it's a lot," said Heinz. "I bet it with those guys at the Lime Bucket."

"Well, Heinz Miller," said Mary.

"They used psychology on me!" said Heinz. "They made it sound like I wouldn't have anything *to* bet. They said when a farmer moves into town, generally it's to live in low-class housing. What was I supposed to say? I told them all about the house. Like an ass. 'We finished the attic.' 'We installed a breakfast nook.' Pretty soon they wanted to talk hard money. Don't tell Ranae. I believe it's best she doesn't know. If she found out, I think she would take my gun and kill me."

"You have it coming," said Mary. "That business down there has got to stop."

"She used to hate that gun," said Heinz. "Couldn't stand to see it. Didn't even want it in the garage. The other day, though, I noticed it was gone from the cupboard, by the Drano there where I keep it. Next thing I know, here comes Ranae, walking down the street with the gun in her hand. It turns out she's been taking it down to the sand pits every afternoon. So I ask her, you know, why the sudden urge to be a sharpshooter. And she says, 'Well, I'm thinking of doing away with you.' How's a fellow supposed to respond to something like that?"

"I'm impressed that she walks to the pits every day," said Mary. "I should start walking."

Heinz Miller turned on the ballgame. "What do you bet this is fixed," he muttered, and lit a cigarette. "Doctor said I shouldn't smoke, so I got some of these low-tar jobbies."

Louise brought him a cup of punch and took a cigarette. She and Heinz sat on the davenport smoking and watching the ballgame, an ashtray between them. Louise wore a red-and-white bathrobe, a blue towel around her hair. "Are you coming to my wedding?" she said.

"When is that, honey?" said Heinz.

"Two o'clock," said Louise.

"That you would have to ask Ranae," said Heinz.

"You could at least congratulate me," said Louise.

"How do I pay these men?" said Heinz. "Do they take a check? Hell, no, they won't take a check."

"You wouldn't think," said Louise.

She went upstairs and dried her hair. Then she sat on the bed looking at a framed photograph from her first wedding. In the picture she stood alone, daylilies in her arms. Her eyes looked hooded, and desirous, and empty. How listless she seemed. She took the picture into the closet, where Mary kept a cardboard barrel of coats. Mary stored old coats everywhere. Maybe she knew something no one else did about climate patterns. Lou-

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ise buried the picture in the coats.

She brushed out her hair and put on her dress. It was yellow with white flowers and a low back. She tied a rose-colored ribbon in her hair, spread her arms, and turned toward the mirror. Her hair was long and brown, and the ribbon made it look coppery.

Henry Hamilton gave Louise away. They walked together down the aisle of Christ Reformed Church. He had a bad hip, and she had shoes too small. Henry wore a handsome deep-blue wool suit. It is an unnoted fact of Midwestern life that the old farmer rummaging through pocket T-shirts at Wal-Mart might have a wardrobe like Cary Grant's at home in the attic. The suit smelled like the trunk it must have come from.

"You look beautiful," said Henry.

"So do you," said Louise.

The church was plain, but light streamed through the stained glass. Cheryl had done a good job with the flowers, perhaps too good, and Louise had the feeling she was approaching the edge of a jungle. Pastor Dorsey wore a gray suit and was flanked by the green leaves of large plants. Dan and his best man, Deputy Ed Aiken, edged toward the altar as if along a narrow ledge. Dan's tie was crooked, but he had a kind of careless happiness on his face. This is the way of men.

"Dearly beloved," said Pastor Dorsey.

They spoke their vows quietly. The pastor raised his hands at one point, and Louise felt his palm brush her hair. He asked the questions, and Louise and Dan said, in turn, "With this ring I thee wed, and pledge my abiding love." They kissed, and Louise closed her eyes and gave in to the feelings in her heart. These feelings seemed strangely independent of Dan, but the only way she could express them was to say that she loved him. So that's what she said. Farina sang a hymn, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go." Afterward everyone went outside. Cheryl and Laszlo walked beneath the poplar trees while Jean waited, counting the fingers of her white gloves. Louise and Dan stood on the grass, receiving wishes. Wind moved the branches of the trees.

Heinz Miller's cable service had returned by the time he came home. He asked Ranae to take a seat in the living room, and he told her about the bet he had made. They watched the Twins in a dull losing effort, and Ranae wept softly. In her mind's eye she saw the departure of all that three thousand dollars could buy for their grandchildren. Toys, games, and bicycles went spinning over the horizon. It's true that the Millers would not have spent the three thousand dollars on their grandchildren, but it gave Ranae a way to measure the loss. The wedding started in the sixth or seventh inning, and Heinz and Ranae did not go. When the game ended, Heinz turned off the television, and they sat in dim light for almost an hour and a half. Three or four times Heinz asked Ranae what she was thinking. Finally she threw a book that hit him on the arm. Then she got up and said, "If you think I'm going to miss the wedding of my friend's daughter, and now the reception, because of you, you are sadly mistaken."

They dressed silently and walked over to Mary's house. Heinz was mournful, Ranae angry. They found Louise soaking her feet in a plastic tub at the base of the stairs. They hugged her, and Heinz gave her a card with five dollars in it. Mary came over, said how proud she was of Louise, and cried. She blew her nose. "By the way, Ranae, I hear from Heinz that you're walking every day to the sand pits," she said. "I wonder if you would like company."

"I don't think I shall be walking anymore," said Ranae.

"Oh, Ranae," said Heinz. "You'll be walking, for God's sakes. Aren't you being kind of melodramatic?"

"Oh, shut up," said Ranae.

Sensing the poorness of their behavior, Heinz and Ranae left the reception after fifteen minutes. They walked across Mary's grass, through the hedge, and into their own yard. The red car of the gamblers was in the driveway, and the gamblers themselves were looking in the windows of the house.

Heinz put his hands in his jacket pockets. "Say, get away from there," he said.

"This *is* nice," said the gambler called Richie.

"Did you know those milk pails by the piano are antiques?" said Larry Longhair.

"That's none of your concern," said Heinz. "Ranae, honey, go inside the house."

Ranae did so. She got the gun from the cupboard by the sink and loaded it. Her hands were shaking. The gamblers were walking Heinz to the garage. Ranae came down the sidewalk. She raised the gun and fired into the sky. Then she shot out a garage window. The gamblers ran to their car and peeled out of the driveway. Heinz went to Ranae and embraced her. Then something odd happened. The bullet that she had shot into the air came down on the sidewalk. Ranae and Heinz looked at each other and hurried into the house.

Louise and Dan went to Solitude Island, in Lake Michigan, for their honeymoon. Although it was May, it snowed almost every day. They stayed in a hotel with gas lighting, narrow rooms, no electricity. Dining was communal in the morning and at supper, and as far as Louise could tell the only thing people ever talked about was who disliked meat the most. One man who admitted feeding bacon to his dog was asked to leave the table. Louise and Dan had not thought to bring boots and scarves. They kept to themselves and spent a lot of time in bed, with the snow falling on the old hotel. But on the sixth day the weather cleared and the sun came out. Louise and Dan walked through the woods to a cliff by the big lake.

"I didn't know there were places like this," said Louise.

The wind blew in their faces and hair, and that night Dan came down with an earache. The next day his temperature was a hundred and one, and they went to see an island doctor, who told him to put mustard in his ear. Louise and Dan took a ferry to the mainland, picked up some antibiotics in Escanaba, and drove home without stopping. It was eleven-fifteen on a blue and brilliant morning when they got back to Grafton. The gamblers had left town. And soybeans were growing in curving rows where Dan's trailer used to be.

—Tom Drury

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PROFILES

THE HEART, THE HEAD, AND THE PIPES

IF it were possible to chart a human life on a graph, Rosemary Clooney's would show two peaks, divided by a chasm. The line would begin rising in 1945, when, at the age of seventeen, she and her fourteen-year-old sister, Betty, were hired as singers by radio station WLW, in Cincinnati, and it would continue upward through 1947, after they had joined Tony Pastor's band. The line would reach its first peak in the early fifties, marking four exuberant, almost simultaneous events in Clooney's life—her marriage to the actor José Ferrer ("Moulin Rouge," "Cyrano de Bergerac"); her famous hit record of "Come On-a My House"; her starring, with Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, in the movie "White Christmas"; and her appearance on the cover of *Time* in February of 1953. The *Time* writer, clearly entranced, wrote, "The Clooney voice is known to the trade as both 'barrelhouse' and blue, i.e., robust and fresh, with an undercurrent of seductiveness. It can spin out a slow tune with almost cello-like evenness, or take on a raucous bite in a fast rhythm. In a melancholy mood, it has a cinnamon flavor that tends to remind fans of happier days gone by—or soon to come."

In the early sixties, after the birth of her five children—three boys and two girls, born at the rate of one a year—the line would suddenly turn and drop. Clooney and Ferrer had separated, and she began taking pills. "I started taking pills to sleep," she said recently. "A lot of women took pills then—my mother took them. And everybody kidded about bennies—Benzedrine—and Miltown. I took downers—Seconal, Librium, Miltown, Nembutal, Doriden. Of course, if you take too many downers they have a reverse effect—you can't sleep at all." She and Ferrer were divorced in 1967. A year later, the line would reach the bottom of the graph: severely addicted, she had a breakdown. "I was dead behind the eyes," she continued. "The records I did then sound like they were made underwater. I misbehaved with everyone, onstage and off, and when my friend Bobby Kennedy was killed I cracked up. I was convinced that he was still alive, that his death was a cruel hoax. I went on a kind of self-destructive rampage, and it lasted until a priest I knew convinced me that it was God's wish that I sign myself into the psychiatric ward of Mt. Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles. I was there a month, and when I was released I started eight years of therapy, private and group. It was the worst time of my life. I was strapped financially. I had the expense of all that therapy, and word had got around among club owners that I was undependable. I was living with the five kids in Beverly Hills, in the house on North Roxbury that Joe had bought in 1953. My friend Jackie Rose from my early days in New York had taught me to cook, and I put in a garden. And I sold some of my jewelry. When I was well enough, I took any work I could get—usually in Holiday Inns on weekends."

The line would remain at the bottom of the graph until 1974, when Bing Crosby, who was concerned about Clooney, asked her to appear with him in a benefit concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, in L.A., celebrating his fiftieth year in show business. Several successful tours around the country and abroad with Crosby followed, and she became a founding member of a travelling show called 4 Girls 4, with Margaret Whiting, Helen O'Connell, and Rose Marie. Then the line would move steadily upward, and would reach its second peak in the late eighties. She had begun annual sold-out monthlong engagements at New York's Rainbow & Stars, possibly the most elegant night club in the country, and she was making yearly albums for Concord Records. Critics talked about the great warmth and assurance in her singing, about the "new plateau" it had reached. She found herself hobnobbing in the minds of her admirers with the likes of Crosby, Billie Holiday, Frank Sinatra, and Mabel Mercer.

Clooney, always attended by her friend the dancer and actor Dante DiPaolo, now works six or seven months of the year. The chief events in her professional life in 1992 have been her February stint at Rainbow & Stars; a brilliant concert early in March in the Baird Auditorium, at the Smithsonian; and the benefit concert—an annual event—she held in April at the Dorothy Chandler for the Betty Clooney Foundation, which works with brain-damage survivors and is also a memorial to her sister, who died of an aneurysm in 1976. (In her private life this year, three of her children have been married, in quick succession, leaving her "weddinged out.")

On several of her days off, Clooney talked about her life. She began in a New York hotel room. Many singers, when they talk, turn their singing into parlando. But Clooney, the most laid-back of performers, talks quickly, and laughs in a low, barrelling monotone. The speed of her talk suggests that she is afraid her words—as lyrics always threaten to do—might evaporate, or sink to the bottom. Her speaking voice, though it has become deeper, sounds much as it did in "White Christmas"

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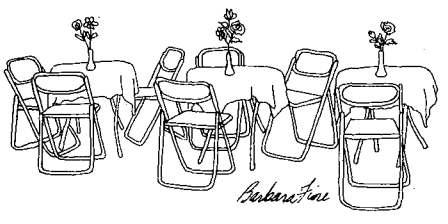
and "Deep in My Heart." (She has been in five movies.) Her classically arranged face, with its wide-set eyes, square-bridged nose, and secure chin, remains the same. But the rest of her, besieged by the flanking attacks of childbirth and middle age, has expanded. She has become a Maillol, a mother earth, a diva. Born in Maysville, Kentucky, and brought up there and in Ohio, she is a Southern-Midwesterner; utterly natural, she is the same onstage as off. When she sings, she holds the microphone casually in her right hand, and, with large glasses perched halfway down her nose, a half smile on her face, carries on as if she were gossiping over the back fence. She moves lightly, her pretty ankles flashing.

"There was music all over our family," Clooney said. "My father was a good singer, and my Aunt Anne Guilfoyle sang with local bands. Betty and I sang around the house, we sang on the street, we sang everywhere. Our daddy would take us to a creek that joined the Ohio, and the three of us would sit on a bank and sing 'Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue' and 'Home on the Range' and 'The Old Covered Bridge.' WLW, where Betty and I first worked, was the most powerful station in the Midwest, and it had a lot of musicians on the staff. The piano that Fats Waller had played in the thirties was still there, and you could see the rings his glasses had left. It was almost a shrine. When I was nineteen and Betty was sixteen, we auditioned for Tony Pastor's band. His singer, Virginia Maxey, was leaving. We got the job, but we needed a legal guardian to go with us when the band went on the road, so my Uncle George Guilfoyle, who'd just got back from the service, took us on. He was very watchful, very strict. Betty and I were paid a hundred and fifty dollars a week apiece, and all three of us lived on that and sent money home to Grandmother Guilfoyle. In those days, you could stay in the Chase Hotel in St. Louis for eight dollars a night. We travelled in a rented bus. Betty and I sat in the front, and Uncle George sat behind us. Our dresses were hung in the back of the bus with the band's uniforms. The band did a lot of one-nighters, and often we'd make a three-hundred-mile jump after a gig, arriving around daybreak in the town we were working in that night. Danny Gregory, the band manager, smoked these awful Italian cheroots, and he loved hotel lobbies. When it was payday, he'd get up from his chair and say, 'The eagle flies today!' Danny's real name was Gregorio. The Pastor band was kind of an Italian band. Tony's name was Pestritto, and his boy singer, Tommy Lynn, was Tommy Leonetti. And there were other guys with Italian names. Tony played the tenor saxophone and sang—he was a good singer, who sang the way he played. He loved Ben Webster, and whenever we were in New York he hung out with Ben. Tony was also a good showman, a good clown. Betty and I sang in every possible combination—with each other, with Tommy Lynn, with Tony, with Tommy and Tony. And I sang by myself. It helped that I could sing in Virginia Maxey's keys. When I made my first record with the band—'I'm



LIVES OF THE PAINTERS: ARTISTS' ANTIDOTES

It was a compilation I should have
or have a look at: "Artists' Antidotes"
was the title, and you were confident
stacks of them were still on hand, Towering,
Stranded—wherever that kind of art book
is remaindered ("art book," of course, in quotes).

I disavow all such similitude:
there never was an opus of the kind
you put me wise to, visionary friend!
I could tell just by turning the pages—
no book *like that* has ever existed,
open the damn thing anywhere you please:

why not begin at the beginning with
"The Artists of Lascaux"—simple enough,
the antidote is *breathing!* No more than
the regular action of human lungs
suffices to reduce all images
to vague discolorations in the cave.

Leaf through halfway, to the marmoreal
composure of David's "Horatii"
taking their oath like helmeted Rockettes—
the antidote is plainly *moving:* flinch
a hairsbreadth and the frontal episode
dishevels at the seams. Once we have come

to the last of your singular book, turned
almost all the pages (art at an end)—
the antidote to Twombly's Apollonian
graffiti is *writing:* to unpeeled eyes
any cacography will serve, any
signature supplant these wavering signs . . .

But was it ever difficult, my friend,
to find a distinguished cure? Who has failed
to come up—merely by aspiring To Be—
with a devastating put-down of art?
Your book, wherever we look, is rife
with artists' antidotes: the verbs of life.

—Richard Howard

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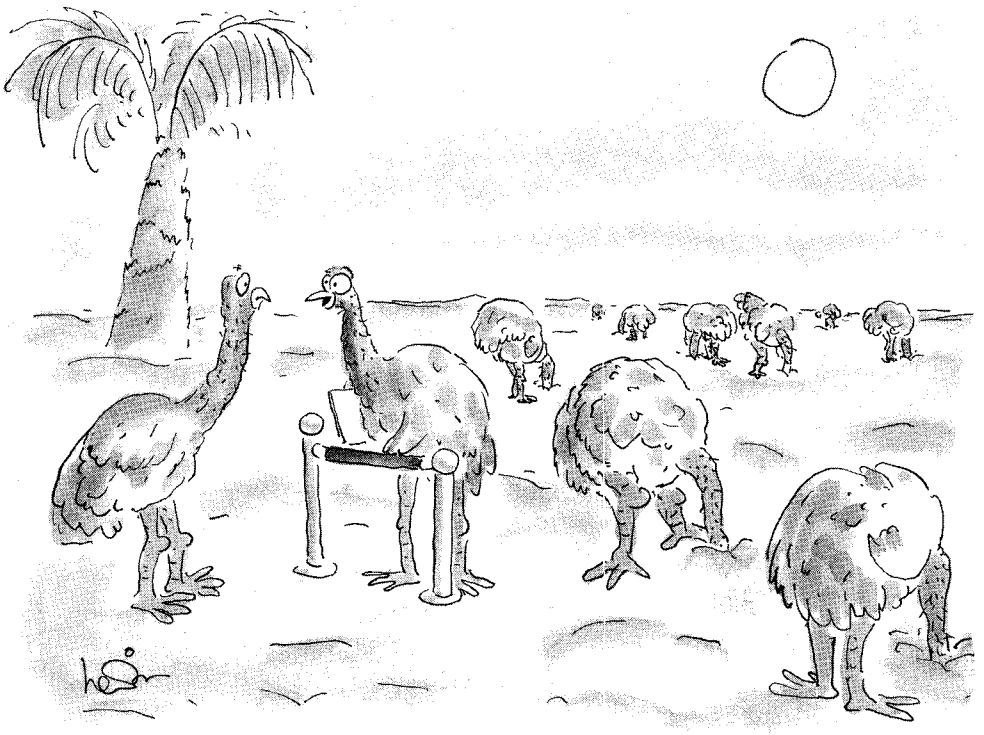
Sorry I Didn't Say I'm Sorry (When I Made You Cry Last Night)'—I was so scared that I sang in a whisper. A writer in *down beat*, or someplace, said it was a new style, so I tried to sing the same way on my next record, but it didn't work. We stayed with Tony about two years—until Betty decided to leave. I had a Columbia recording contract by then, and I went out on my own. For a while, I made less than I had with Tony. I lived in New York, but I worked in Philly and Detroit and Cleveland, and I did a summer radio show with Tony Bennett. Then Mitch Miller came in as the A. & R. man at Columbia, and he gave me 'Come On-a My House'—an Armenian song sung in an Italian accent by an Irish-German girl. I hated the song, but Mitch told me if I didn't do it I was through.

"The doors opened. Starting in the early fifties, I worked on and off with Bing Crosby in movies and television and on the radio. If he smiled on you, you were anointed, and it made life a lot easier. He was Mr. Cool. 'Hiya, partner,' he'd say. 'How're ya doin'?'—and keep moving. When we were making 'White Christmas,' Irving Berlin came to the soundstage and began walking nervously up and down before Bing did his takes on the song. Bing went over to Berlin and put his hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Irving, why don't you go to my dressing room and sit down and relax, and I'll be right along. There's nothing I can do to hurt your song.' I visited Bing at Rising River, his fishing place up near the Oregon border, and I visited him at his place down in Baja California. We became quite open and personal, talking on and on after dinner. But in the late sixties and early seventies, when I was mostly out of commission, I didn't see him at all.

"Then, around Christmas of 1974, he asked me to do the benefit at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. I learned some new songs, but I was nervous, because I'd been out of the big time. Bing saw that I was afraid I'd forget my words, and he said, 'The audience is not here to hurt you, Rosie. If you walk out there with a piece of paper in your hand, nobody will shoot you.' We did several tours after that, and they put me back on my feet. In some ways, Bing was strange. He liked to eat dinner every night at six, then take a walk. He paid me a very small salary, but when I had all the kids with me in London he put us up at the Dorchester. The strangest thing about him was that he filled in all the swimming pools at his various places. He didn't destroy them—just had them filled in with dirt. I don't think he could handle illness or death very well. He never called me when I was sick, and he never called when Betty died. I found out later that he would ask people who were in touch with me, 'How's Rosie? She all right?' "



"Smoking or nonsmoking?"

• •

Rosemary Clooney stopped talking, and Dante DiPaolo came into the room and handed her a batch of telephone messages. He is tall and handsome and graying, has laughing eyes, and looks constantly pleased. He sat down, and this exchange took place:

ROSEMARY: Dante's father was a coal miner in Colorado. He'd come over from Italy. In the mid-forties, he moved to California and became a labor boss.

DANTE: He was Cecil B. De Mille's favorite man on the set.

R.: As a kid, Dante could copy any dance he saw. When his mother took him to auditions in Hollywood, she dressed him in a top hat and tails, because she thought that was what you wore to auditions. She was a seamstress.

D.: I used to dance anywhere I could. A friend of the family would take me to these strip joints full of blue lights and fan dancers, and I'd ask the band to play "Dinah" or "Stars and Stripes Forever," and I'd do a buck-and-wing. I'd wear a sailor suit, and people would throw money. I got my first big break when I was thirteen, in 1939. I was a singing newsboy in "The Star Maker," with Bing Crosby.

R.: I met Dante in 1953, when I was making "Here Come the Girls," with Bob Hope.

D.: Nick Castle was in charge of the dancing, and he asked me to show Rosemary some steps. I was a chorus boy. I think we had lunch together, but fraternizing like that on the set was frowned upon.

R.: After I married Joe, Dante and I stayed in touch, but we drifted apart, and he married a French showgirl and went to Italy and made a dozen movies with titles like "Blood and Black Lace." He had to use his eyebrows a lot. One

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day in 1973, I was driving home from a therapy session in my Corvette when this white 1956 T-bird pulled up beside me at a light, and the driver leaned out his window and said, "Rosella," and smiled. That was Dante's nickname for me, and it *was* Dante. I told him to call me, and he wrote my number in the dust on his dashboard. We've been together ever since.

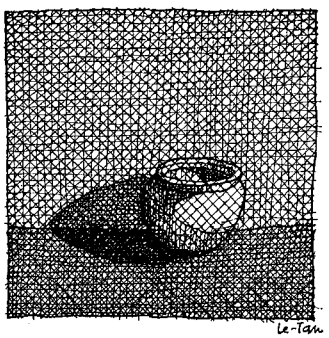
D.: You didn't say I was Shirley Maclaine's boyfriend in "Sweet Charity."

R.: You were only on the screen three minutes, Dante, and you had shades on.

Dante laughed, and left the room.

Rosemary said, "Dante and I banter a lot—the kids used to call it the 'Rosemary-Dante Show'—but he's the most selfless man I ever met. I couldn't get along without him. We'll never get married. We've both done it once. He's my friend. He's fine, I'm fine."

ROSEMARY CLOONEY's Washington concert was exhilarating. Half her songs were from her Rainbow & Stars show ("Straighten Up and Fly Right," introduced by part of the acetate that was made at WLW the day she and Betty auditioned; "Sweet Kentucky Ham"; three Duke Ellington tunes; "More Than You Know"; "Hey There"; and "Thanks for the Memory"), and half were fresh ("Just Friends," "Tenderly," "Sentimental Journey," "They're Either Too Young or Too Old," and "I'll Be Seeing You," among others). She was backed by her jumping Rainbow & Stars band—Warren Vaché on cornet, Scott Hamilton on tenor saxophone, John Oddo on piano, David Finck on bass, and Joe Cocuzzo on drums. Before the last number, "The Best Is Yet to Come," Janet Solinger, an official of the Smithsonian, read a citation and presented her with a large medal, the James Smithson Bicentennial Medal. In return, Clooney gave the Smithsonian the gold recording of "Come On-a My House," struck after the record sold a million copies.



In the car on the way to a Smithsonian supper at Bice, one of Washington's hot Italian restaurants, Clooney talked about singing. "Singing is the only thing I've done all my life," she said. "I've had lots of boyfriends, one husband, five children, small houses, big houses—but singing is the one constant. When I was little, I listened to the bands broadcasting from the ballrooms around the country every night, and that was my dream—to sing in the great ballrooms. I don't read music, but it has never seemed alien to me. My singing is almost automatic. I listened to everybody. My father was a Crosby fan, and Bing was important to me as a singer. So was Tony Bennett. He always sounded like Mildred Bailey to me. Ethel Waters was an influence, and I listened to Ella Fitzgerald and Doris Day and Helen O'Connell. You always felt the pulse in Doris's singing; she had a rhythm section in her voice. My songs are filtered through my sensibilities. They reflect what is going on in my life. Sometimes disastrously. When I was at the Royal Box in New York, my friend the pianist Buddy Cole died. I had worked a lot with him, and when I sang 'Tenderly' that night I started to cry, and had to stop."

When Clooney began recording for Columbia, she had a breathtaking voice. It was light and rich and unbelievably pure. She had an even, delicate vibrato, perfect time, and perfect pitch, and she swung. Her ballads lulled and insinuated, and her rhythm songs were joyous. Voices tend to sink and narrow with age, and Clooney's is no exception. She has become cautious—trimming her vibrato, shortening her long notes, easing her way between her intervals. But her voice still has its round sunniness, its embracing quality. Her friend the songwriter Alan Bergman has said of her, "Rosemary never overwhelms a song. She is always true to the melody. Singers should have it in three places—the heart, the head, and the pipes. Rosemary does."

CLOONEY still lives on North Roxbury. Dante is with her, his Thunderbird in the garage. The house, a big two-story Spanish stucco-and-red-tile, is two blocks from Sunset Boulevard and three from the Beverly Hills Hotel. When José Ferrer bought the house (from the singer Ginny Simms and her husband), Jack Benny lived across the street, Eddie Cantor was catercornered, Ira Gershwin was next door, and Jimmy Stewart was down toward Sunset. Clooney's house was built in the twenties by the actor Monte Blue, who got started in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance." The house has baronial touches: a giant wooden front door, now painted but possibly old, that has a Prohibition-era peephole door; a two-story entrance hall with a four-abreast staircase, a wrought-iron bannister, and a sizable chandelier; and a huge sunken living room, furnished with facing sofas the size of whaleboats. The largest of the five upstairs bedrooms is driven by a massive silvery dressing table, made for Clooney of mirrors and glass at Universal studios—something "fitting for a star," Ferrer said when he gave it to her. The back yard of the house is early Beverly Hills de-luxe: there is a guesthouse on one side and a fifty-foot tiled pool on the other; the pool has its own cabaña, and beyond the pool is a tennis court. The house has ghosts. For ten months in 1936 and 1937, George and Ira Gershwin rented the house and filled it with their compeers: Jerome Kern, Fred Astaire, Irving Berlin, Igor Stravinsky, Yip Harburg, Harold Arlen, Lawrence Tibbett, Moss Hart, Paulette Goddard, Arnold Schoenberg. In an upstairs workroom, the Gershwins finished "A Foggy Day" and "Love Is Here to Stay," and George painted his intense, staring portrait of Schoenberg. And, notoriously, in 1934 the crooner Russ Columbo accidentally fired an antique duelling pistol, possibly in the same room, and was killed.

A couple of days after the Betty Clooney Foundation benefit (the Bob Hopes, Debby Boone, Barry Manilow, Bernadette Peters, Joe Williams, Joel Grey, Cleo Laine, Margaret Whiting, Dianne Reeves, the Four Tops, Tony Martin, Harry Crosby, Donna McKechnie, Marilynn Lovell, Alan Bergman, herself, and a big band conducted by Peter Matz), Rosemary Clooney sat in a corner of her den, which looks out on the back yard, and talked about her rootless childhood, about Billie Holiday, and about Joe Ferrer. "This room always makes me think of Billie," she said. "In the summer of 1956, Joe and I had a box next to Dinah Shore and her husband at some tennis matches,

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and Joe asked them if they'd like to have dinner and go hear Billie at a place on Hollywood Boulevard. I'd had various fleeting meetings with Billie, and I didn't think she liked me. There weren't many people at the club, but she sang with flashes of brilliance. You'd hear the sound of pain, then the pain would turn to laughter. When she finished, she stumbled getting off the stand, and came over to say hello. She looked at Dinah Shore and said to me, 'What are you doing sitting with this woman?' Joe was always quick on his feet, and he said, 'Billie, why don't you come to the house tomorrow afternoon and visit with Rosemary?' Someone drove her over, and we sat in here and drank gin and orange juice for hours. She talked about Tony Pastor and how he had helped her when she was sick. She talked about dressing rooms and their isolation, and how alone we girl singers were. She talked about looking in the mirror and how hard it was, because you might look so awful. The one thing she didn't talk about was singing. The room was blue with smoke, and I remember looking out at the California sunshine and thinking that we had made a den of iniquity out of the room. Just before she left, I asked her if she would like to be the godmother of my second child, Maria, who was about to be born, and she said yes, that it takes a bad woman to be a good godmother. It was the last time I saw her.

"My mother and father were unstable people. My father was a drinker, and my mother was more interested in selling ready-to-wear than she was in raising children. I don't think Betty and I and our younger brother, Nicky, spent more than two weeks in the same house with them. We lived with one or the other, or with Grandmother Clooney or Grandmother Guilfoyle. Both my parents came from Maysville. Mother's name was Frances, and she was eight years younger than my father. She had dark hair and blue, blue eyes, and she was vivacious and theatrical. She had a large nose and a striking profile, like a face on a Roman coin. Watching her was like watching a movie. She was a high-powered salesperson, and it carried over into her personal life—she conned people and was manipulative. Betty was a lot more understanding of my mother than I was. We never really got on, even after Mother moved in with Joe and me. My father—his name was Andrew—had hazel eyes and black hair, and he played the ukulele and laughed all the time. He was a housepainter. His father was the mayor of Maysville, and when my father misbehaved my grandfather told them to lock him up for the night. Once, when he was drunk, my father walked right out a third-story window. A balcony broke his fall, and he wasn't hurt.

"We were Catholics in a Protestant town. The streets of Maysville were paved with bricks, and it was the hemp capital of Mason County. It also had one of the biggest loose-leaf-tobacco markets in the world. There were tobacco auctions in the fall, and the whole town would smell of tobacco. Grandfather Clooney had a jewelry shop, and he and Grandmother Clooney lived over it. In the Ohio River flood of 1937, the water came right up to the second floor. My father tried to get him to move his crystal and china, but he just stood in the door of his shop and said, 'It won't come any higher.' The shop was never the same, and neither was he. Grandmother Clooney was German, and she took morphine. She was a lacemaker, and she always smelled of violets. She and Grandmother Guilfoyle hardly knew one another; it was 'Mrs. Clooney' and 'Mrs. Guilfoyle.' Grandmother Guilfoyle had been a schoolteacher. She had nine children and was overweight. She cooked huge amounts of food. When the Pastor band came for dinner, she killed, dressed, and cooked twenty-two chickens. She fed all the tramps who stopped at the back door. Once, during the Depression, someone suggested that she stop using butter, and she was furious and said, 'I'm going to the river,' meaning that she was going to the Ohio and jump in. She didn't like genteel words. The comics were funny sheets, a closet was a press, and playing the piano was chording. I corrected her once, and it hurt her feelings. Sometimes, when there wasn't enough money, they turned off the gas and electric. But then she cooked over the grate in the fireplace, and we made out."

Jackie Rose, attractive and gray-haired, was visiting Clooney, and she poked her head in the living-room door and said that she had made chicken salad for lunch and was off to do some

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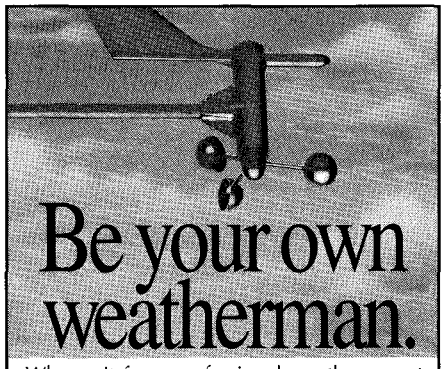

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shopping on Rodeo Drive. She lives in Waitsfield, Vermont, and owns a country emporium called The Store. When she had gone, Clooney said that Jackie Rose and Joe Ferrer had taught her just about everything she knows.

"I met Joe in New York in 1951," she went on. "Jackie and I were living in a tiny studio in the posh Hampshire House. The apartment belonged to her mother. I'd been going out with people like Dave Garroway. I remember him saying the night before he hosted the first 'Today' show that he thought Pat Weaver, who was the head of NBC, was nuts, that the show would never work. I met Joe on the Robert Q. Lewis show. We saw each other at lunch with other people, then without other people. He was married but was getting separated, and he was sixteen years older than I was. He came from a wealthy family in Puerto Rico that had sugar-cane property. His father was a lawyer. He went to Princeton and did Triangle Club shows, and one summer he was a gofer at a theatre that Josh Logan ran in Suffern, New York. Joe was a jazz fan, and he played a little piano and was a great admirer of the bandleader Georgie Auld. Later, when each of our children was born he'd find Georgie and they'd celebrate.

"Things began to get more intense. He had a job in Europe, and he wanted me to go, but it was the tail end of the big studios, and Paramount, where I had a contract, let it be known that you didn't go to Europe by yourself with a married man. In 1953, we were married, in Durant, Oklahoma, not far from the Texas border. I had just finished 'Red Garters,' and I joined him in Dallas, where he was doing 'Kiss Me, Kate.' The screenwriter Ketti Frings stood up for us, and took the only pictures we have of the wedding. I went back to Hollywood to do 'White Christmas,' and Joe did a season at the City Center with Jean Dalrymple. After he bought this house, we went to Europe. It was the best vacation I've ever had. We stayed at Claridge's in London for seven weeks, and I met Olivier and Gielgud and Emlyn Williams. We went on to Paris and down to the South of France and to Rome, where Bogart was making 'The Barefoot Contessa.'

"In 1955, I began having children. It was quite a trick having kids year after year and keeping a career going. Miguel was first. He looks like Joe and is an actor. He played Albert in 'Twin Peaks.' Maria came in 1956. She's beautiful—she has dark hair and looks like every picture I've ever seen of Joe's mother, who died when he was at Princeton. Maria is a designer, and she just got married. Gabriel was premature. He's a good painter and a good cook. He's married to Debby Boone, Pat's daughter, and they've done three children's books together. Monsita Teresa was born in 1958 and lives in Virginia Beach. Her husband is a vice-president of the Family cable-television channel, and they have three boys, so I now have seven grandchildren. Rafael was the last child, and he came in 1960. He's the only one who looks like me. He lives in New York and is very successful in voice-overs—Uncle Ben's Rice, Miller Beer, you name it. He married a lovely Italian girl.

"Joe was supportive of my work, but I think he was also envious. He constantly took singing lessons, because he marvelled at the ease with which I sang, and he wanted to be able to do the same thing. I gradually realized that one of my functions was to be a kind of once removed audience for him. He'd tell people on the phone in detail what he had done that day, or on a trip he'd just taken, and that was how I'd learn about what he had been doing. He was moved more by performances than by life itself. He could cry when an emotion was produced onstage, but not in actual life. I was having an affair myself when we broke up, so I wasn't blameless. But I'd known for a long time that he was conducting his life that way. He broke my heart in small increments.

"But Joe died in January, and the children are handling their grief. Maybe the reason I've been complimented so much on my singing in the past six months is that it reflects the stage I've reached. For the first time, I'm at ease in my life." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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REPORT FROM DACHAU

IN January of 1979, when the American television miniseries "Holocaust" was broadcast on the West German television network ZDF, it stirred strong emotions among the Germans, even inciting bomb threats against the ZDF broadcasting facility, in Mainz. Not long afterward, Johann Waltenberger, who was then the director of the Josef Effner Gymnasium in the town of Dachau, a prosperous German community of thirty-six thousand, invited Nikolaus Lehner to speak to his school's two tenth-grade classes. Lehner, a former *Dachau-Häftling*—*Häftling* is the German word for inmate—had been living in the town of Dachau since the camp was liberated, in April of 1945. Most of Waltenberger's pupils knew Lehner as the owner of a local lumber and building-supply company called Sperrholz-Lehner, a thriving enterprise that he and his wife, Rose, had established in 1952, but few of them realized that he was a former inmate. Even fewer were aware that he was Jewish.

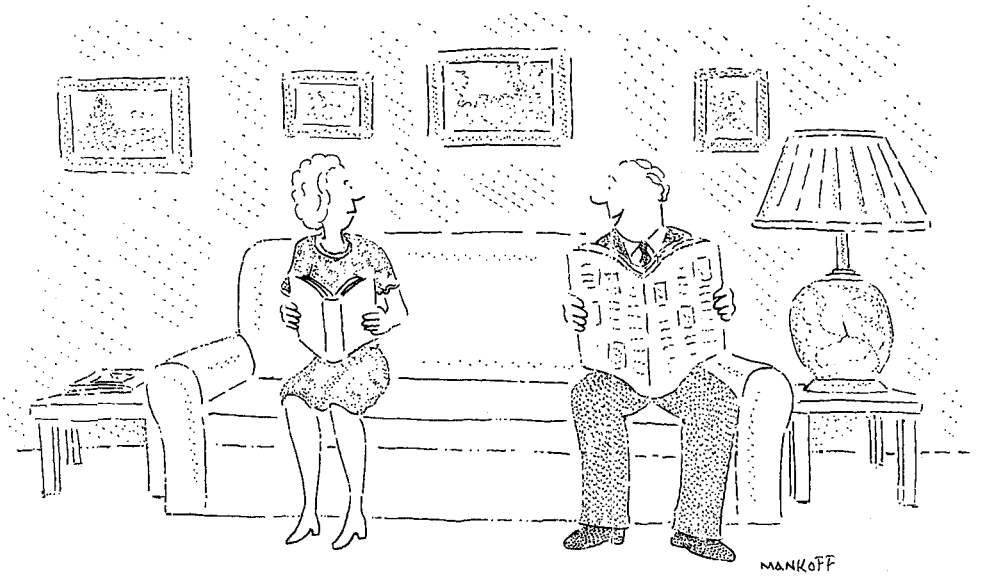
"I know it sounds strange that a Jew should be living here in Dachau," Lehner tells me one afternoon, as we talk in the second-floor office of his lumber company, in an industrial park on the edge of town. "Don't think that I planned it this way." The Venetian blinds are drawn; a calendar from Grünwald Furniture & Construction Parts hangs on the wall behind his desk. Bits and pieces of Lehner's personal life clutter the office: a music stand holding the score of a Mozart violin sonata is set up near a window; a violin case rests on a low cabinet; a three-foot-high plywood menorah is propped against one wall. "I met my wife here just after the liberation," Lehner says. "She had been in Auschwitz and had been brought here in the last months of the war. The Germans were bringing Jews from all over Europe to Dachau then. She was in a boxcar in a nearby town when the Americans arrived. We met each other in the fall of 1945 at a United Nations youth camp and were married in 1946."

At the time, Lehner was twenty-one years old, without a home, without a family, and without his own name—following his arrest in 1944, he had adopted the name "Nikolaus Lehner" to obscure his Jewish origins. After the war, the Americans registered him as "Nikolaus Lehner," and he decided to retain the identity. Now in his late sixties, Lehner is a handsome man of solid build, with thick gray hair combed back from a prominent forehead. This afternoon, a burgundy ascot around his neck gives him a rather debonair appearance. He speaks in a slow, measured voice, pausing occasionally as if to judge the meaning of each word. "For a long time, we considered Dachau a provisional arrangement," he says. "In fact, we intentionally did not move to Munich, which is only thirteen kilometres from here, for fear that we would settle in the Jewish community there, and end up spending our lives in Germany. We wanted to move to the United States." He does not smile at the irony. The young couple found living quarters in Dachau, submitted applications for immigration visas to the American occupation authorities, and waited.

Ten years later, they were still waiting. Lehner, who was born in the Transylvanian town of Sighet (it is also the home town of Elie Wiesel), was by nationality a Romanian, and, he tells me, the immigration quotas for Romanians applying to enter the United States were quite low. "It is hard to believe, but in that period it was easier for a German—even an ex-Nazi—to emigrate to the United States than it was for a Jewish survivor of the Holocaust from Romania." By 1956, the Lehners had a prospering business, two children, and a comfortable apartment in Dachau. "We got stuck. We didn't make any decision; we were just too busy."

"I was brought up in the Jewish faith," Lehner says. He pauses, leans forward, and grips the edge of the table with one hand. "What I went through as a twenty-one-year-old and what I learned afterward about the fate of my people destroyed any faith I had in God. But what I have since experienced here in Dachau—that it was possible for me to establish a new existence in a foreign environment, and that I was capable of making a life for myself among Germans, capable of providing signals for an understanding between peoples—is not, it seems to me, merely a chain of coincidences." Lehner doesn't attribute his presence in Dachau to some divine power, but he does speak vaguely of something related to destiny, some undefined force, something more than a random set of circumstances, that has kept him and his wife there. "I consider myself a Jew, my children have been raised in the Jewish faith, and I continue to go every Saturday to the synagogue in Munich," Lehner says. He pauses again for a moment, and adds, "I am beginning to believe that as a Jew I am somehow destined to play a role here in Dachau."

When Lehner appeared in the Josef



"Amazing! Our first date and I feel we've known each other all our lives."

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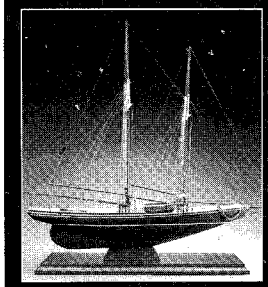

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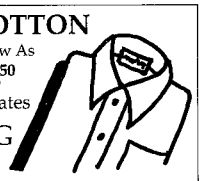

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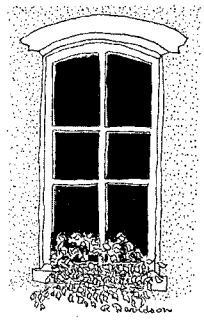
Effner Gymnasium, in February of 1980, both he and Waltenberger were surprised at how little the students knew about the Holocaust. They discovered that the topic had hardly ever been discussed by the students' teachers or by their parents. One girl said that when she had asked her parents about the concentration camp in Dachau they told her that it was a thing of the past and that she had better spend her time worrying about her homework. "Herr Waltenberger and I realized that there was this incredible need, and desire, for information about this period of history," Lehner says.



In June of 1980, Lehner and Waltenberger sent the mayor of Dachau, Lorenz Reitmeier, a five-page letter outlining an idea they had for the creation of a *Haus der Begegnung*—a "house of encounter"—in Dachau. The house, they said, would serve as a center where people—primarily younger people, who had no direct link to the atrocities of the Second World War—could explore together, in a thoughtful manner, the tragedy of the Holocaust. Since 1965, the concentration camp itself had been open to the public as a memorial site, and Lehner and Waltenberger felt that such a center could further the lessons to be learned there, and could provide "a framework of conscience, responsibility, tolerance, and dialogue." The center could also help the town overcome its reputation as the site of the first Nazi concentration camp. Through the *Haus der Begegnung*, Dachau would be given an opportunity to emerge as an international symbol of how to deal constructively with a gruesome legacy. "Let us build bridges between men," the letter said. "To build a *Haus der Begegnung* in Dachau would be an opportune way for the town of Dachau to answer for 'Dachau.' "

Lehner and Waltenberger waited four months for a reply. "We were quite hopeful that the proposal would succeed," Lehner says. "The town had long been concerned about its image. People here often complained that visitors came to the concentration camp but never got to know the town or the people of Dachau. To have a center in which people could spend several days and learn about the area would show them that there was more to Dachau than the camp."

The Dachau town council, which is dominated by Bavaria's ruling conservative party, the Christian Social Union, saw the matter differently. In October, Reitmeier wrote back to Waltenberger and Lehner informing them that the town council had considered the project and that while its members understood the potential value of such an establishment, they believed that it could not achieve a real solution to the concentration-camp problem. They also maintained that Dachau was not in a position to take upon itself a responsibility that in fact belonged to the entire German nation.

Lehner thought that was a valid argument, so he decided to take the matter beyond the Dachau city limits and try to enlist national and international support for the *Haus der Begegnung*. In this effort, he found a willing associate in Barbara Distel, the director of the Dachau concentration-camp memorial site.

Distel, a sombre but congenial woman in her late forties, had begun working in the Dachau camp archive as an assistant in the late nineteen-sixties, when she was a high-school student. In 1975, three years after completing her degree in library science at the University of Munich, she assumed her current position. Today, from her office, in the camp's former maintenance building, Distel oversees the memorial's archival materials, which include the registration cards of more than two hundred and six thousand inmates, architectural plans for the crematorium in the notorious Barrack X, and records of the medical experiments conducted by the camp physicians. Distel is also responsible for the memorial's library, which contains more than thirteen thousand books and monographs on the camp, scores of videotaped interviews with former inmates, and letters and diaries that were written in the camp and have been bequeathed to the archive by the estates of deceased survivors. In addition, Distel coördinates the editing and publishing of *Dachauer Hefte*, a series of monographs containing analyses, memoirs, and commentaries relating to the history of Dachau and the other Nazi

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concentration camps. Seven volumes have been published so far, and among the contributors have been Joseph Brodsky, Primo Levi, and the Cologne-based journalist Ralph Giordano. Barbara Distel is also responsible for overseeing the million visitors who come to the camp each year.

"When I first started working here, the camp had relatively few visitors—at most, three hundred thousand a year," she tells me one day last winter. "The majority of them came from abroad. They were usually former inmates and their families, or people who had lost a relative in the camp."

On this particular day, Barbara Distel is wearing an electric-blue leisure suit and a large silver bangle bracelet. As we talk, she sips coffee from a mug decorated with a cat by Kliban above the word "Momcat" in large red letters. On the walls of her office hang several framed etchings made by concentration-camp inmates between 1943 and 1945. One of them shows a quartet of men with shorn heads gathered around an upright piano.

"By the early nineteen-eighties, the number of visitors had tripled, to almost a million," Distel says. "You'd see many more young people visiting the camp. They would wander the grounds, walk through the exhibition, and then leave. Emotionally, it was a difficult experience for many of them. We felt that they needed a chance to talk about their feelings and understand the background of what happened here. They needed time to think."

In 1981, the Polish town of Oświęcim, with financial support from the West German government, constructed an encounter center for young people visiting the Auschwitz-Birkenau death camp. "I thought we should try to realize a similar project here in Dachau," Distel says. "Mr. Lehner had been trying for some time to do something of the sort in collaboration with the city and the Mayor, and several organizations supported such an idea." Over the next three years, Distel and Lehner and various other people began pressuring the town council to create a *Jugendbegegnungsstätte*—a youth encounter center—in Dachau. They also enlisted the support of a good many more organizations, local and international, including various religious and human-rights

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groups, the Comité International de Dachau, which is the official organization of former Dachau inmates, and the Upper Bavarian chapter of Amnesty International.

In November, 1984, these diverse elements formed the Förderverein für Internationale Jugendbegegnung in Dachau—the Advocacy Group for International Youth Encounter in Dachau. "It is a peculiar German trait," Distel says. "If you get more than two or three of us together, we always have to form some sort of *Verein*. We Germans have this need to organize."

DISTEL says that the encounter center would have been the first permanent site in Germany created specifically for the discussion of the history and legacy of the Holocaust. (As a provisional arrangement, Distel and others organized an annual "campground" for young people to meet with former inmates.) It was to be a signal to the international community that the German people were finally willing to address their past in an open forum, and were willing to try to come to terms with it in a constructive and positive way. "It was never to be a place in which to accuse," Distel insists. "It was to be a place in which to commemorate and to learn." On July 30, 1985, members of the advocacy group met with local and national officials of the Christian Social Union to discuss the project. The officials rejected the idea out of hand. As for the local Christian Democrats, they felt that Dachau had enough trouble with its reputation as things were, without underscoring its place in this grim chapter of German history. "To turn Dachau into the gathering place of international groups that would work through these issues day and night is simply more than our small town and its citizens could bear," one of them declared.

The advocacy group pressed the issue, and was soon able to rally more than forty local and international organizations to its cause. Its membership grew to five hundred, and included the writer Heinrich Böll; the actress Senta Berger; F. J. Westra, the director of the Anne Frank Foundation, in Amsterdam; the former Chancellor of Austria Bruno Kreisky; and a number of prominent West German political figures, among them Heinz Westphal, then the Vice-President of the German Bundestag, and Hans-Jochen Vogel, who at that time headed the Social Democratic Party. Vogel turned the project into a national mission, couching it in terms that had a potentially broad appeal to the German public. Referring to the thousands of German Communists and socialists who were incarcerated immediately after the Nazi seizure of power, he declared in an interview, "We finally have a chance to make people aware that the first people persecuted and killed by Hitler were Germans, long before the first foreigners ever fell victim to this criminal machinery."

In March, 1987, during a rather heated session of Dachau's town council, one member, Manfred Probst, responding to the mounting pressure from the advocacy group and its international constituency, declared that the town fathers would never allow an encounter center of any kind to be built in Dachau. He warned that the presence of such a center would convey the impression that the entire Third Reich had taken place nowhere in Germany except Dachau; that the town would become known only as the "KZ-Stadt," or the "concentration-camp town"; and that the "mark of Cain" would be pressed upon the brows of Dachau's residents for all time. Speaking for the center's opponents, Probst declared vehemently, "We will defend ourselves with all our might, to the very last drop of blood."

It was a defiant but unfortunate formulation. A half century earlier, Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's Minister of Propaganda, had availed himself of virtually identical rhetoric to bolster the collapsing morale of the German nation. Probst's call to arms drew national attention to the local scuffle. Through the spring and summer of 1987, Germany waited as the Dachau town council deliberated whether or not to permit the construction of the encounter center. The German weekly *Die Zeit* warned of an impending "international scandal."

By the time the town council convened to vote on the issue, in October, journalists, columnists, television reporters, and radio commentators all had a watchful eye on Dachau. The evening of the meeting, camera teams gathered in the square in front of the town hall. Mayor Reitmeier, saying that he refused to be stood up against a "wall of shame," banned them from the proceedings. When he entered the meeting hall, he found it packed with more than eighty local citizens. In their midst sat an elderly man dressed in the gray-and-white striped pajama-like concentration-camp uniform. Views for and against the project were exchanged, and then a vote was taken among the members of the town council. Fifteen hands were raised in favor of the encounter center. Twenty-four hands were raised against it. Democracy triumphed.

The German media were appalled by the decision. "HISTORY REPRESSED," a headline in the *Frankfurter Rundschau* announced. The *Nürnberger Nachrichten* reminded its readers that Dachau would remain a "synonym for all crimes." The national newsweekly *Stern* ran a feature story headed "FEAR OF THE MARK OF CAIN." "Both at home and abroad, this town is seen almost exclusively in connection with the 'camp of horror' on its outskirts," the *Stuttgarter Zeitung* observed, and it highlighted various futile attempts by Dachau to mend its tattered image: the signs pointing the way to the camp were not situated in "exactly the most obvious locations"; colorful brochures promoting "the other Dachau" were prominently, and tastelessly, displayed in the concentration-camp museum; and Dachau frequently expressed a preference to be known more for "the scenic old town, the interesting old palace, and the summer Volksfest with its legendary cheap beer prices" than for "what is generally called 'coming to terms with the past.'"

Reitmeier also came under attack—in particular, for efforts he had made to promote the legacy of an artists' colony that had flourished in Dachau in the late eighteen-hundreds. For fifteen years, the Mayor had been combing the museums, galleries, and private collections of Bavaria for artistic renderings of Dachau and its en-

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virons, and by 1987 he had compiled and published four handsome volumes presenting thousands of pastoral paintings, drawings, and etchings. Over two thousand artists have worked or lived in Dachau over the centuries, Reitmeier likes to boast. The Mayor's efforts to promote "the other Dachau" pleased many local inhabitants but provoked a good deal of criticism. A journalist accused Reitmeier on national television of trying to bury the thirty-two thousand corpses of the Dachau concentration camp under nineteenth-century landscape paintings. Observing Dachau's collective resistance to the encounter center, Heinz Westphal declared before the German media, "I am horrified by what I see going on in that place."

Dachau dug in its heels. The town council reiterated its declaration that it would never bear the full burden of guilt for the crimes of the Third Reich. It suggested that Germany had plenty of equally appropriate, if not more appropriate, sites where one could confront the past: Berlin, the seat of the Third Reich; or Nürnberg, the site of the annual Nazi rallies; or Munich, where the Nazi Party was founded, and which had proudly promoted itself for twelve years as the "capital" of the Nazi movement. Dachau refused to play the "scapegoat" for the collective guilt of the German people, the council maintained.

The domestic wrangling quickly caught the attention of the international news services, and soon the decision by the Dachau town council was making news around the world. In the United States, Congress responded quickly to the situation. A month after the Dachau town council had rejected the encounter center, Senator Carl Levin, of Michigan, Representative Stephen Solarz, of New York, and Representative Benjamin A. Gilman, also of New York, wrote to Franz Josef Strauss, the Minister-President of the State of Bavaria, putting him on notice that the United States Congress was distressed by Dachau's intransigence. They urged Strauss to consider the "unique and effective" opportunity the center could provide for educating young people not only about the Holocaust but also about "the precious cause of democracy"; they politely requested that he use his "good offices as Chairman of the Bavarian C.S.U. to ensure the project's realization"; and they urged him to do what he could "to overcome the opposition to the youth center that has been voiced by the C.S.U. party in Dachau."

As pressure mounted within the Christian Social Union, the beleaguered town gave ground. By the year's end, Dachau officials had agreed to the following compromise: the facility would be called a *Jugendgästehaus*, or youth guesthouse, and not a *Jugendbegegnungsstätte;* visiting groups would be given a tour not just of the concentration camp but also of the old town; there would be no discussion of contemporary political issues on the premises. In exchange for these concessions, the town council offered a vacant lot in a residential area east of the old town.

By quibbling over details, the town council then fought an effective rearguard action that delayed the project for four more years. Finally, last April, eleven years after Nikolaus Lehner first proposed an encounter center and eight years after the advocacy group constituted itself as a formal body, the town council voted to proceed with the project.

Three representatives of the rightist party, the Republikaner, voted against the proposal. After the vote was taken, they declared before the council, "It sounds like self-mockery when the Dachau taxpayer is expected to provide millions of marks to subsidize further damage to his town's reputation." One C.S.U. official spoke grudgingly of a "tolerable compromise." Lorenz Reitmeier, who after a quarter century as Dachau's mayor had mastered the delicate balance between local sentiment and international opinion, spoke of an all-win situation: "This is a tremendous opportunity for Dachau."

The reaction of the advocacy group has been mixed. Barbara Distel is cautiously optimistic. She believes that the presence of a facility of some sort, regardless of its name or its stated purpose, is necessary, and that no one can determine what will happen within its walls. "This place creates its own reality," she says. Nikolaus Lehner is less satisfied with the compromise. He feels that moral responsibility has fallen victim to political machinations. He cites a recently constituted board of directors of the guesthouse as the most overt example. The board consists of representatives of the city, county, and state governments. It has no representative of the advocacy group, or of any of the other organizations that fought for the encounter center over the past eight years. (These people have been relegated to an advisory capacity.) Lehner is especially troubled by the exclusion of one group from the board—the former inmates.

DACHAU's eleven-year battle over the encounter center is one of the most protracted and most painful examples of what has come to be known in Germany as *Vergangenheitsbewältigung*—a freightload of German morphemes which may be best translated as "mastering the past" or "coming to terms with the past." (*Vergangenheit* means "past"; *bewältigen* means "to overcome" or, more to the point, "to overpower.") *Vergangenheitsbewältigung* refers specifically to the Germans' post-

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My head
the Jenny Lind's head,
the painted tall ship's figurehead
Neruda had in his ocean house:
full, staring eyes,
beautiful:
but instead of the prow's wood at her back,

at my back a Monarch wing,
and the head and the wing
held up not by her wooden neck
and breasts of wood
but by an upright, silent thumb:
dream thumb—me dreaming
over the wet electric New York streets.

—JEAN VALENTINE

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war efforts to resolve their relationship with the Third Reich; to salvage from the wreckage of that twelve-year history what the Harvard historian Charles Maier has called a usable past, and to determine to what degree the postwar generations are responsible for deeds committed a half century ago by parents or grandparents or, in some cases, great-grandparents.

There is no simple formula for *Vergangenheitsbewältigung*. Over the years, each German has made his or her own personal accommodation with the past, and some Germans have done so more successfully than others. The range and diversity of the accommodations have been most apparent in German political life. For the first four decades of the postwar era, Germany's political leaders generally followed a simple maxim: Speak softly and carry massive guilt. In 1970, when Willy Brandt, who was the first German Chancellor of the postwar era to visit Poland, appeared at a Warsaw monument to the victims of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, he fell to his knees in anguish. "With his famous knee-fall, Brandt expressed our collective sense of guilt and shame," the German writer Peter Schneider says. But times change. Five years ago, during a state visit to Israel, Chancellor Helmut Kohl amended Germany's postwar moral constitution by adding the *Gnade der späten Geburt*, the "blessing of being born late." Kohl explained to the Israelis that he was born in 1930 and was not even three years old when the Nazis seized power. He could not, he said, be expected to bear responsibility for the crimes committed by his parents' generation.

The Germans had been warned about this way of thinking. Two years earlier, on May 8, 1985, West German President Richard von Weizsäcker, in a speech before the Bundestag commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the German capitulation, challenged such moral amnesty. "Guilt, like innocence, is not collective; rather, it is personal," he said. Von Weizsäcker's point of view called for inner reflection rather than political grandstanding. "When the unspeakable truth about the Holocaust became known at the end of the war, too many of us claimed they had known nothing about it," von Weizsäcker said solemnly. "Precisely for this reason, we must understand that there can be no reconciliation without remembrance." Von Weizsäcker cautioned the Germans of the Federal Republic against committing the same crime as the Germans of the Third Reich—"to claim no responsibility, to look away, to remain silent." The speech has become a milestone in postwar German oration and has established von Weizsäcker as the great moral spokesman of the German people.

Three years later, Philipp Jenninger, then the president of the Bundestag, made a similar attempt at *Vergangenheitsbewältigung* and lost his job. In a televised speech marking the fiftieth anniversary of Kristallnacht, the rampage of anti-Semitism that left synagogues throughout Germany in smoldering ruins, Jenninger tried to examine the sentiments of the average German in the late nineteen-thirties: "And, as for the Jews, in the past, hadn't they assumed a role—so one said at the time—to which they had no right? Wasn't it time for them finally to accept certain limitations? In fact, hadn't they probably deserved being put in their place? And, above all, with the exception of wild exaggerations, which couldn't be taken seriously, didn't the propaganda really correspond in its essence to one's own suspicions and beliefs?" Jenninger's attempt at introspection failed spectacularly. His speech, although undoubtedly written with the best intentions, offended those it meant to appease and embarrassed those it meant to inspire. As the words fell, Willy Brandt, it was reported, moaned audibly. Heinz Galinski, the leader of the Jewish community in Germany, sat stone-faced. Dozens of German parliamentarians, appalled, rose from their seats and left the room. The commemoration was a debacle, and the next day Philipp Jenninger resigned.

In Germany, one can often sense a collective, national cringe every time one of these historically painful anniversaries comes due, and a republic-wide sigh of relief when, or if, the anniversary passes without incident. For the rest of the year, though, most Germans give *Vergangenheitsbewältigung* relatively short shrift. They are thriving in one of the world's healthiest economies. They take, on the average, six weeks of vacation each year, in

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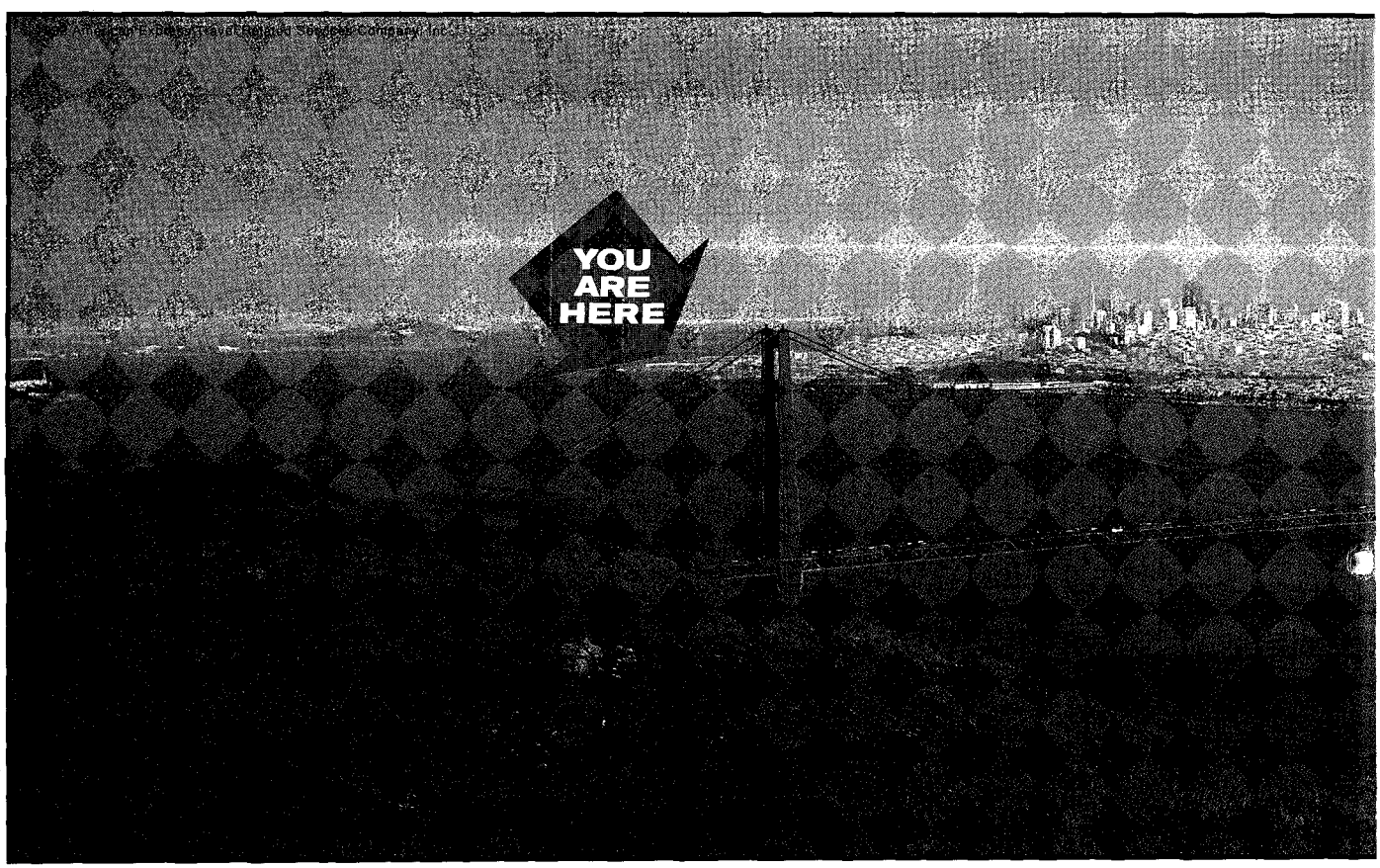
congenial, sunny places like Italy, Greece, Spain, and Florida. And, except when a German businessman is caught selling poison gas technology or missile parts to foreign governments, or when neo-Fascist hooligans desecrate a Jewish cemetery, the rest of the world pretty much leaves the Germans in peace. In daily commerce, we tend to associate Germans with quality, not with death. It may not matter to the contemporary owner of a BMW that fifty years ago thousands of slave laborers from the Dachau concentration camp toiled on the production lines of the Bavarian Motor Works in Allach, a small town halfway between Dachau and Munich. Today, the city of Munich stands for beer halls and Oktoberfest, not for Hitler's deceitful pact with Chamberlain. And since the collapse of the Wall, Berlin's Brandenburg Gate, once the backdrop for torchlit columns of brown-shirted Storm Troopers, has become our era's most potent symbol of freedom. Nearly half a century after the end of Nazi rule, words like "Berlin," "Munich," and "German" no longer sting. "Dachau" still does.

Those two syllables, derived from the old High German words "loam" and "meadow," spawn myriad images of horror, and call up a grim lexicon of associations: Auschwitz, Treblinka, Buchenwald, Majdanek, Theresienstadt, Sobibor, Bergen-Belsen. Though for many the distinction is academic, it should be noted that Dachau, unlike Auschwitz or Treblinka, was a "concentration camp," not an "extermination camp." The numbers underscore the distinction: thirty-two thousand deaths were registered in Dachau, while the number of those who perished in Auschwitz-Birkenau is estimated at close to two million. Nevertheless, the name Dachau, like the others, evokes those haunting photographs from *Time* and *Life* of gaunt men in striped uniforms behind wire fences, or the nightmarish black-and-white newsreel footage of the camp liberations, of emaciated inmates moving about with odd, stilted gaits, of dying men peering vacantly from wooden bunks, and of piles of bodies being bulldozed into mass graves.

It is difficult to square these images of the concentration camp with the realities of contemporary life in Dachau. Historical memory distorts the most mundane aspects of life: the expressway exit along the Munich-Stuttgart Autobahn marked "DACHAU," or the road sign along Route 471 that indicates "Dachau 7 Kilometer," or the list of clubs in Dachau's monthly program guide—the Dachau Folk Choir, the Dachau Aquarium Club, the Dachau Chess Club, the Dachau Automobile Club, the Dachau Photography Club, the Dachau Billiards Club, the Dachau Garden Club, the Dachau Grass Skiing Club, the Dachau Motorboat Club, the Dachau Tennis Club, the Dachau Zither Club, and the Dachau Rabbit Breeding Club—or the postcard on sale in local shops that features scenes from Dachau and its environs in four quadrants: the picturesque old town, St. Jakob's Church, the red brick Rathaus, and the Amper River, with a white swan on its tranquil surface. In the center is a large red heart with the cheerful salutation "Greetings from Dachau."

Most Germans are as uncomfortable with the name "Dachau" as the rest of the world is. "Dachau leads one into the trap of the double stan-



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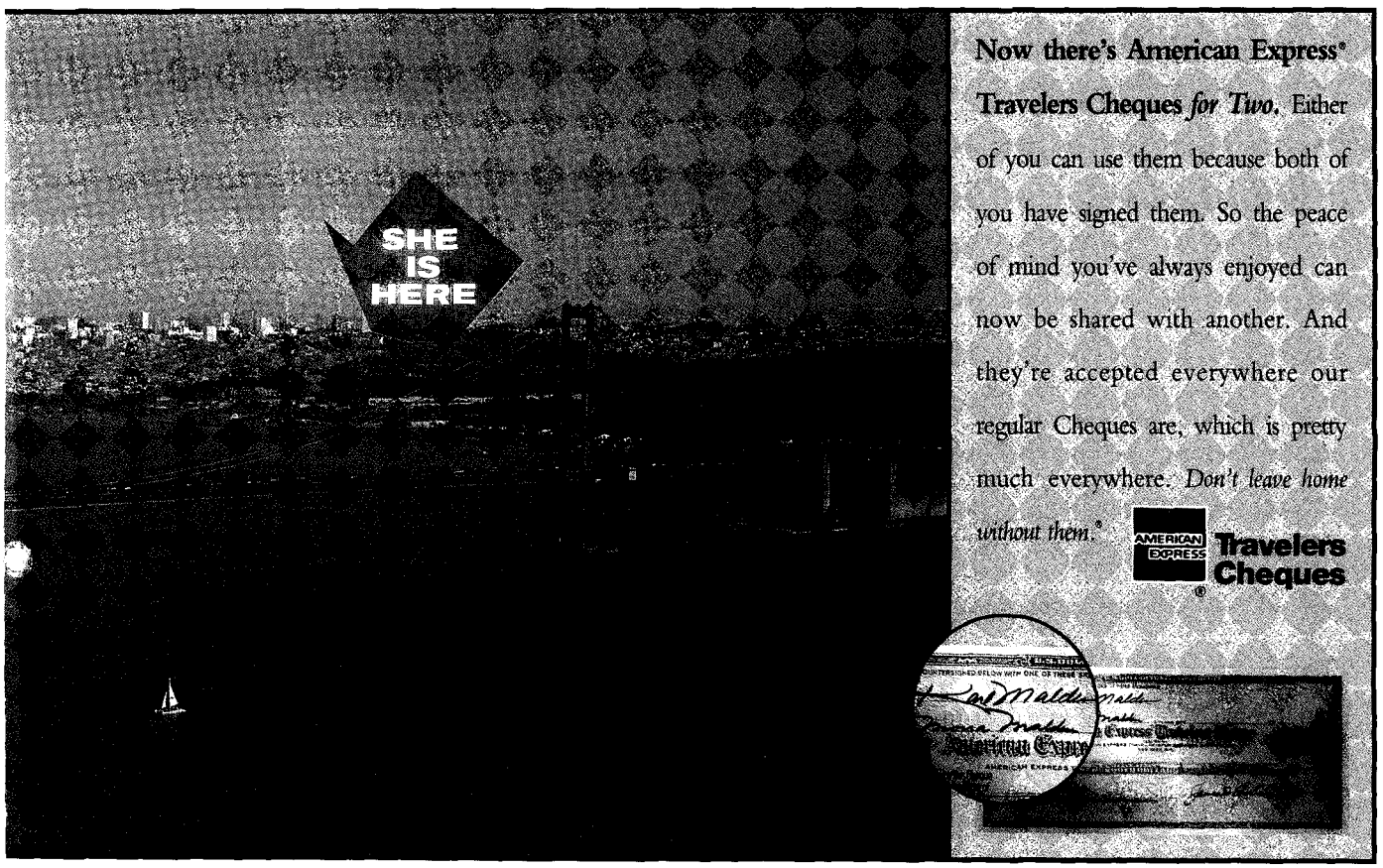
dard," the Munich-based journalist Gabriele von Arnim writes in her recent book, "Das Grosse Schweigen" ("The Great Silence"). "The unease of being in this city, the distrust that one never feels in Augsburg, is not really fair. Even a heating plant with dense smoke pouring from its stacks strikes one as disgusting. Immediately you think of the crematorium, located just a few kilometers away, that also once smoked."

The German *Doppelmoral* is evident everywhere. Just a few years ago, a popular TV-variety-show host refused to speak the name "Dachau" on his show, and introduced the Dachau Boys Choir as "an Upper Bavarian singing group." Not long ago, Dachau applied to participate in a show called "Game Without Borders," in which teams from European cities compete in unusual sports. German television would not put forth Dachau as a candidate. The town was told that there would be "problems from abroad." It should be noted, however, that Dachau occasionally finds an opportunity to return the affronts. Several years ago, Dachau rejected an offer of city partnership with the Italian town of Marzabotto, where, a Dachau newspaper said, the S.S. had "raged." Earlier this year, Dachau turned down a similar request from the town of Oświęcim "This would only worsen Dachau's already bad reputation," Mayor Reitmeier said in justifying the decision. "Dachau is seeking partnerships only with places that are not historically tainted and whose reputation will not burden us yet further." So far, Reitmeier has found only one "clean" city willing to associate itself in an official partnership with Dachau—the Austrian town of Klagenfurt.

In the meantime, Reitmeier continues to defend Dachau's battered reputation. Most recently, he took on Germany's Goethe Institute, the highly acclaimed cultural arm of the German Foreign Office, which promotes German language and culture in a hundred and fifty-nine centers around the world, including twelve in the United States. In the mid-eighties, when it came time to expand the institute's international administrative offices in Munich, the city government provided a tract of land north of the city, near the Olympic Village. The property ran along the main road between Munich and Dachau, which in Munich is called the Dachauer Strasse and in Dachau is called the Münchner Strasse. In the spring of 1988, Klaus von Bismarck, the president of the Goethe Institute and a grandnephew of the Iron Chancellor, expressed reservations about the proposed site. Bismarck claimed that the employees and the board of the institute had noted that, "at least abroad, the name Dachau is generally associated not with the city but, rather, with a concentration camp." Bismarck requested that Munich either provide alternative space or permit the planned headquarters to use a different address. A Dachau daily got wind of the deliberations and published an exposé claiming that the Goethe Institute in collusion with the Munich city government planned to create an alternative access street to the facility. "By this means," the article observed, "one could avoid putting the name Dachau on the letterhead." On April 20, 1988, Reitmeier issued an open letter denouncing both the Goethe Institute and the mayor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of Munich, Georg Kronawitter. "Of all places, the city of Munich, which must bear the responsibility as the former 'capital of the movement,' cannot really want to erase the memory of a former concentration camp," Reitmeier wrote. He called the plan "hair-raising" and "unacceptable" and, availing himself of the institute's namesake, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, famous for his dedication to the truth, went on to ask "What would Goethe have said?"

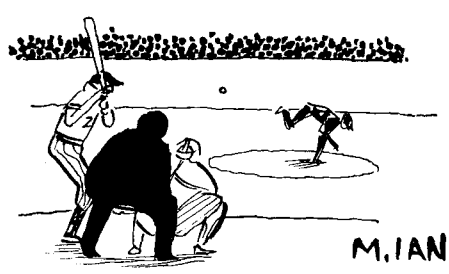
Kronawitter lashed back, maintaining that the city government had never entertained the Goethe Institute's request, and suggesting that in the future Reitmeier be more discriminating in his sources of information. He then assailed Herr von Bismarck, saying, "From the Goethe Institute I would have expected a more assertive confrontation with our past, which can never be erased, and which we must take upon ourselves."

Bismarck and company mulled things over for several weeks before issuing a press release that said, "The Goethe Institute has no reason to repress or to avoid confronting the German past, which is naturally also associated with the Dachau concentration camp. As in the past, the Institutes that are overseas will, in the future, continue to take on this task." This statement, however, did not mean that the Goethe Institute necessarily intended to confront the issue along the curbstones of the Dachauer Strasse. In keeping with its diplomatic image, the Goethe Institute has found an elegant solution to the problem. On calling its Munich office recently, I learned that Klaus von Bismarck had retired as its head in 1989, that the new administrative offices will open sometime next year, and that the visitors' entrance will indeed be on Dachauer Strasse. However, I was told, all correspondence will be routed through the "postal address," which will face a newly created street. The address on the Goethe Institute letterhead will thus be Helene Weber Allee 1. And who was Helene Weber? "I'm not exactly sure," the official at the institute said cheerfully. "I think she may have been a German resistance fighter."

FOR the most part, residents of Dachau do not give much thought to these battles raging beyond their city limits. Nor do they pay much attention to the steady stream of tourists passing through the concentration-camp memorial site, which is about a mile and a half from the center of town. The camp, one Dachau resident told me derisively, is little more than a *Disneyland des Grauens*—a Disneyland of horror. He claims that most tourists rush into the camp, ogle the sites of the hanging post, the gas chamber, and the crematoriums, then rush back to Munich so they can buy their souvenirs before the shops close.

In general, the people of Dachau prefer not to discuss the camp. They say they have had enough of "all that." What they do like to talk about, and some can talk about endlessly, is the abuse they have "suffered" as residents of this town. Behind the closed doors of the shops and the houses, stories circulate about car tires' being slashed in the Netherlands, about hotel rooms being refused in Belgium, about young people being spat upon in France, about drivers finding swastikas scratched into license plates or epithets scribbled on the hood. (I was told that automobile owners in Dachau can have their vehicles registered in Munich in order to avoid the telltale "DAH" on their license plates.) Lorenz Reitmeier estimates that one of every two residents of Dachau has been a "victim" of this town's reputation. He advises the victims to endure the abuse with patience and dignity.

According to Hans-Günter Richardi, a journalist who has written several books on Dachau and the Nazi era, including an account of the S.S. training centers which is entitled "Schule der Gewalt" ("School of Violence"), Dachau deserves neither the abuse nor the sullied reputation. He points out that when the camp was constructed, in an abandoned gunpowder factory (the factory was closed in 1919, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles), the land belonged to the community of Prittlbach, not to Dachau. "By rights," he says, "the concentration camp should have been called Prittlbach or Etzenhausen." (Etzenhausen was a village just northeast of Dachau, and is now part of the town of Dachau.) More important, Richardi says, is that Dachau's voting record during the waning months of the Weimar Republic should accord its citizens claim to a certain moral superiority over almost all other towns in Germany. In the election of November, 1932, in which the Nazis received thirty-four per cent of the vote, they took less than thirteen per cent of the vote in Dachau. "If the rest of Germany had voted as Dachau did, Hitler might never have come to power," Richardi says. "The Third Reich would never have existed."



But Germany did vote National Socialist, and in January, 1933, Hitler was named Chancellor, and a month later, when the Reichstag went up in flames, the Nazis did declare martial law, effectively dismantling the last guarantees of democratic rule. In March, 1933, in the last formally free election in Germany, forty-four per cent of the nation voted National Socialist, while a modest twenty-three per cent of Dachau's voters chose the brown list. The conservative Bavarian People's Party and the leftist Socialist Party of Germany outstripped the Nazis at the polls in Dachau. Two days after the election, the local paper, the *Amper-Bote*, gloated, "Now, despite the election and radio speeches, despite the masses of paper in the press and all the leaflets, despite the airplanes, which on Sunday even appeared over our small town of Dachau to advertise the Nazi Party, the National Socialist tree has still not grown into the sky." By week's end, Dachau's coalition government, noting that the National Socialists did not have a majority in the town, voted to remove the swastika flag from the Rathaus. But by the end of the month Dachau no longer had reason to gloat. As Göring and Himmler began rounding up opposition forces, and as it became clear that the prisons could not contain all the people who had been taken into "protective custody," it was decided to house the prisoners in the abandoned gunpowder factory east of Dachau. On March 21, 1933, the Munich papers announced the opening of Germany's first *Konzentrationslager*. By April of that year, the camp held more than two thousand Communists, socialists, and union members.

Few Dachau residents are old enough

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to have any recollection of the camp—twenty per cent, at most, of Dachau's current population was alive and residing in Dachau between 1933 and 1945—and very few of those who do have memories of that time wish to talk about them. Those who are willing to do so generally relate the events in tight, hushed voices.

Late one afternoon during my visit, I have tea with a woman from a Dachau family whose roots in the town go back several generations. We sit at the table in her dining room. It is a cozy room, decorated with quaint hand-painted furniture, the walls hung with etchings and oil paintings of scenes from turn-of-the-century Dachau. On a shelf is a collection of pewter figures. Her house, which is not far from the one she grew up in, looks out on the train station. She is an attractive woman in her early fifties, who was trained in ballet and, in her youth, toured with the Bavarian State Dance Ensemble.

She tells me that few people in town talk about the camp, even among themselves. They try to forget it. She also says that she was very young at the time and has only a few memories. What she remembers most vividly is the arrival of the trains filled with prisoners, which she could see from a window of her parents' house. "I remember how the trains used to come into the station there. I was six or seven, and I used to see the S.S. guards driving them out of the boxcars down to the camp. Whenever one of us asked our parents about them, they would simply say 'Sh-h-h.'" She holds her finger to her pursed lips. "It was not something that was talked about. It was never mentioned. Only years later did we learn about the horrible things that happened there." She pauses and gives a long, sad look through the window at the train station. It is a handsome building with fresh sienna stucco and a black roof. There is a parking lot nearby filled with bright Mercedes-Benzes, Peugeots, and BMWs. Dachau is a prosperous community. "They would bring in the prisoners at night—I think it was so that people would not see them. The one thing I clearly remember is the sound of their shoes on the cobblestones. They wore shoes made of wood. I remember the clatter of all those wooden shoes against the cobblestones. It is a sound you never forget."

"Good news, Grossman. As of today, short sleeves are O.K. around the office."

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THE plot of land the town council has offered for the guesthouse is on the corner of Fichtenstrasse and Rosswachtstrasse, in the postwar residential area east of the Amper River. This suburban tract, known as Dachau-Ost, is a tight network of streets which since the nineteen-fifties has gradually replaced the cultivated fields that once extended from the banks of the Amper to the very perimeter of the concentration camp. Dachau-Ost was settled primarily by refugees who in the years immediately after the war had been driven from their homes in Silesia, East Prussia, and the Sudetenland.

With its rows of white stucco single-family homes, duplexes, and an occasional cluster of multi-story apartment blocks, Dachau-Ost is viewed with a marked dismissiveness, and distance, by the *Alt-Dachauer*—the city's old residents, who live west of the Amper. In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, the children from Dachau-Ost were ridiculed by other schoolchildren as *Flüchtlingskinder*—"refugee children." Dachau-Ost is primarily a working-class area, whose residents find employment in the local paper factory, a nearby Grundig radio plant, Herta KG Karl Schweisfurth, which specializes in fine Bavarian sausages, or several other medium-sized industrial plants around Dachau. Some residents make the daily twenty-minute commute to Munich. Although the inhabitants complain of vandalism and gang fighting, Dachau-Ost looks pretty much like any other working-class residential area in Germany.

The site for the guesthouse is equidistant from the train station and the former concentration camp. It is a ten-minute bus ride or a twenty-minute walk in either direction—west along Friedenstrasse toward the train station or south along Sudetenlandstrasse toward the camp. To the north lies a wooded park with footpaths, a playground, and a golf course. Current plans call for the facility to provide beds for a hundred guests and at least one seminar room for discussions. Construction of the guesthouse could begin next year, but it seems unlikely. Both proponents and critics of the project anticipate numerous complications. Obstacles have plagued the project from the outset. For example, in September, 1989, at a time when it seemed that the project might go ahead, the town revealed that in the nineteen-fifties the land had been used as a chemical-waste dump, and expressed concern that toxic substances might have contaminated the groundwater. (The

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German word for such dangerous residuals is *Altlasten*, which literally means "old burdens.") Plans for the guesthouse were put on hold. After some delays, the groundwater was tested and the site given a clean bill of health. When I visited it, a single rusted drum with a sheet of corrugated metal thrown over the top stood in a small clearing on the overgrown property.

On a crisp February day, with snow on the ground and the Amper flowing peacefully through the woods, you begin to appreciate the simple but enduring beauty of the Dachau landscape. There was indeed a time when a gentler spirit inhabited this pastoral slope of German soil, but there are few Dachau residents who can recall those days.

One of the last of them, Hans Seemüller, died seven years ago, at the age of seventy-nine. He was one of the grand old men of Dachau, and even in his last years he took his daily constitutional through the old town. The people of Dachau fondly recall his great overcoat, his imposing stature, and his charming reminiscences of Dachau in "the good old days." In the nineteen-fifties, Seemüller committed many of those tales to paper and published them in a delightful volume called "Stories from Old Dachau." With wry wit, he tells about the wealthy eccentric who wandered the streets in shabby clothes and never paid his tab at the local pub, about the ironmonger who sang Wagner in his off hours and dreamed of becoming a dramatic tenor, about the town watchman, his sabre slapping his thigh and his leather helmet on his head—Seemüller recalls that the brass spike could be unscrewed from the helmet and dropped in a pocket during thunderstorms—who used to make the evening rounds and read decrees from the steps of the Rathaus. Those were halcyon days for Dachau, when the sound of whetstones on scythe blades filled the sultry late-summer air, when painters roamed the moors and crowded the pubs, when the steam locomotive from Munich, with rattling passenger carriages in tow, could roll into the new Dachau train station, its whistle wailing and its steel wheels screeching on the rails, without evoking images of boxcars loaded with human cargo.

"Between 1890 and 1905, Dachau was one of the leading artistic colonies on the continent," Horst Heres tells me. "Artists came here from all over Europe—from Sweden, England, Italy, Russia. There were even some painters from America—one of them, if I recall correctly, came from Cleveland." Heres, a chemistry teacher at the Effner Gymnasium, is one of Dachau's resident art historians, and has written several books on Dachau artists. In those years, he relates, Dachau's pastoral setting, its cheap rents, and its proximity to Munich—a four-hour walk or a one-hour carriage ride—helped transform the town of fifteen thousand into a thriving artistic center, which attracted, along with painters, the likes of Thomas Mann and Rainer Maria Rilke.

For a time, Dachau was home to Lovis Corinth, a co-founder of the Berlin Secession; Emil Nolde, one of this century's leading Expressionists; and Carl Spitzweg, that nineteenth-century master of the quaint and cozy, whose painting "The Bookworm," depicting an elderly, nearsighted man on a stepladder in the rococo library of the Dachau palace, has become a favorite of librarians and bibliophiles the world over.

Heres admits that most of the art produced in Dachau in the last century is "not what one could call great art." What he considers to be of value and has been able to obtain he has enshrined in the Dachau Picture Gallery, a multimillion-mark, city-and-district-funded project, which opened in 1985. Heres, who oversaw its construction from start to finish, and who attributes the generous financial support to the town's desire to promote "the other Dachau," remains in awe of this achievement. "Where else in the world could a high-school chemistry teacher be given millions of marks to design and build a picture gallery?" he asks. The gallery is situated in a generous space on the upper floors of an elegant old building in central Dachau, and is filled with examples of Dachau art, including period photographs that illustrate the vitality of Dachau artistic life in the late nineteenth century.

Two of the gallery's most impressive paintings are "Poplars in the Moor" and "Evening in the Meadow," by Ludwig Dill. Both paintings are pastoral landscapes rendered in a dreamy wash of green and amber. A contemporary account reports that when Dill arrived in Dachau he was so enraptured by the moors that he spent his first few weeks wandering about the countryside in "a spiritual bliss." According to Heres, Dill pioneered a peculiar technique for capturing the special aura of the Dachau landscape. "He used to submerge boards in the water of the moor for two or three days," Heres explains. "He then stretched canvases over the wood and would let the moisture seep through." Using a *Mischtechnik* of aquarelle and tempera, Dill was able to effect ethereal transitions between earth and sky.

The power of the Dachau landscape to enchant and inspire persisted well into this century. Thaddeus Stabholz, a Polish Holocaust survivor, notes in his book "Seven Hells"—an account of his life in a series of Nazi death and concentration camps, including Majdanek, Auschwitz, Sachsenhausen, and Dachau—that upon arriving in Dachau one prisoner, whose feet had been bloodied and frozen after a brutal march to a subsidiary camp, was transfixed by the beauty of the region: "Leon looks to heaven as though in a trance. He forgets about his shoes and says, 'Fellows, look! What a beautiful sunrise, maybe the most beautiful one in Bavaria and on earth!' " Stabholz, too, succumbs to the rapture. "It really is a magnificent sight," he writes. "A small section of visible sky over the forest changes colors: scarlet, silver, and a pale red."

Heres explains that the moisture of the moor lent the atmosphere around Dachau its peculiar quality, imbuing sunrises, sunsets, and the landscape in general with a mystical quality. "Although Dachau reached its peak as an artists' colony at the turn of the century," Heres says, "artists continued to live and work well into the nineteen-thirties." He also says that artists stopped coming to Dachau not because of the town's association with the Nazi concentration camp but because the moor dried up. "By the nineteen-thirties, much of the moor had been cleared away," he explains. "There was no longer as much humidity in the air. The light was different." Heres also notes that landscape painting fell victim to fashion: "It was the age of Expressionism. The era of the *paysage*

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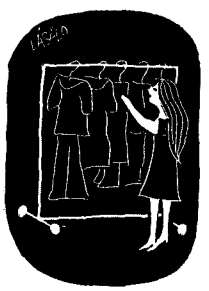
intime, the pastoral landscape, was over. Artists were no longer painting cows and bridges."

BRUNO SCHACHTNER, a local graphic designer and a founding member of the Dachau advocacy group, argues that history has made landscape painting just short of a moral crime in present-day Dachau. "To paint a field or a sunset here is to pretend that nothing has changed," Schachtner maintains. "You can't live in Dachau today and ignore the camp's existence. To do so is to deny reality, to deny a moral responsibility." (The Schachtner imperative has been laid down by others in this century. In the nineteen-sixties, the German cultural critic Theodor Adorno advanced the thesis that after the atrocities of Auschwitz the mere act of writing poetry had become "barbaric." The German writer Bertolt Brecht offered a more lyrical rendering of this idea in 1938 when he asked, "What times are these, when/ A conversation about trees is almost a crime/ Because it includes a silence about so many horrors?")

Schachtner, who was born in 1941, first encountered the legacy of the camp in the spring of 1945, when he witnessed horse-drawn carts piled with naked corpses that were being transported from the camp to a nearby burial site. Only when he was older could he fit this nightmare image into a historical and moral framework. Schachtner, who had been trained in Dachau as a typesetter, went to Switzerland in his early twenties to study graphic design. In 1965, at the age of twenty-four, he travelled to South America and worked as a volunteer teaching printing techniques. He eventually met and married a Paraguayan woman of German descent, whose family had immigrated to South America in the late nineteenth century. In 1974, Schachtner returned to Dachau with his wife, and he has since established a flourishing graphic-design studio.



In 1985, Schachtner initiated a "postcard action" to raise funds for the Dachau advocacy group. Nine local artists donated works of theirs for reproduction, and Schachtner printed the cards at cost. "The action was not very successful from a financial perspective," Schachtner tells me, "but it provided a focal point for a number of local artists who were concerned about the camp's legacy here in Dachau." In 1987, the postcard artists banded together into a collective called Gruppe-D, with the aim of confronting Dachau's problematic past through art.

Through the initiative of Schachtner, Barbara Distel, and others, Gruppe-D has taken exhibitions to France, Hungary, Poland, and Paraguay. In September, 1989, to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the German invasion of Poland, Gruppe-D organized a joint exhibition with Polish artists in the town of Oświęcim. Last May, members of Gruppe-D travelled to the United States to work collaboratively with American artists at the Vermont Studio Center in Johnson, Vermont. "The purpose of these exhibitions is to show the world that there are people in Dachau who are aware of their responsibility for what happened here," Schachtner says. "That does not mean that you have to paint barbed wire and gas chambers. There are more subtle ways of addressing the issues, but as an artist you cannot work in Dachau and pretend not to be aware of what happened here." Schachtner is equally tough on Lorenz Reitmeier. "The Mayor insists that Dachau is like any other town in Germany," he says. "Dachau may once have been like Rothenburg or Dinkelsbühl or any of those other quaint German places. But that is no longer the case. Things have happened here that the world will never forget, that it should never forget." He says that Reitmeier must recognize this fact—must acknowledge that his town is, in fact, different from other towns in Germany. "The Mayor promotes this idea of 'the other Dachau,' but there is no such thing as the one Dachau or the other," Schachtner declares. "*There is only one Dachau.*"

Lorenz Reitmeier disagrees. He rejects the proposition that the atrocities committed within the walls of the Dachau concentration camp have invalidated for all time Dachau's proud past—that all future generations born within the city limits must bear this most ghastly of original sins. In contrast to German intellectuals like the Berlin historian Ernst Nolte, who has attempted to relativize the Holocaust by seeking historical precedent in Stalin's Gulags, Reitmeier's version of *Vergan-*

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genheitsbewältigung has little to do with moral or historical relativism. It has to do with basic math: twelve years does not equal twelve centuries. Since becoming mayor, Reitmeier has attempted single-handedly to close Dachau's accounts with the Nazi past. Fighting history with history, Reitmeier has literally taken this message to the streets.

On corners throughout the old town, white metal tags dangle from street signs explaining the historical significance of each cobblestoned byway. One day, I took an excursion among these curbside annotations. In the center of Dachau, on the small square before the Rathaus, I noted the following signs: "Augsburger Strasse: Ancient market street with gate, previously the swine market (1668), lower market (1670), since c. 1200"; "Schlossgasse: Renaissance Castle of Dachau built from 1546-1573 by Duke Wilhelm IV and Albrecht V"; "Karlsberg: Since 1790 named after the Elector Karl Theodor, previously, Kühberg (=Kirchberg)"; "Apothekergasse: Here in 1803 the first apothecary in the ancient market of Dachau." The word *uralt* (ancient) runs like a basso continuo through Reitmeier's serenade to Dachau's past. It underscores the age of the town—Dachau is a full four centuries older than Munich—and, at the same time, seems to place a welcomed distance between Dachau's tormented present and its untrammelled past. I am told that Reitmeier also likes the word *urtraditionell*, which suggests something even more profound than "traditional."

Reitmeier's efforts to destigmatize Dachau's reputation have won him the affection of most residents. Though he first slipped into the mayor's office, in 1966, by a narrow margin of two hundred and forty votes, he has since commanded as much as seventy-two per cent of the vote. Two years ago, in the most recent mayoral contest, he registered 10,841 votes. His closest rival received 3,337.

Reitmeier tenaciously defends the right of Dachau's residents to live "normal" lives. At the same time, he does not disavow his personal responsibility to those who suffered within the walls of the concentration camp. He appears faithfully, and reverently, at local events commemorating the camp and its victims. In 1988, he had a plaque erected on the wall of the Rathaus to honor the memory of six Jewish families driven from Dachau in the nineteen-thirties. "Mayor Reitmeier sets an important example for the citizens of Dachau," Nikolaus Lehner says. "He has always shown a great deal of sensitivity and consideration in these matters." Reitmeier has good reason for showing such consideration. Just days after the camp's liberation, Reitmeier, who was then twelve years old, accompanied a Polish priest into the compound. "During the ride over there, which took us along the Friedenstrasse, we drove past forty railroad cars," Reitmeier recalled at a special gathering to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the camp's liberation. "Their doors were open, and their floors were covered a half metre deep with the corpses of men who had starved to death." The cars had arrived in Dachau a few days before, with forty-five hundred prisoners who had been evacuated from Buchenwald in early April to keep them from falling into the hands of the advancing American forces. Because the rail lines were disrupted, the train was diverted south into Bohemia. After several interruptions, including an extended delay near Passau, where the train sat idle for four days, it finally reached Dachau on April 24th, five days before the camp's liberation. The prisoners had received a day's rations for a journey that took nearly three weeks. By the time the train arrived in Dachau, virtually everyone in its cars had died of starvation or exposure. "At the sight of this gruesome scene," Reitmeier said, "I felt a sense of terror and anguish that I have never been able to forget, and that I am certain will be with me for the rest of my life."

BEFORE Lorenz Reitmeier, Dachau's town fathers subscribed to the bulldozer approach to *Vergangenheitsbewältigung*. In the late forties, the camp gates were opened to thousands of German refugees driven from Eastern Europe. In the abandoned barracks, displaced families found new homes, and enterprising businessmen set up shop. By the early fifties, the former concentration camp, with strands of rusted barbed wire still stretched along its perimeter walls, had become a thriving residential area, known as *Wohnsiedlung* Dachau-Ost. The mayor of Dachau in the nineteen-fifties was an ex-Nazi named Hans Zauner, who had served as the town's magistrate under the National Socialists. When it began to be suggested that a permanent memorial site be erected at the site of the former concentration camp, Zauner protested fiercely, and said he saw no reason for commemorating the camp's victims. "Please don't make the mistake of thinking that only heroes died in Dachau. Many inmates were political prisoners who were there because they illegally opposed the government of the day," he remarked to a correspondent from London's *Sunday Express*. No official memorial went up.

In the summer of 1955, Nico Rost, a former Dachau inmate from the Netherlands, and the author of the highly acclaimed account of camp life "Goethe in Dachau," returned to visit the site of his eighteen-month incarceration. He spent several hours wandering the grounds, recalling moments of camaraderie and horror: the Jewish father who was forced to kill his own son; the brass band that performed the German folk song "*Muss i denn, muss i denn*" at the hanging of a young Russian who was accused of stealing a fork; the final handshake with General Charles Delestraint, a founder of the French Resistance, who was executed just ten days before the liberation; the daily morning ritual of piling in the washroom the corpses of inmates who had died during the night; and the arrival of the "*Moorexpress*," a cart drawn by inmates, which transported the dead from the barracks to the crematorium.

Rost claimed that what he saw in Dachau in 1955 unsettled him more than what he remembered from 1945. All traces of the former concentration camp had been effaced. The wooden barracks had been cleaned and renovated. One of the barracks had been converted into a movie house, another had become a coal depot, and the old kitchens had become the business offices of a Bavarian leather-goods company. In Block 17, which had been a barrack for typhoid patients, Rost found a photo shop selling postcards of wedding couples and of children dressed for their First Communion. Block 30, in which three successive inmate populations had died within eighteen months, and in which a group of Jewish chil-

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dren had been temporarily detained early in 1945 before being "transported" onward, now served as a school for the children of Dachau-Ost. In Block 3, the laboratory in which Dachau's resident physicians performed their medical experiments—ice-water experiments, air-pressure experiments, bone transplants, biochemical experiments, seawater-ingestion experiments—Rost found a well-stocked food store. The outside wall was covered with colorful placards for beer, schnapps, and laundry soap. One large handwritten sign advertised fish fillets, and another fresh eggs for eighteen pfennig each.

The only vestige of the former camp, other than the watchtowers and the walls, was the crematorium. "The first thing that strikes the visitor today," Rost observed of the crematorium at the time, "is that now the grass is neatly trimmed and there are flower beds with roses and violets." Indeed, thirty-seven years later one is still struck, and unsettled, by the seeming tranquillity of the setting. The low red brick building, looking not unlike a gingerbread house in a Grimm fairy tale, stands nestled in a stand of towering pines. "Why, of all things, is this place, and only this place, not neglected?" Rost puzzled in 1955. "Of all things, why have they tried to 'beautify' this place of horror?"

Actually, the local officials were not trying to beautify Dachau's crematorium; they were planning to tear it down. That summer, Dachau's representative to the Bavarian parliament, Heinrich Junker, had submitted an application to close the crematorium that until then had served as a modest, unofficial memorial site. In the past, despite protests from former inmates, local officials had dismantled a number of exhibitions in the crematorium building. Junker argued in his application that closing the building was the only way to neutralize the "propaganda" that in Dachau victims of the National Socialists had been "gassed and burned alive." (Even today, Dachau residents are quick to point out that although the crematorium was in use virtually until the moment of liberation, the gas chamber had in fact never been put into operation.) Two months after Junker submitted his appeal, another native of Dachau, Joseph Baumgartner, who was the C.S.U. Minister of Agriculture for Bavaria, took the speaker's stand at Dachau's annual August Volksfest and decreed that the time had come to tear the crematorium down. He argued that the crimes of the past could not be "remedied" by conducting tours through the site, and that the presence of the structure only promoted the continued defamation of Dachau and its population. "I therefore maintain," he declared before the assembled citizenry of Dachau, "that the crematorium must vanish." The speech was followed by enthusiastic applause lasting for several minutes.

Only the signing of an agreement between France and Germany which guaranteed public access to and the inviolability of all sites of former concentration camps spared the crematorium from the bulldozers. In the coming years, Nico Rost and a number of other former Dachau inmates lobbied intensively for a "dignified memorial" to the victims of the camp. In April, 1965, on the twentieth anniversary of Dachau's liberation, the former concentration camp, which had by then been cleared of the last German refugees, was officially opened as a memorial site. Two years later, when Nico Rost died from injuries sustained in an accident, his widow donated his collection of books and documents to the recently established archive. The Rost bequest became the core of the memorial-site library.

THE Comité International de Dachau estimates that of two hundred and six thousand original Dachau inmates between eight and nine thousand are still alive. (No one knows the total number of concentration-camp and death-camp survivors, but the majority of these individuals would have to be in their seventies and eighties, and most of them will not outlive the century.) An Austrian commentator recently noted that an epochal shift is taking place, in which "soon neither the last mass murderers nor the last surviving victims" will be alive. "We are departing, in the literal sense of the word, from the Simon Wiesenthal era," he observed.

A handful of former Dachau inmates still reside in the Munich area, but their numbers have dwindled rapidly in recent years. Most prominent among them are Max Mannheimer, a leading figure in Munich's Jewish community, and Eugen Kessler, a

Madame Begue's.

Madame Begue's was a turn of the century riverfront restaurant where the night-shift stevedores went after work for their evening meal, which was breakfast anywhere else. A typical morning's menu would read: Spaghetti with Shrimps, Sweetbread Omelet, Fried Eggplant, Roast Duck, Strawberries with Madeira Wine, Coffee. Those morning feasts often lasted into the afternoon, and the rhapsodic New Orleans Brunch was born.

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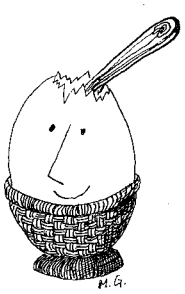
former Communist. Currently, both men devote themselves almost entirely to issues related to the Holocaust. They meet with youth groups, attend commemorations, and conduct research of their own.

Until a few years ago, several former inmates besides Nikolaus Lehner lived in the town of Dachau. Richard Titze was one. Titze, a member of the German resistance, who came to Dachau in November, 1943, and escaped from the camp on April 24, 1945, participated four days later in a desperate attempt by local citizens to seize the town from Nazi control. With the compensation he received for his incarceration—five marks a day—he opened a cutlery store on the main street, across from St. Jakob's Church. Another former inmate, Georg Scherer, who was a native of Dachau, and who was arrested for suspected anti-Fascist activity in December, 1935, was released in 1941, and spent the balance of the war years working in a screw factory in the town of Dachau. In 1946, he established a clothing factory in a former S.S. building just outside the old town. The enterprise flourished, and Scherer joined the German "economic miracle," eventually employing over five hundred workers. He also became active in the local community, establishing Dachau's first postwar sports club. In 1985, while attending a soccer match, Scherer, then seventy-nine, suffered a heart attack and died. Two years ago, Richard Titze died, also of heart failure. Shortly before his death, Titze told an interviewer, "We owe it to ourselves and to our dead comrades to use all our strength to prevent the hearts and minds of others from ever again becoming poisoned by the ideology of Fascism."



ON a Sunday afternoon in late January, Nikolaus Lehner offers to take me through the Dachau concentration camp. He says he goes there occasionally—maybe five or six times a year—to walk a guest around the grounds, to meet with groups of young people, to attend, with other surviving inmates, the annual commemoration of the camp's liberation, held on the last Sunday in April. Recently, Lehner performed music by Bach and Mozart on his violin for a group of visitors at the small meeting room of the Protestant memorial on the camp grounds. Lehner says that it does not bother him to visit the camp. "It is sacred ground," he tells me. "You can sense that just by walking in there. For me, it is like entering a holy shrine."

As we walk from Sperrholz-Lehner to the camp, past a number of commercial establishments, Lehner recounts the circumstances that brought him to Dachau. "As you know, Hungary was allied with the Germans during the war. Despite Hitler's orders, the Hungarians generally left the Jews in peace." In April, 1944, when the Soviet Army was threatening the southeastern border of Hitler's Reich, the German Wehrmacht marched into Hungary. With the assistance of Hungarian Fascists, the Germans began rounding up the country's large Jewish and Gypsy populations. "They came into Sighet and loaded all the Jews into boxcars and shipped them to Auschwitz," Lehner says. "My father, my mother, my brothers, and my little sister were among them. I was in Budapest at the time."

Lehner initially evaded arrest by enlisting in a special unit of the Partisans that was to be parachuted behind Red Army lines in order to sabotage supply routes. From there he intended to escape or to surrender himself to the Russians. The day after he joined, a former schoolmate recognized Lehner during muster. "I was standing there, and suddenly someone tapped me on the shoulder," Lehner says. "It was an acquaintance from my school days in Sighet. He was wearing the armband of the Hungarian Fascists. I denied that I was the person he thought I was, but he took me into a separate room and searched me. He found some family photographs in my pocket, and he asked me who the people were." During the ten-minute walk from Sperrholz-Lehner to the concentration camp, Lehner has related the story in a sober tone. Suddenly, his voice tightens and he says flatly, "I denied their identity." Nonetheless, he was arrested. He still has the photographs, he says.

"I was escorted to the Gestapo in Budapest, but they refused to take me. Instead, the man there took me and another person, an elderly Jewish man, to a normal Hungarian prison. I don't know why. We spent several days there, and then the Russians invaded the city." As the Red Army encircled Budapest, the Germans began moving their prisoners out, and on December 16, 1944, Lehner was loaded into a railroad car with two hundred other men. "The Hungarians came and evacuated us," he said. "They put us and all the others into boxcars on a train to the Austrian border. When we got to the border, they changed the guards; German guards came on." From there, the train went on to Dachau. It arrived five days later.

"There was a young officer," Lehner recalls. "Right before the train stopped at the Dachau station, he told me that one of the prisoners, a man named Nikolaus Lehner, had died. He said that I should use his name. After he told me that, the guards called, 'Jews step out!' The man told me to keep still. I kept still."

At the entrance to the camp, Lehner stops me. He stands silent for a moment, then points accusingly at a black sign with white letters that reads "*Montags geschlossen*"—"Closed Mondays." "Read this," he says bitterly. "Read this sign. Every summer, you see hundreds of people standing here staring at this closed gate. On some days, the traffic is backed up on the street because there are so many cars and buses out here. You can see from their license plates that they have come from all over Europe, all over the world. The people lay wreaths in front of the gate. Some try to place flowers on top of the wall. They sit on each other's shoulders and try to look inside. It is criminal to have this place closed on Mondays." I recall that just two months earlier I drove an hour and a half from Salzburg to Dachau with a Jewish friend from Boston who wanted to see the camp. It was a Monday. We stood before the black gate for a long while, walked the length of the concrete wall that extends along the road, then drove back to Salzburg in silence.

Lehner says he has written to Barbara Distel, to Lorenz Reitmeier, and to the State of Bavaria on this matter but to no avail. "Everyone has his own reason for not wanting the camp open. Everyone says, 'I would like to help you, but I am not the proper person,'" Lehner explains. "I never intended to live in Dachau, but now I have spent my entire adult life here. I have run a business here. I have raised a family here. If I have any reason for remaining in this town, it is to see that the memorial site is open on Mondays."

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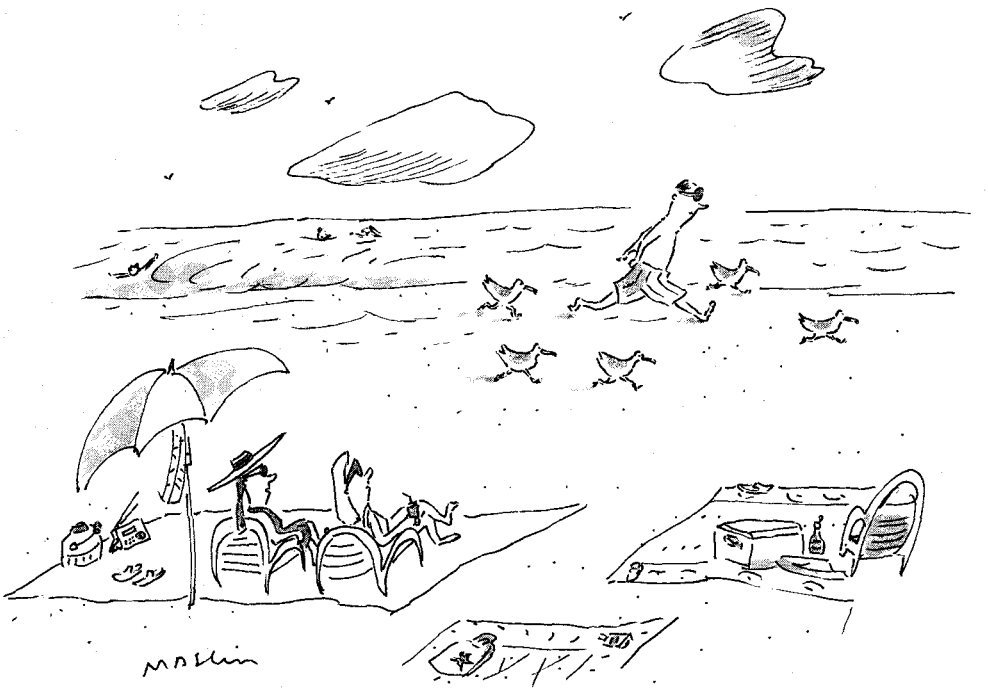
Monday, Lehner says, is his special day of mourning.

We enter the camp, passing through a gate in the southwest corner. The concrete wall is about ten feet high and is lined with rusted barbed wire, held in place by ceramic spools; until liberation, the wires had been electrified. Along the inside face of the wall is a three-foot ditch laced with a mesh of barbed wire approximately five feet wide.

"This is the tourist entrance," Lehner remarks. "The original entrance was on the north side of the camp." As we come around the side of the camp's former maintenance building, which now houses the memorial site's permanent exhibition, the archives, and Barbara Distel's office, the vast expanse of the camp—two football fields in length—opens before us. A sharp wind cuts across the open space. The distant perimeter is defined by the concrete wall, an endless line broken occasionally by square, black-roofed watchtowers.

Two lone barracks—that is, reconstructions of two barracks—stand side by side. They are squat, gray structures with tin roofs and a series of windows. In the interiors are wooden bunks, the eating areas, the washrooms. Beyond the two reconstructed buildings is a double row of foundations marking the sites of other barracks. There are seventeen in each row. Snow had fallen a few days earlier. A blanket of white, marked by the repeated patterns of the foundations, stretches across the camp. Small clusters of visitors, mostly in twos and threes, wander the grounds—black figures against the snow. Lehner stops briefly on the Appellplatz, the assembly place before the two rows of barracks. It was here that prisoners gathered every morning at six-thirty for roll call, which could last as long as two hours, and it was here that they reassembled every evening at six-thirty to repeat the ritual head count. And it was here, before the assembled inmates, that individual punishments were meted out for transgressions both grievous and trivial. The accused was strapped, face down, to the *Prügelbock*, a wooden frame with stirrups for the feet. There, with his back exposed, he was flogged repeatedly by a fellow-inmate, supervised by an S.S. guard. And it was here that entire wards of prisoners, two hundred to a room, eight hundred to a barrack, were assembled and forced to stand at attention for as long as twenty-four hours, without food or sleep, often in the dead of winter, as punishment whenever a comrade had fled a work detail.



"I'm a people person—Roger's a sandpiper person."

• •

Lehner arrived in the camp on December 21, 1944, nine days before his twenty-first birthday. Typhoid was raging through the camp at the time, and Lehner, who soon contracted the disease, was quarantined in a typhoid barrack. "It was over there," he says, pointing east, toward the snow-covered foundations. "I was in Block 21, with the other typhoid patients." He pauses for a moment. "Or was it Block 23? I don't remember." There are many things Lehner says he can no longer recall, but he does remember the lice, and he remembers the "black water" that served as coffee and the meagre allotment of bread that the inmates were given for breakfast. By 1945, the average daily food ration in Dachau was three hundred and fifty grams of bread, one bowl of cabbage or beet soup, and a single litre of coffee. "Eating became a ritual," Lehner says. "We would hold the bread in our hands and eat it slowly, in small pieces, bite by bite." Lehner moves his gloved fingers slowly, as if sifting crumbs. "It's strange, though," he says. "I can't remember whether or not we had underwear, or whether we ever washed our clothing. There are so many blank spots."

By March, 1945, having recovered from the typhoid, Lehner was assigned to a work detail and dispatched to the nearby fields to pluck and sort grass. He understood little German at the time. One day, the guards began shouting something he did not understand, so he simply followed the established routine and joined his work detail. On his way out of the camp, one of the S.S. guards conducted a head count and determined that there were two prisoners too many. Lehner and a Gypsy were pulled from the group and accused of attempting to escape.

"They made us stand over there." Lehner points to the Jourhaus gate, a squat concrete structure in the west wall with two towers on either side and a deep, vaulted entrance. It is the gate through which Dachau's two hundred and six thousand inmates entered the camp, and through which a much smaller number of them left; it is also the first gate erected by the Nazi regime which bore, forged into its iron grillwork, the infamous inscription "*Arbeit macht frei*"—"Freedom through work."

The men were taken aside and made to stand near the gate with signs around their necks with the words "*Ich bin*

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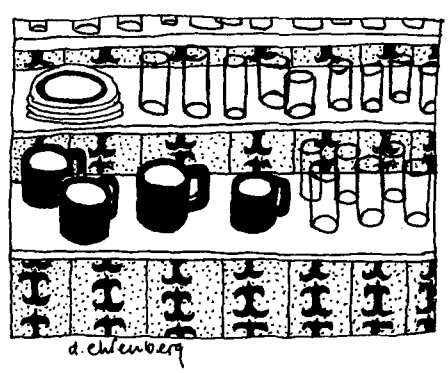
wieder da"—"I am back again." "I had no idea what they would do to us," Lehner says. "They used to execute prisoners for less than that. Suddenly, the air-raid siren sounded, and everyone went scrambling for the barracks. I started running, too. No one stopped me." After the all-clear sounded, Lehner waited for the guards to come and get him. "They must have forgotten about me," he says. "They never came."

Lehner leads me to the far southwest corner of the camp, to the *Prominentenblock*—the block of cells for prominent inmates, such as the religious leader Martin Niemöller. It is a gray concrete structure with a long corridor flanked by prison cells. "Look at that," Lehner says, pointing beyond the barbed wire and the wall to a row of newly constructed houses standing less than twenty feet from the camp wall. They are handsome two-story structures in white stucco with blond wood trim, red tile roofs, and balconies. In one house, white lace curtains hang in what appears to be the window of a child's bedroom. The camp watchtowers bracket the row of new houses. "Can you imagine living in a house like that? Can you imagine raising your children in a house at the edge of a concentration camp?" Lehner stands there silent for a moment, staring at the houses. We walk the length of the camp's west perimeter—a good quarter mile—with a rusted wire fence and watchtowers to our left and the vacant foundations of the former barracks to our right. Lehner observes that in his opinion the camp is too orderly. "I visited Auschwitz a few years ago," he says. "The barracks there have been left exactly as they were. They are made of wood and are collapsing into ruins. It is a natural process of deterioration. You sense a certain continuity with the past." Lehner would prefer that the barracks in Dachau had also been left to decay. He says that the camp feels too sterile, lifeless, robbed of its spirit. "*Deutschsauber*," a Dachau artist has said to me. "German clean."

For Lehner, the vacant foundations, as evocative as they may be, can never convey the sense of oppression one felt in the camp. *Konzentrationslager* Dachau was originally constructed to accommodate eight thousand prisoners. By 1944, there were as many as thirty-six thousand packed into the confines—the equivalent of the entire population of the present-day city of Dachau. "The rooms in the barracks were made to house fifty men," Lehner explains. "When I arrived, there were two hundred men living in a single room. Calculate it—that was four men in each bunk." His voice, though steady, fills with rage. "You cannot imagine what it is like to try to sleep with three other people in a single bunk."

At the far end of the camp is a breach in the wall. We walk across a small concrete bridge over a creek no more than two feet deep and seven or eight feet wide. On the other side, in a small cluster of pines, are the two small, red brick buildings of the crematoriums. Lehner explains that initially there had been one crematorium with two ovens, but by 1942 the number of deaths in the camp had outstripped its capacity. In May, 1942, plans were approved for Barrack X, a comprehensive extermination facility equipped with delousing stalls, a gas chamber, and a crematorium with four ovens. Lehner leads me into this building, through the stalls where the clothing of the dead was deloused for reuse, then into a vacant space with drains in the floor, then into a room with two metal doors and an exceptionally low ceiling. A double metal rim runs along the edge of each door, as if to accommodate a rubber seal. The room is tight and windowless. There are small funnel-shaped apertures in the concrete ceiling and iron-grated drains in the floor. A nozzle, as if for a garden hose, protrudes from the wall. "This is the gas chamber," Lehner says, for the first time speaking in English. His voice is sober but strained. He says nothing else. In the next room are four large brick incinerators. We stand before them in silence, staring into the open doors of the ovens. After some minutes, Lehner abruptly turns his back to me and walks out of the building. I follow him at a short distance. Eventually, he slows his pace, and I rejoin him. "I know it sounds like a cliché," he says, in a serious voice, "but it is true. This must never be allowed to happen again." Then he repeats, in German, "*Es darf nie wieder passieren.*" Beyond the crematoriums is a series of small plots where inmates were executed by the S.S. guards. On stone plaques marking the sites where they were gunned down, one word appears repeatedly: "*Genickschuss*"—"a bullet to the neck."



We reënter the central camp over the bridge and walk through the three memorial sites along the east wall of the camp—one erected by the Catholic Church, one by the Protestant Church, and one by the local Jewish community. We pass through each memorial. Lehner says that services and commemorative events take place here. At the memorial to the Jewish victims, we walk down a steep stone ramp that leads to a subterranean vault. There is an iron gate behind which stands a stone menorah. It is a dank and comfortless space.

"People come from all over the world to pay their respects at these memorials, and never once has a German head of state visited the camp," Lehner tells me. He says that although Franz Josef Strauss ruled Bavaria for a decade he never found occasion to come to this site. But then neither have any of the other prominent German political figures—not Helmut Schmidt, not Hans-Dietrich Genscher, not Richard von Weizsäcker, not Helmut Kohl. Willy Brandt came once, in the late nineteen-seventies, but by then he was no longer Chancellor. "Kohl and Reagan can go to Bitburg, to lay a wreath on the graves of German soldiers, but they cannot find time to come to Dachau," Lehner observes. "Two years ago, the Chancellor visited the Dachau Volksfest. He stood in the beer tent and drank our famous inexpensive beer. He could come all the way from Bonn to Dachau to drink beer, but he could not come three kilometres farther to visit the concentration camp." Lehner shakes his head.

From the Jewish-memorial site we begin the quarter-mile walk back along the south wall, the watchtowers and barbed wire now to our left, the vacant barrack foundations to our right. Lehner tells me that at the time of liberation he was too weak from typhoid and

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malnutrition to leave his bunk. "By then, I had given up all hope," he said. "When you lie there with two hundred other bodies and watch every morning as they carry out one corpse after another and load them onto carts, you realize that it is just a matter of time before it is your turn. Life becomes as meaningless as death." By 1945, Dachau inmates were perishing—from disease, from hunger, from exhaustion and abuse—at the rate of three thousand a month. Lehner, who has paused for a moment, now says, with a vague trace of subdued amazement in his voice, "You know, there were many religious people in the camp, but never once did I hear anyone pray. I was raised in a strict Jewish home, but I never remember saying a single prayer here. I used to lie in my bunk and think about my family, about my childhood, but never once did I pray. I still believed in God at the time, but I could not pray." Lehner has stopped walking. We stand beneath one of the watchtowers. After the liberation, he says, when the full extent of the Holocaust became known, he stopped believing in God. "How can there be a God when such things are allowed to happen?"

Lehner remembers that the Americans liberated the camp on a Sunday afternoon. He was in his bunk and heard the cries of thousands of *Häftlinge*. "I was too weak to get out of bed," he says. "But I remember hearing everyone yelling in his own language. All these different languages. The French kept screaming, '*La guerre est finie! La guerre est finie!*' I saw one man rise to his feet. He was nothing but skin and bones. He was standing up, and he started walking forward, like this." Lehner tilts his head slightly forward and twists his arms into an oddly stilted posture, opens his eyes with a frightening animation, then stumbles forward dragging one foot in the snow and lets out an extended moan. He turns back to me. "He ran forward a few steps and then dropped dead. Just like that. The Americans had liberated us, and in that instant this man dropped dead."

WHEN we return to Lehner's store, we are both chilled. Lehner takes me into the back room and offers me a cup of tea and a piece of cake that his wife has baked. As we drink the tea, he returns to the issue of the houses along the camp wall. "When I gave talks at the Effner Gymnasium, a student once asked me if I thought the time hadn't come to tear the camp down and make better use of the space," Lehner says. "He said there was such a housing shortage in the area, and suggested that a memorial plaque would serve the same purpose." Lehner pauses, then observes, "A fourteen-year-old doesn't think of something like that himself. These ideas have to come from somewhere. Anyway, that was the last time I talked with the students, because the parents thought that their children were getting too upset."

Barbara Distel has told me that over the years she has watched business interests gradually encroaching on the space around the camp: a sports center with tennis courts; the industrial park in which Lehner's business is situated; and now these new houses right against the camp wall. Distel, who observes that the property originally belonged to the State of Bavaria and was recently sold to a private developer, suggests that the project was intended as an intentional affront to the sanctity of the memorial site, and as a warning of things to come.

"They know that time is on their side," she says. "Every year, there are fewer former inmates to protest these things. There will come a time when there won't be any survivors left at all." She then asks rhetorically, "Who will be there to protest then? Who will be there to keep this camp open?"

Nikolaus Lehner confirms Distel's concerns. "The town has effectively stalled the construction of an encounter center in Dachau for over a decade," he says. "And yet they are able to have houses built at the edge of the camp almost overnight." Even more disturbing to Lehner are the attitudes with which he fears future generations of Germans will be brought up. "Imagine that a child wakes up every morning and looks out the window into one of the most notorious concentration camps in the world," he says. "Imagine that thirty-two thousand human beings died in that camp, and today children bounce balls off its walls. It is unbelievable. It is macabre." Lehner hesitates, and, for the first time in all our discussions together, he smiles. "It is almost as incredible as the Jew who lives in Dachau."

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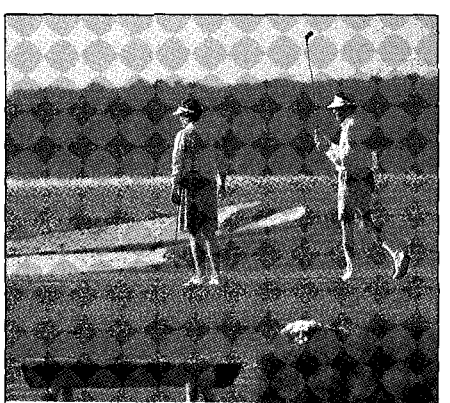

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Russian Summers

THERE are no doubt many reasons for the Kirov Opera to be happy to be on tour at the moment; its season here last month, at the Met, was part of an energetic international schedule, and the orchestra will be back for concerts in the fall. But this stop-off was a source of artistic revelation as much as of hard currency. Whereas a visit by the Scala company, say, would not necessarily tell us anything essential about Verdi or Rossini, and even Wagner now has his home as much in Seattle or San Francisco or New York or Chicago as in Bayreuth, Russian opera stays Russian.

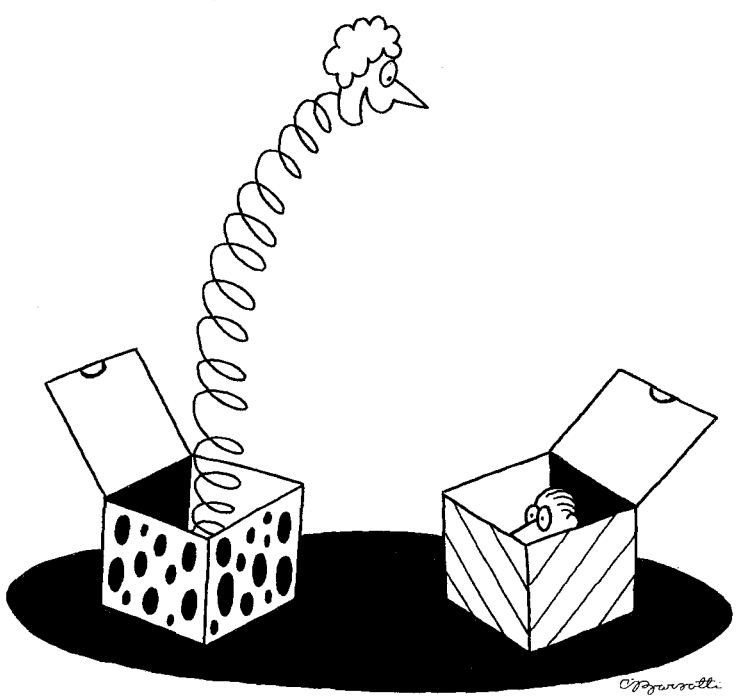
It's partly a matter of the language, which is why Russian, or at least Slavic, singers have always had the advantage in this repertory. The liquid "l," which sounds like honey being spooned from the mouth, is particularly difficult for Western singers to get right, and if you translate, then you lose an unusually important aspect of what this music is—especially in "Boris Godunov," the Kirov's main showpiece, where the musical line is so often simply the way the words seem to want to lie. Take the example of the word *patriarkha:* the slow rhythm of two short syllables followed by two long ones is echoed by the music, projected by it, with the third-syllable stress justly emphasized by the stepwise lift of the phrase. The opera was lying in wait from the moment Pushkin wrote the words; Moussorgsky's role was not so much to set them to music as to realize the music contained within them. It was the common currency of the nation—the folk songs and the liturgical chant as well as the language—that provided his material, and it is this sense of the commonalty in voice, even of dumb geography singing, that makes "Boris" in particular such a national piece, to the extent that non-Russian performers have to act being Russian before they can act being the princes, paupers, priests, and simpletons of early-seventeenth-century Moscow.

The Kirov people could get there faster. In the four bass roles (another expression of Russianness, of course, this grounding in the low register, which again follows from the way the language is spoken: the tenor in Russian opera is mad, villainous, or an ingénu) were four singers of requisitely different sorts at the performance I attended; casts changed. Nikolai Okhotnikov was simple and dignified as the usurping czar, though his projection of Boris as a small man overparted was a little too close to the truth of his performance—he was one of several members of the company to have difficulties with the scale of the house. Aleksandr Morozov was maybe another, and yet his gentle, soft-textured performance worked as a portrait of the old monk Pimen on the edge of grace, with the clear-white youth of extreme age. Sergei Aleksashkin had all the decisive malevolence needed for the Jesuit Rangoni, a polished skull moving on a black cassock. And Vladimir Ognovenko deserved the applause he got as the rapscallion friar Varlaam, not only for his beautifully mimed comic double act with Nikolai Gassiev's Missail but also for the rightly rough timber of his singing and the Quixotic self-certainty of his wild-eyed, wild-haired persona.

By general consent, though, the hero of this opera is the Russian people, out of whose language and customs and beliefs it was created, and the Kirov chorus did not disappoint. The sound was vibrant and, even across the great width and depth of this stage, marvellously, thrillingly unanimous. It was a proud performance, and surely helped by Andrei Tarkovsky's staging, which so much thrusts the chorus toward the auditorium, down a broadening ramp out from a Kremlin gateway still in process of construction.

Tarkovsky created this production for Covent Garden, in 1983, shortly before making his last film, though in London it could not, of necessity, attain the corporate fervor it gets from the Kirov. Having all the members of the chorus come right forward at the end of the prologue, behind the mutely, solemnly imploring figure of a small boy, and having them there sing their "Slava!" of salutation not to the newly crowned Boris but for and of themselves, is one instance of how the stage direction realizes the work as a drama of the people—but a drama of the people as a mass of individuals. If the filmmaker's vision, the vision of "Andrei Rublev," is there in the sweep of ragged bodies onto and off the stage, so it is in the detail discovered, forcing the eye to attend to one or two people, as if in a closeup. After the pilgrims have passed by, again in the prologue, two men stare at each other for a moment and then slap their tall caps back onto their heads: piety has been observed, but plainly they don't set much store by it. Or, in the St. Basil's Square scene of the last act, the Simpleton comes on roped to a child, who is bent over almost double as he leads the way, and whose tiny figure is a terrible image of the ages-long suffering that is being conveyed by the music.

The production is cinematic, too, in its use of flashbacks—potentially awkward in the theatre, but here introduced discreetly and precisely and pointfully. Just as Boris's mind keeps hovering over



"Come on, Louis. No risk, no reward."

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the murder of the last czarevich (Shakespeare's "Richard III" was apparently Pushkin's model, though the guilt is more Macbeth's), so an enactment of the assassination hovers two or three times in the rear of the acting space. Throughout the opera, that space perhaps presents a scan of Boris's mentality, of his hopeless effort to build some stability for himself and Russia out of a clutter of sleeping junk. Another feature familiar from Tarkovsky's films is the moment of a daring, defiant irruption of spirit; here it's when the Simpleton's lament over Russia is given silent answer in an angelic apparition at the back of the stage. Perhaps, after all, there is optimism, and Tarkovsky would not have been surprised to find his London production reclaimed as a national treasure, for a Leningrad rebecome St. Petersburg.

In the process, this "Boris" has acquired a different orchestral sound, and not only because of the plenitude and, in this department, too, the unanimity the players achieve for their conductor, Valery Gergiev, the Kirov's artistic director. Tarkovsky's creative collaborator in 1983, and the man responsible for drawing out of him his only opera production, was Claudio Abbado, who went back to Moussorgsky's own orchestration, presumably in the edition by David Lloyd-Jones. Mr. Gergiev prefers the Shostakovich orchestration, which has some odd touches—a xylophone, dry brushstrokes of col-legno strings during Varlaam's rousing song of soldiering—but could be defended as being more practical, especially in a large theatre, without doing as much violence to the musical text as the Rimsky-Korsakov treatment. There is no perfect solution, partly because Moussorgsky himself left two quite different versions. The first can make a fierce impression, at once stark and dun: the fine British company Opera North has been doing it in England. But one can be too Romantic about honoring severer first thoughts. The Polish act, which Moussorgsky added in response to demands for a principal female role, introduces a telling, but perhaps not unique, sort of love duet, one in which he's a fake and she knows it but they're both too enraptured with the possibilities to ask any questions. It also introduces the éminence noire Rangoni, who has his own purposes to pursue through the match between Polish princess and Russian pretender.

Tarkovsky's production acknowledges

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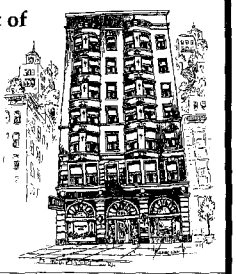

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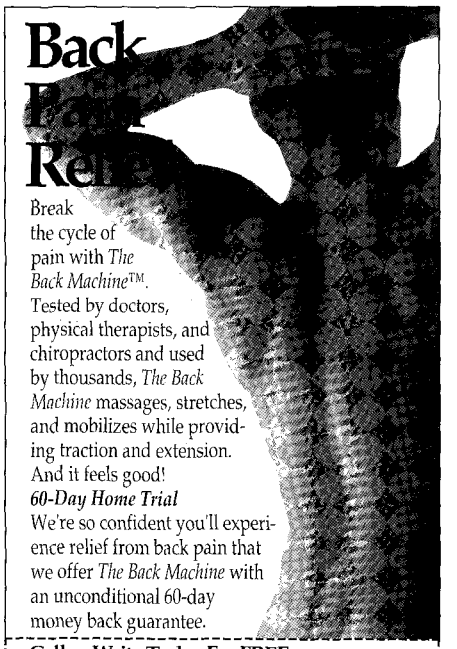

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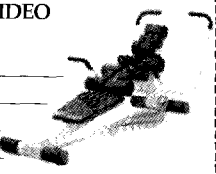

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the falsity of Poland with an outbreak of lurid color. In Moscow, there is only coronation gold, priestly white, and blood red, on the coats of Boris and the boyars, to stand out against the browns and grays of wood and iron in the set and in the costumes of the peasantry; the Polish castle of Sandomir brings an attack of acid greens, blues, and oranges. It also brings, or this time brought, an outstanding performance of the duet, in which Olga Borodina soared with ambition while Gegam Grigorian gave an aptly nasty impression of a mean mind at play, trying for all it can get while hedging its bets. (This is what happens when a composer has to report on the momentary triumphs of a character he detests.)

Mr. Grigorian seemed here much more comfortable, if that's quite the word for such a slippery piece and such a slippery character, than he had in the leading role of another of the Kirov's offerings, "The Queen of Spades," where his voice kept hitting around the center of Herman, and where he didn't appear to know what to do with himself onstage. Much of this, of course, must be the fault of the production. "Boris" had been put on the stage in excellent form by Stephen Lawless; the Tchaikovsky opera shambled on in a production credited to no one but Yuri Temirkanov, who left the company four years ago. I think it used to be sharper than this, though always the main point was not the action but the costumes, and the sense of being present at a piece of living history, for since the early sixties nowhere outside Russia has scenery looked quite so much like scenery. The serried ranks of flat perspectives for the ballroom might just possibly have been interpreted as alluding to eighteenth-century stage design, in the way that the masque in this scene is a bit of rococo pastiche, but it's highly unlikely that anyone involved was being that clever.

No, the intelligent pleasures of the evening came from the musical presentation, and not least from the orchestra, again under Mr. Gergiev, who conducted all the performances. (Even his stamina was possibly exceeded by that of Galina Gorchakova, who thought nothing of singing Lisa in "The Queen of Spades" one night, Renata in "The Fiery Angel" the next, and another Renata at the following day's matinée; of her more anon, while she lasts.)

Russian orchestras don't make the rudely independent sound they did a generation ago—no lubriciously wobbly horns here—but the Kirov string section can still be searing like no other, and in the ball music glamorous like no other, while the brass and percussion gave their own special push to Herman's whirl into the maelstrom. In terms of stagecraft, though, this "Queen of Spades" was vastly outclassed by a new production just ended at Glyndebourne, in a season brought forward so that work can continue on the new theatre there. Visitors this year were confronted by a giant hole, which will expand under the existing auditorium, close the festival for a season, and become a larger house for 1994 and on.

The old Glyndebourne stage could probably be fitted onto the Met's about twenty times over, which alone would dictate a different style of production. Graham Vick, directing this "Queen of Spades," made the cramped space work positively by walling the action in white (the designer was Richard Hudson), which from scene to scene was overtaken by a scrawl of black from the center. Herman's growing derangement was affecting the world one held in view—a chair would appear upside down at the ceiling, the ghostliness was not flinched—so that to come to the Kirov version after this was to find a set curiously blank and unresponsive to what was happening inside it. Glyndebourne's cast was also a good one, though inevitably it was the Russian singers who could best relish the words. Sergei Leiferkus was enjoyably lusty as Tomsky; he also appeared with the Kirov, though I missed him. Yuri Marusin was unforgettable as Herman, persistently under-pitching, delving almost into baritone territory, and yet forcing one to believe that this was the only way to sing the role, the only way to register the erotic anguish and frustration. "The Queen of Spades" is, after all, about unswayable sexual obsession; it is not about pretty clothes. In the Kirov version, it was only Mr. Gergiev and the orchestra who were telling us this; at Glyndebourne the urgency was coming from within the heart of the central character.

Glyndebourne's other new production this year was also a tale of one man's ride toward calamity: "Peter Grimes." Britten's operas, though often performed here, are perhaps as closely locked into English culture as Tchaikovsky's and Moussorgsky's are into Russian, but that doesn't necessarily mean that they have to be locked into the specifics of time and place. At Glyndebourne recently, "Albert Herring" was locked into Edwardian Suffolk, the key turned, and the door double-bolted; the profusion of period detail in this production, designed by John Gunter and staged by Peter Hall, sat merrily with the comedy. But the same trick did not work with "Grimes." Again Mr. Gunter provided stage pictures of a realism challenging disbelief, but there aren't many jokes in this piece to go along with the women gutting fish; besides, "Grimes" is much more a drama of the outdoors, and needs a sense of the sea that realistic décor can only fail at. Another big problem was Trevor Nunn's decision to follow Mr. Hall in having his cast sing with Suffolk accents, which you can approximate by trying to talk while sucking on your teeth and holding your nose. The effect on the American tenor Stephan Drakulich, who, with a wild, masochistic bravery, kept at this grindstone, was to make the title character into a whining, boxed man, lunging out from his narrow soul into explosions of anger: it was a formidable performance, but it wasn't very ingratiating, and it left no room at all for Grimes's lyricism.

THERE are other ways of projecting a blinkered hurtle into self-destruction, as the Kirov showed in its third and newest production, that of Prokofiev's "The Fiery Angel." This is a rum sort of opera. Prokofiev started it in earnest in 1922, straight after "The Love for Three Oranges," pulling his own libretto together out of a novel by Valery Bryusov that turned autobiography and pre-Revolutionary heterodoxies into a heady tale of magic, religious hysteria, and sexual enslavement, set, with bizarre precision, in the North German Rhineland in August, 1543. The score was duly finished; then nothing. Prokofiev's wresting of a symphony out of the opera—his Third, in 1928—has sometimes been taken as a gesture of despair or else of creative economy, in either case as an acknowledgment that the angel would never fire onstage. Though it seems that he was involved in abortive plans for a Met production in 1930 ("Oranges" had been given its first performance in Chicago), after that, as his life slid back toward Russia, he seems to have abandoned hope for the piece.

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Only after his death, in 1953, did it at last reach the stage, and then, after the first excitements (Venice in 1955, Spoleto in 1959), only fitfully. It has never been a repertory piece, even to the extent that "Oranges" and "War and Peace" have. The consensus was that it was a mistake, a moment's madness, by a composer habitually profligate with his talents.

Whether that view has now been decisively overturned, or whether the score just basks in the glow of one spectacular production and one extraordinary recording (conducted by Neeme Järvi for Deutsche Grammophon), it is perhaps too soon to say. But the main problem with the piece—that it balks at authenticating the supernatural events it shows—remains. For instance, the music for the Fortune Teller and for the necromancer Agrippa von Nettesheim is dangerously close to that for Fata Morgana and Tchélio in "Oranges," but where those earlier magicians were clearly intended as comic turns among others, their counterparts in "The Fiery Angel" are in no way sent up, or even viewed with irony. Another reminiscence of the earlier opera is prompted by the interlude in the third act, accompanying a duel in which the much put-upon hero, Ruprecht, is wounded, but sounding rather the same bumptious note as the "Oranges" march. One tries to hear whether Prokofiev is taking these people seriously, but the music gives no clue to his intention. Perhaps, after all, the opera was a way of making a symphony, creating a work in which all questions of characterization are burned up in the fireball of the music.

The Kirov production reinforced that conclusion in two ways. First, it offered a seething, flaming account of the orchestral score, in which the heat of the piece always seemed to reside. Even within the notable history of fire music—Wagner's magic for Wotan, Handel's and Debussy's "Fireworks," Falla's ritual dance—this is something special: music in which tongues of fire lick and tremble in violin ostinatos, a translucent gleam is suggested by the covering of one tonal layer with another, and the voices, most notably that of the possessed Renata, leap out from the instrumental texture. Secondly, the Kirov staging was not only a production of the opera but a production around it, and it was in the "around" part, not in the opera itself, that the demons were brought to life. David Freeman, an Australian director who has so far worked mostly in Europe, and who created this production for last year's centenary celebration of Prokofiev in St. Petersburg, solved all his problems at one stroke by surrounding and impregnating the action with the goings on of a bevy of malignant sprites provided by the St. Petersburg Maryinsky Gymnastic Troupe. Clad only in jockstraps and bald wigs, and further depersonalized by white body makeup, they sat and clung around the edge of the stage on high bars, like baboons, watching the singers with animal detachment or ignoring them, then at times coming on to play, though still without taking part in the sung activity: mirroring it, rather, and even expressing what it never can bring itself to express—the real presence of evil. Stravinsky once declared that one of the characteristics he shared with Schoenberg was a belief in the Devil; one doubts Prokofiev could have said as much, and "The Fiery Angel" suffers from his agnosticism. Mr. Freeman, one has to deduce, is quite certain on the matter.

Musically, everything hangs on Renata. Where Ms. Gorchakova had ably offered rich tone and radiant self-definition in "The Queen of Spades," that was only one possible interpretation among many; Nancy Gustafson at Glyndebourne had given Lisa a more vulnerable, appealing cast. But it's hard to believe there's any more to Renata than Ms. Gorchakova found: a soprano rippling up in supple waves of perfectly controlled ululation, or sounding loud and clear with the conviction of the insane. Ruprecht, fading from the story and shedding blood as he goes, has no chance as the man who tries his best for her. In this role, Valery Alexeyev looked defeated from the start; even Mr. Leiferkus, who sang it in London a few months ago, had his problems. Opportunities were missed as other characters came and went—Faust, Mephistopheles, a Mother Superior, an Inquisitor (it's that kind of show)—but one could hardly be too concerned when there was so much energy pulsing in the pit and also onstage, what with the writhing and clambering of the gymnasts, the swallowing and regurgitating of a potboy, and the denuding of nuns. Set by David Roger in an encasement of huge, square, deep-plum walls, the action was rather like an orgy in the Rothko Chapel. —Paul Griffiths

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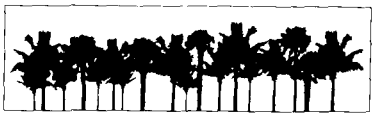

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 23

NOW that the Presidential race has only two candidates, the question is whether it has settled into a form of normalcy. The betting here is that it hasn't—because of the wide swings in the mood of the electorate, the particular vulnerabilities of the two candidates, and Ross Perot's angry and disappointed followers. No one thinks that Bill Clinton's current strong lead in the public polls—more than twenty points ahead of Bush—will last; at the Convention, amid the signs of a "surge" for Clinton, the Clinton people tried to prepare the press, and themselves, for the drop they knew was coming. (In fact, the Clinton camp's internal polling now shows the race starting to narrow.) The Republicans have just begun to turn their guns on him, and, traditionally, post-Convention "bumps" have flattened out, though Clinton's is the largest in modern history. President Bush still has time to sort out some of his reëlection problems—by strengthening his reëlection team (as he is expected to do by putting James Baker in charge) and by stating coherently why he should be reelected.

It's a very odd and even piquant thing that the person who wins the nomination of one of the two major parties has to struggle to avoid the label "politician," but Clinton's particular political style—trying to please virtually everyone, at times giving less than straight answers—was causing him problems before the Democratic Convention began in New York last week. Clinton aides said that their polling indicated that being seen as a "politician" was his biggest problem.

So Clinton had to do something very unusual at his nominating Convention: he had to try to change his identity in the public mind. The term his aides used was that he had to be "reintroduced" to the American people. (They had been saying this for months.) The other joint goals of the Clinton camp and the Democratic National Committee—which worked together with rare harmony—were to show that they could run a Convention, as a first step toward trying to convince people that they could run the country; to indicate that the Party had changed, and was no longer the party of big programs, redistribution, and special interests; and to establish that a new generation had taken over. Those traditional liberals who did speak—Edward Kennedy, Jesse Jackson—were slotted for a time before the networks began their limited coverage.

Party officials and Clinton aides believed that until Clinton painted a more acceptable picture of himself he wouldn't be listened to when he talked about his programs. Clinton had to restore the links between politics and public service. The picture that most of the public had of him—to the extent that it had any at all—was largely negative: a pol who had cheated on his wife and had evaded the draft and then lied about it and couldn't even be straight about having tried marijuana.

Thus Clinton was facing two sets of conflicting goals: he had to try to consolidate the Party around him without looking "political"; and he had to try to convince people that he was both (in this year's unfortunate parlance) a "change agent" and someone who could make the government work. Much of his effort to shore up support from the Democratic base—with the National Education Association, the Congressional Black Caucus, and labor—was done quietly in Washington a couple of weeks before the Convention. The one event to which his people drew considerable attention was Clinton's attendance at a rally with the National Abortion Rights Action League the day after the Supreme Court decision late last month upholding most of the restrictions in a Pennsylvania abortion law and indicating that the Court was just one vote short of overturning Roe v. Wade. That Clinton would stand so firm on this issue was uncharacteristic and the result of some debate within his campaign organization. But one Party figure says that NARAL's support is of great value in ten states.

The Clinton campaign's shorthand for what Clinton had to accomplish at the Convention was, as one adviser said to me, to "make sure that anybody in America who cares doesn't think Bill Clinton is rich." The Clinton camp's polling had found that, by and large, people did think he was—that he had had it easy. The Clinton pollsters also found an odd conundrum: that a large number of people who agreed with his positions still weren't inclined to vote for him, since they assumed that he took the positions he did because he wanted to please them—thus he was a politician, "Slick Willie." One Clinton campaign official told me that people's thinking that Clinton has had an easy life "gives him a rounded edge." This person went on, "People want to see a little toughness, and when they see his life they'll see tough-

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ness." Clinton's style also works against him in this regard: he doesn't project authority. When he tries to express anger about something, he doesn't seem angry. His voice is too soft and his face is too round and he smiles too much. Watching him throughout his long acceptance speech brought home the fact that Clinton has few facial expressions.

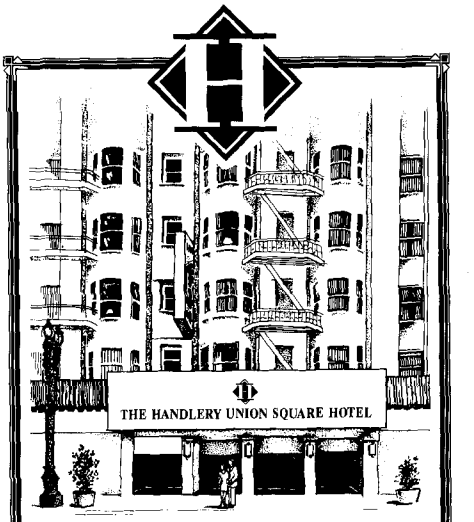
Clinton was described to me by one of his advisers as uncomfortable with having to talk about his earlier life and upset that he should have to do so. But Clinton also wants to win. Actually, in talking about the problem of Clinton's being seen as rich his aides were sugarcoating the real problem. As one of them said to me in the course of the Convention, " 'Rich' is another way of talking about the character problem."

Clinton's campaign set out to establish that he had worked for what he got—that though he had been educated at Georgetown, Yale Law School, and Oxford he wasn't a child of privilege. It also set out to establish that the things that he was fighting for were rooted in his experience (as opposed to being the result of recent calculations). But Robert Kennedy was rich, and no one doubted the sincerity of his efforts to improve the lot of the poor. Like Clinton, Ronald Reagan had had a hard time while he was growing up (Clinton had an alcoholic stepfather, Reagan an alcoholic father), but that didn't make Reagan compassionate toward underdogs. (Having had a hard time is an uncertain credential: it didn't make Clarence Thomas any more qualified for the Supreme Court; nor, apparently, has it affected his behavior on the bench.)

Further, because Clinton has been for so many things (some of them conflicting), and so obviously designed his campaign around where the public mood seemed to be, the connection between his life and his policies isn't totally convincing. The connection between Lyndon Johnson's background in poverty and the things he fought for as President was authentic. The issue isn't—or shouldn't be—whether Clinton had a difficult life but whether he advocates good policies and offers a form of leadership that people want to follow.

Speaker after speaker told the Convention of Clinton's turbulent early life. The one who made the most sense of it was Mario Cuomo in his brilliant nominating speech, in which he drew the connection between Clinton's early life and his remarkable resilience in this campaign. (Cuomo even took a rare jab at himself, suggesting the difference between Clinton and "thin-skinned politicians.") The biographical film (now a standard part of Conventions) covered Clinton's hard time in great detail, and then Clinton, in his speech, went over much of the same ground. Though this whole business may have worked, at least for a while, it was embarrassing. It's hard to imagine Franklin Roosevelt talking about his cold mother and his polio, or Harry Truman about the difficult time he had had making a living, or John Kennedy about the brother he lost in the Second World War (or his own lasting war wounds, or his mentally retarded sister). What Clinton's mother's breast cancer had to do with whether he would make a good President was hard to fathom. We seem to be living in an age of Oprah Winfrey politics. Even Al Gore, in his Vice-Presidential acceptance speech, went on too much about the trauma of his son's terrible injuries when a car hit him three years ago. Gore's friends believe that that experience did change Gore, giving him more perspective and compassion (and perhaps tempering his ambition at least somewhat), but in his speech to the Convention, which many found moving, he seemed to be milking the event.

CLINTON's acceptance speech was also designed to affirm to the nation that the Democratic Party had changed: thus it was filled with references to "our forgotten middle class" (perhaps the most talked-about group in American politics), though he omitted any reference to a tax cut for it, and spoke of individual responsibilities. This "New Covenant" (a clunker of a term), which Clinton had talked about at the beginning of his campaign, was only slightly different from ideas that were already widely accepted, but they were all dressed up in the new title to make them seem more momentous and different. (Among the ideas are tighter restrictions on welfare, including better enforcement of paternal support;



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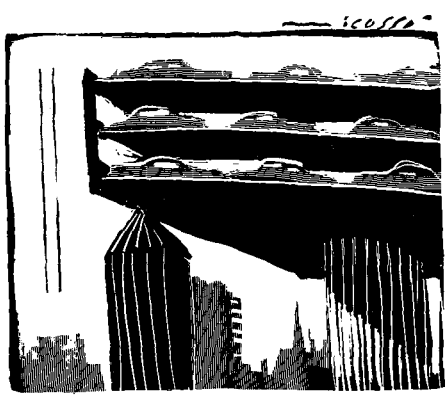
At the same time, the Party platform and Clinton's speech were socially liberal on such questions as gay rights and abortion—though Clinton was careful to point out in his speech that he is "not pro-abortion" but "pro-choice, strongly." Through Clinton's intervention, two H.I.V.-positive speakers addressed the Convention (though not during the network coverage). In his speech, Clinton's studied avoidance of ideological, and even Party, identification led him to say, "The choice we offer is not conservative or liberal. In many ways it's not even Republican or Democratic. It's different." (This seemed a first cousin once removed of Michael Dukakis's "This election is not about ideology, it's about competence.") Clinton did promise health-care reform, but eschewed other big programs, and made only fleeting reference to his own economic plan, which had been offered amid much ballyhoo a little over three weeks earlier, and which called for an "investment" of fifty billion dollars a year for four years in programs for education and training and rebuilding our infrastructure, to create jobs and economic growth. Investing in our future is one of Clinton's most important ideas, but, perhaps because the Republicans had slammed it as another tax-and-spend program, Clinton walked away from it in his acceptance speech. Also dropped along the way to Madison Square Garden was his statement, when he announced his selection of Gore, that his Vice-President would work with Congress to achieve certain things in the first hundred days; he clearly thought better of suggesting that as President he would work with the much maligned Congress—but he will have to if he is to get anything done.

The speech was, in fact, a mish-mash, an obviously committee'd draft of lots and lots of proposals and themes—some of them repeated—thus blunting any real political point he wanted to make. There was something for every interest group. There wasn't a memorable line. The focus on restoring our economy and creating jobs got blurred—though this is the biggest political issue. (Foreign policy was given short shrift.) Though his campaign had at long last (and after some polling) arrived at a theme—"putting people first"—Clinton mentioned it only once in his speech.

In one sense, it was astonishing that, in light of his disastrously long nominating speech in 1988, he went on too long again (fifty-four minutes) in this most important speech of his career; but it was consistent with his need, even compulsion, to tell us how much he knows and an unwillingness, or inability, to boil down his thoughts to a few clear points. Some of his frustrated advisers have been trying to get him to do so all year. What gets lost in all the verbiage and positioning is that Clinton has a fine mind, a real grasp of domestic issues, and he has some things he genuinely believes in—education and training and raising our country's standards—and he is fuelled by idealism as well as by ambition. He reads and learns for the sake of it, and believes in public service and thinks that the role of government is to make life better for its citizens. The important question is whether his speaking habits—his lack of discipline—would hinder him as a leader if he became President. As President, would he be able to choose priorities and keep the public and the political system focussed on them until something got done? If he's all over the map in his head as well as in his speech, he might not be a very effective President. If he blows with every political breeze, he won't be a great President. A President can trim and compromise in order to get big things done, but he can also trim and compromise himself into ineffectiveness. (George Bush has his own Presidential deficiencies, but that's another story.) Nevertheless, Clinton also has the potential to be a good President at the right time.

CHOOSING Gore as a running mate gave Clinton far more of a lift with the public than his aides expected, and was one of the factors



that put the wind at Clinton's back coming into the Convention. The other, his aides said, was the fact that while Perot and Bush were slugging it out last month Clinton was staying out of the line of fire and offering his economic plan. Polling by the Clinton campaign (which went on constantly) showed that even though people didn't know what was in it, they knew that Clinton had a plan. Clinton had largely been third in the polls, but the race was essentially a three-way tie going into the Convention. (Perot was sinking in the polls.) This was among the reasons that some people in and outside the Clinton camp wanted Clinton to pick Cuomo as his running mate. Though Cuomo's prickly ego made him an unlikely second banana, and his on-again, off-again entry in the primaries should have given anyone pause, Ron Brown, the chairman of the Democratic Committee and one of Cuomo's advocates, was convinced that Cuomo would accept the position if offered. The idea of selecting Cuomo, on the part of Brown and at least a couple of Clinton advisers, was that it would be a big-time, bold move, something that would get everyone talking and might shake the race out of its three-way ennui. Moreover, Cuomo could help Clinton among urban Catholics, with whom he was particularly weak—largely because of cultural differences and, according to Clinton advisers, Catholic discomfort with a Southern Baptist at the head of the ticket. But Cuomo's initial phone conversation with Warren Christopher, who headed the search effort and is known for his discretion and judgment, had gone very badly, according to several sources. Among other things, Cuomo, who is notably sensitive about his family, objected to being put through the rigorous examination of his own background and his family's business affairs, and indicated that he didn't want to be considered.

Christopher and his team set out to avoid a number of past mistakes or indignities in the Vice-Presidential-selection process: the unseemly parades of potential candidates (with some obvious ringers to suggest that a certain minority was being considered) and any public turndowns of the job. Clinton was not to be seen begging anyone. Thus, after New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley said publicly, more than once, that he didn't want the role,

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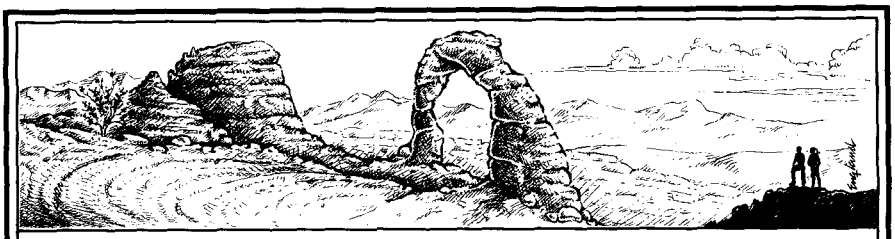
Clinton said publicly that Bradley should be taken at his word.

The process was kept more under wraps than usual, but the Clinton people weren't above a certain amount of trying to please interest groups by leaking the names of people who had no realistic chance. (Some people called and asked to be mentioned.) Vice-Presidential-selection processes often get down to who would cause the candidate the fewest problems, and some of those under serious consideration did have handicaps. It's likely that some of Clinton's meetings with possible running mates were camouflage to disguise his real thinking.

Gore had been a serious contender all along, and had much to offer the ticket. The only thing that could have derailed him, it seems, was a last-minute reconsideration of Cuomo, which was being urged from outside (Ron Brown) as well as inside the campaign. But to have gone ahead with Cuomo at that point—less than a week before the Convention, and with all eyes on Clinton's decision (people can't resist wasting time on Vice-Presidential speculation)—would have required putting the process on hold while an examination of Cuomo's records went on, or going ahead without such an examination. Besides, some argued, Cuomo didn't fit the idea of presenting the Democrats as a new, post-liberal Party, or the ticket as representing, as some Clinton advisers wanted, a new generation of leadership. Also, Gore, who clearly wanted the job, came very well prepared to his interview with Clinton. The chance to run for Vice-President was a no-lose proposition for him: if Clinton won, Gore would be Vice-President, with plenty of time to run for the Presidency; and if Clinton lost, unless it was such a narrow loss that he would have a claim on the nomination in 1996, Gore would be in a strong position to win the nomination. (Unless, of course, he screwed up.) According to a Clinton aide, "By the time Gore was chosen, he knew the Clinton record and biography and had as good a sense of our strategy as an outsider could have."

Gore (like Cuomo) met two unusual criteria that the Clinton people had in mind. Aware that Clinton was seen as a trimmer, they wanted someone who came across as definite in his views—who could say right or wrong or yes or no. Also aware that the Bush



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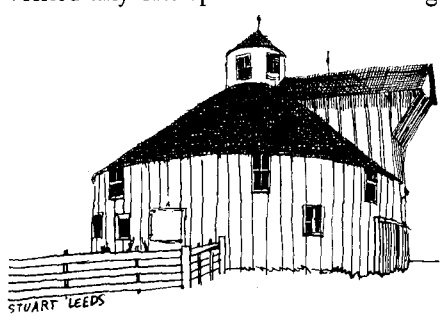
campaign—directly or indirectly—was likely to come at Clinton hard, with some rough stuff, they wanted someone with the ability to stand up and give them hell when they did it. Gore's having taken to the Senate floor in March of last year to roundly tell off the Administration for threatening to brand as unpatriotic those Democrats who had opposed going to war with Iraq before sanctions had been tried longer—Gore himself had supported the war—made a big impression on Party leaders. One person who took note was Bill Clinton. A key Clinton adviser told me, "Gore's speech really impressed Bill. It was one of the things that were talked about—that Gore knows how to fight back." Also, because Clinton was so undefined in people's minds Gore was seen as someone who could reinforce the images Clinton was trying to project: young, modern, moderate. And Gore filled in some of the gaps in Clinton's record: he is well versed in military issues (Clinton isn't); and he's a bona-fide environmentalist, having published a best-seller on the subject and appeared prominently at the Rio environmental summit. Arkansas's environmental record ranks very low, and the Bush campaign was bound to come at Clinton on this. (However, it began right away to attack Gore as an "environmental élitist.") Gore's having had the experience of running in a national campaign before—however unsuccessfully—and with no scandals erupting around him, also gave him a big advantage over the other possible Vice-Presidential candidates. And, in a three-way race, Gore could help Clinton carry some Southern and other states that might have been available to the Democrats. Ross Perot's pulling out changed all that, but by then Gore had—improbably enough—become the rage of the Democratic Party, and was presumed to be helpful in other states.

It spoke well of Clinton that he chose Gore, who is probably as smart as Clinton is, is nearly the same age, and has been a sort of rival. (Christopher had quietly checked around as to what people thought would be the chemistry between them.) When Gore and his handsome family joined the Clintons and their daughter outside the Governor's mansion in Little Rock, the picture sent a powerful message of youth and energy and smarts. Clinton couldn't help underlining the point by saying that this was his first important decision, and if it was measured against Bush's first decision he should be elected President. Gore was an unlikely rage, because his 1988 campaign for the Democratic nomination was notably unsuccessful: he played the heavy in the debates and was an often wooden and sometimes even klutzy campaigner. His strategy was flawed. But Gore, being very smart, was able to learn from his mistakes. He doesn't have a lot of close friends in the Senate—his colleagues say he tends to hog issues—and usually comes across as very controlled, and even solemn. But the control and the Clark Kent looks are only part of the story; in relaxing circumstances, Gore can be very funny. The control seems to stem from the fact that so much has been expected of him for so long that he came across as an old young man. His mental range is wide, and he can be very interesting—more so than Clinton, because he doesn't talk at you quite so much—but they both have a bit of the pedant in them. Though Gore's delivery of his acceptance speech struck many as wooden, it was a big improvement over four years ago. Yet at least one Party leader thinks the public might tire of Gore over time if he doesn't lighten up more.

HAVING thought not very long before that they were about to nominate a politically dead man, the Democrats, now with a smidgen of hope, began their Convention in a far more upbeat mood than could have been expected. Despite history, Democrats are optimists, and now the very idea that Clinton had a chance to win transformed the atmosphere of the Convention from what it might have been. The Convention managers blew the opportunity to fire up the troops in the keynote speech. By divvying it up among three speakers (the Clinton camp couldn't make up its mind), they prevented any one speaker from building to a crescendo; and two of the speakers, Bill Bradley and Barbara Jordan, were disappointments. But the Convention went well enough to meet Ron Brown's and Clinton's goals. Brown deftly defused potential trouble with Jesse Jackson and Jerry Brown; though Jackson parlayed a ten-minute speaking allocation (not in prime time) into a half-hour address, he seemed to recognize that he was a diminished force. Not having run this time (Ron Brown, who had advised him in 1988, helped talk him out of it), Jackson was without delegates and without much leverage. Clinton had continued to be standoffish toward him, saying shortly before the Convention, in answer to a question about Jackson's not having endorsed him yet, "He'll just have to make up his own mind on that, like every American." With Jackson's star fading, other black leaders were no longer afraid to stand up to him, and some had gone ahead and endorsed Clinton. (Shortly before the Convention began, Jackson did endorse Clinton, halfheartedly.) Thus Clinton was spared the indignity of having to negotiate with Jackson before all the world, as Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis had.



Despite the euphoria that built as the Convention went on, some Democratic elected officials one encountered weren't swept up in the mood. (The Dukakis Convention had ended on a high note, too.) They remembered the concern earlier in the year that there might be more damaging stories about Clinton's sex life; because nothing new had broken since the Gennifer Flowers episode, many Democrats had been lulled into thinking that that danger was past. The Clinton camp, among others, knew that it wasn't, and even had to put out some fires in New York. The hope in the Clinton camp is that the public will be turned off by such dirt-throwing tactics—a reaction they are deliberately encouraging. If so, this would be a change, because negative campaigning usually works. The Bush campaign plans to attack inconsistencies in Clinton's record, and in what he has said. One Bush operative says, "Voters have put on hold the doubts they had about him, and the task of the Bush campaign is to remind voters why they had the doubts in the first place." This person also said, "It's real tough for a guy like Bill Clinton to talk about family values." The fact

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that both Clinton and Gore tried marijuana will be used to question their bona fides in the fight against drug use. There have been several indications, in private conversations with the Bush camp, that much will be made of Clinton's draft history. A model of what is to come was set forth last weekend when Jake Garn, Republican senator from Utah, introducing Bush to a large crowd at Brigham Young University, criticized Clinton's draft story. (In 1988 Bush essentially let others do the dirty work, and this year has said, "We're going to keep it on the issues.") Clinton's response established the pattern set by his camp: "It shows how impoverished they are. They have nothing to say to America, nothing to be for, no record to run on, no vision of the future." Clinton also counterpunched (after Dan Quayle, of all people, had entered the fray over Clinton's draft record), by saying that if not having served in Vietnam is a disqualifier, it would apply to Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, Quayle, and Bush's sons. This was a warning shot to the Administration, a demonstration that it wasn't dealing with another Michael Dukakis.

ONE of the striking themes of the Convention was that the role of women in politics will be vastly increased this year, and that abortion rights and the Supreme Court are now salient issues. The Clarence Thomas–Anita Hill hearings, the fumbling by the all-male Senate Judiciary Committee, turn out to have been a radicalizing event—galvanizing more women to run for elective office than might have done so, and contributing to their success. Seven women have already won nomination to Senate seats, and a number of others have entered primaries to come. Fourteen Senate seats are being sought by women candidates. (There are now two women senators.) An unprecedented hundred and fifty-two women are running for House seats. For years, Democratic Presidential candidates have tried to get the public to understand that it mattered that seats on the Supreme Court were at stake in the Presidential election—and now people finally do. Each time a Convention speaker mentioned the role of women in politics, the Thomas hearings, or the Supreme Court, the Convention audience cheered. (This made it all the more strange that Clinton didn't mention the Court in his acceptance speech.)

ROSS PEROT's announcement, on the last day of the Convention, that he was pulling out of a Presidential race he had never formally entered ripped like a cannonball through New York. The Clinton camp hadn't tried to disguise the fact that it was counting on Perot's presence in the race to give Clinton a shot at winning. In addition to making some states available that otherwise would not have been, Perot's presence would have given the Clinton camp time to collect itself for the general election (it has a long way to go, but then so does Bush's), and perhaps kept the Bush campaign's artillery aimed at Perot for a while longer. The working assumption within the Clinton camp was that Perot's first batch of votes came from Bush, so they hoped that in the end Perot would garner about thirteen per cent of the vote. They also hoped that Perot's support would be unevenly spread among the states, giving them a shot at certain ones, and they wanted him out of the way in California, which they thought that Clinton could win in a two-way race. Within minutes of Perot's "withdrawal," Bush and Clinton raced to appeal to his followers (Clinton got there first), and the man whom both camps had reviled (the Clinton camp very sparingly) was treated as if he were a great sage. Despite the fact that Perot's retreat upended the Clinton people's plan, Clinton aides, having quickly come up with a new "spin," soon materialized in the lobby of the Intercontinental Hotel, where the Clinton camp was staying, and told one and all that this was a good development, because it left only one candidate in the race who is for change, and two-thirds of the American people, by saying that they were for Clinton or Perot, had indicated that they wanted change. The disconsolate look on the face of one key Clinton aide conveyed what was undoubtedly the true feeling in the Clinton camp.

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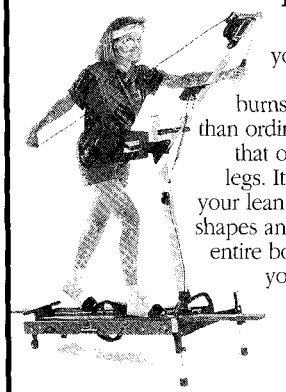

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one to put away the studies of what would happen if the election went to the House of Representatives, and to pull out the old targeting maps for a two-way race. The immediate effect was to see Perot's withdrawal as being to Bush's advantage, given the Republicans' traditional advantage in the Electoral College. But if Clinton could win California, with its fifty-four electoral votes—and even some Bush people think he could—the electoral arithmetic begins to change. Perot's playing with the idea of trying to affect the outcome in various states by staying on the ballots is an uncertain threat, given his behavior, and is an example of how hard it is for even "non-politicians" to leave the stage.

It shouldn't have come as such a surprise that Perot picked up his marbles and went home; he had had a pattern of doing that when confronted with something too difficult (like the reorganization of G.M.). There had been several signs that he didn't understand what he was getting into, and thought that success in business could be easily transferred to politics. There was always something preposterous about his running for President—despite his protestations, it did seem like an ego trip—and for a man who has been at least on the fringes of public policy for a long time, he was strikingly uninformed. He proved unable to delegate and not particularly good at listening (this wasn't new)—nor was he as willing to spend his fortune as he had indicated. The professional advisers he had brought in—Hamilton Jordan and Ed Rollins—were nearly going crazy trying to deal with him, and they had difficulty themselves in figuring out how to turn the initial grass-roots movement by amateurs into a serious Presidential campaign. There was tension between the amateurs and the professionals throughout the Perot campaign, and Rollins' resignation on the Wednesday of the Democratic Convention (actually, it appears that he was pushed out) was but one sign of the serious discontent within the campaign. (Jordan had been hinting that he might leave.) Perot, by several accounts, was taken aback by the ferocious attack on him by the Bush forces, and had come to realize, as a result of the work done by advisers he had brought in to school him on the issues, that he couldn't, as he had been saying, eliminate the budget deficit "without breaking a sweat." The plan his advisers came up with would have caused a political explosion, but, if he had had the courage to go forward with it, it might have been the first honest acknowledgment by a Presidential candidate of the kinds of things that need to be done to reduce the deficit since Walter Mondale's 1984 pledge to raise taxes. (The national debt is now two and a half times larger than it was then.)

It will probably be some time before we know the full political effect of Perot's selling out millions of people angry with the political system, who had put their faith in him. The man who had not long before quoted Winston Churchill, saying "Never give in. Never give in. Never. Never. Never. Never," turned tail and ran. He may have paved the way for a less benign demagogue in the future.

THE picturesque and politically smart bus caravan taking the Clintons and the Gores from New York to small towns in eight "heartland" states this week attracted enthusiastic crowds and was given big play on television, thus extending the positive lift provided Clinton by the Convention. The two men's campaigning together creates a synergy. The attention to the Clinton-Gore ticket has masked the astonishing deterioration in President Bush's position; his campaign is adrift, waiting for James Baker to come in and straighten it (and Bush) out, and Washington is full of rumors that Quayle—and even Bush—won't be on the Republican ticket. Bush has denied both, but some people think the Quayle matter isn't closed. The possible imminent showdown with Iraq is being viewed here, inevitably, in terms of its potential political effect.

Despite some squandered opportunities, Clinton has done a good job of reversing his political fortunes. Now it's up to Bush to try to turn things around. —ELIZABETH DREW

•

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BOOKS

A Steely Glitter Chasing Shadows

WHAT is John Ashbery's single-poem book "Flow Chart" (Knopf; $20)? A two-hundred-and-fifteen-page lyric; a diary; a monitor screen registering a moving EEG; a thousand and one nights; Penelope's web unravelling; views from Argus' hundred eyes; a book of riddles; a ham-radio station; an old trunk full of memories; a rubbish dump; a Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations"; a Last Folio; a vaudeville act. It is maddening, enthralling, and funny by turns; its sentences are like chains of crystal alternating with jello. It makes Ashbery's past work (except for those poems in "The Tennis Court Oath," his experiment in the surreal) seem serenely classical, well ordered, pure, shapely, and, above all, *short*.

Since the sixties, Ashbery has consistently been writing experimental poems that have both continued and revised American lyric. In interviews he has professed a bland astonishment that his ruminations should seem to his readers different from their own. He is probably right in assuming that what Stevens called "the hum of thoughts evaded in the mind" must be, in a given time and place, rather alike from mind to mind. In my own case, by entering into some bizarrely tuned pitch inside myself I can find myself on Ashbery's wavelength, where everything at the symbolic level makes sense. The irritating (and seductive) thing about this tuning in is that it can't be willed; I can't make it happen when I am tired or impatient. But when the frequencies meet, the effect on me is Ashbery's alone, and it is a form of trance.

Ashbery is, above all, a poet of the moral life, but his means are the means of farce: pratfalls, absurd scenarios, preposterous coincidences, a Chaplinesque wistfulness, and—something often absent in farce—a hatful of colored scarves of language. He says awful things about life, but he puts a comic spin on them, a double take of irony. He excels especially in the fertility with which he imagines catastrophe:

> Then the fun begins
> in earnest, blows rain
> down from all over, chopping-block sounds,
> you think mechanically of Mary Stuart
> and Lady
> Jane Grey, holding on to your forelock, cap
> in hand, of course.

In Ashbery's amiably malign universe, however, no sooner is the speaker crushed by circumstance than he's up and running again. As if in a speeded-up film, we are allowed a brief frame of comedy—

> Yet certainly
> there are some bright spots, and when you
> listen to the laughter
> in the middle of these it makes for more than
> a cosmetic truth

—but no sooner does cheerfulness break in than something silently menacing heaves into view: "The hangar gets unbearably hot and very smelly."

Like the continually recycled rolling theatrical backdrop used to simulate a landscape seen from a train, Ashbery's recurrent farce of naïve hopes rudely demolished keeps being run past us throughout "Flow Chart." A mimicry of innocence-constantly-turning-into-experience is hardly new in literature, but Ashbery rewrites the theme in slang and slapstick, and creates on that music-hall background various silhouettes of love, landscape, and art. There he is, "like a daisy on muck," as the pristine poem rises out of the slime of life and language.

There's a brave despair in "Flow Chart"—more, I think, than in Ashbery's earlier books. Philosophically, he has always been a skeptic, and his incorrigibly comic side precludes the satisfying comfort of gloomy skepticism of the German variety. His pretense is always one of genial chat, but the chat increasingly includes moments of guilt, dismay, self-reproach, sadness, and exhaustion. The superficial camaraderie eventually seems a treble ostinato against which we hear more clearly the sighs and screams from the torture chamber. To present torture in terms of farce is a Beckettian ideal that Ashbery shares: "And behind/the barn it behooves us again to take up the principle, so like the art/of tragedy and so unlike." It is not quite tragedy, because it has no ultimate sanction from God or Fate: "I see/far, in looking, out over a life, the strange, wrenching mess of it." And Ashbery is a master of the unexplained mess, here the dissolution of a former bond:

> Patiently you again show me my name in the
> register where I wrote it.
> But I'll be off now, there's no point in thanking
> me for what I haven't done, nor in
> my thanking you for all the things you did for
> me, the good things and the less good.
> In riper times of trial we stayed together. But
> in this kind of bleached-out crisis-
> feeling, the best one can do is remain polite
> while dreaming of revenge in another key.

Just when something in life has acquired "variation, texture," then "the sanitation department decreed/it was coming through," and, helpless, one sees one's possessions—friendships,

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loves—ground up in the hopper of Fate's garbage truck.

The despair in Ashbery is peerlessly matched by his superb dramas of the complacent self-justification we all resort to. There is very little to be said for life, for its listless or agonized days followed by an inevitable execution:

> Still, life is reasonably absorbing
> and there's a lot of nice people around. Most days are well fed
> and relaxing, and one can improve one's mind a little
> by going out to a film or having a chat with that special friend; and before
> you know it it's time to brush your teeth and go to bed.

Not that this pabulum of self-reassurance can last long. Truth breaks in:

> Why then, does that feeling
> of emptiness keep turning up like a stranger you've seen dozens of times, out-of-focus
> usually, standing toward the rear of the bus or fishing for coins at the newsstand? . . .
> Unfortunately we must die, and after that no one is sure what happens. Accounts vary.

Yet ostrichlike defenses against the truth recur, as a heaven is supposed after death:

> But we
> most of us feel we'll be made comfortable for much of the time after that, and get credit
> for the (admittedly) few nice things we did, and no one is going to make too much
> of a fuss over those we'd rather draw the curtain over, and besides, we can't see
> much that was wrong in them, there are two sides to every question.

If a *frisson* of emptiness follows our perception of oncoming death, then the excuses of self-regard immediately obscure the *frisson*. In this way Ashbery traces the flirtings of the mind with moral awareness, and exposes its quick scurrying to its preferred and pathetic holes of security.

Perhaps no other recent lyric poet has so swallowed the entire range of the spoken and written language of his time and then, like a mother bird, regurgitated it (delicately rearranged) as food for readers. Eliot, Pound, and Moore all incorporated "low" language that fin-de-siècle lyric had tried to do without, but Ashbery has taken the modernist experiment to its end point: to boilerplate, advertising, doggerel, obscenity, technology, media talk—the subliterary of all kinds. At the same time, he adds piquancy to his offered dish with the condiments of the past: archaisms, the dated language of flappers and lounge lizards, quotations from the canon, ancient children's books, nursery rhymes. This happens not only at the level of words but at the levels of grammar and syntax. Rarely has an exquisite writer deliberately written so banally.

At the level of genre, Ashbery is a joyous parodist. There is scarcely a received genre that doesn't emerge here doing a comic turn as a parody of itself. Most of these passages in "Flow Chart" are too long to quote: a nice one can be found on pages 106-107 parodying parataxis—a syntax in which sentences are joined by connectives like "and" or "then" or "but." This is the interminable linear syntax in which most of us tell our dreams or the plots of movies. Yet a nobler paratactic style descends to us from the grand simplicities of Genesis, the Gospels, and fairy stories, and interference from these transmissions keeps breaking into Ashbery's modern broadcast:

> And Joan she said
> too it was like being dead only she didn't care, she might as well be anyway, for all
> she cared, and then someone came back with beef. And said here
> put a rose on this, you're not afraid, you do it, and someone said, O if the law
> decree it he must do it. . . .
> And then in the shade they put their heads
> together, and one comes back, the others being a little way off, and says, who
> do you think taught you to disobey in the first place? And he says, my father.
> And at that they were all struck dumb . . . *and it was all over for that day.*

Ashbery's absurdly long lines seem to say that the nutrition in this contemporary paratactic language is so thinned out that we need a lot of words to get anywhere at all. The miraculous concision of "real poetry" is thereby laid bare as the highest "artificiality" (in the best sense).

The necessity of recording everything, of being "one of those on whom nothing is lost" (Henry James, in one of Ashbery's raisin-quotations elaborating the pudding), is a theme to which Ashbery often returns. "Did it ever occur" to preachers, he says, that we human beings "aren't/as they imagine us, or even as we imagine ourselves, but more like bales/of hay, already harvested but still sitting around, waiting for someone to put them/in the barn before rain and rodents have their way with them?" The labor of the Keatsian harvester—to shelter, in the "rich garners" of poems, himself, his readers, and their culture before the rains and rats get them—is never-ending. If Ashbery is convinced of anything under his affable skepticism, it is that tomorrow won't be like today; his poetry is a continual approximation of Zeno's paradox: No matter how you hasten toward your goal, you will always be unable to reach it.

As Ashbery waits for "my/boulder that rushes to me yet hangs suspended/like mistletoe," he harvests his bales, his gathered stacks of paper. The daily burden of living in constant awareness is now (Ashbery is over sixty) harder and harder labor:

> The page
> that was waiting to be turned had grown heavy as a barren mountain range, and armies
> of civil engineers equipped with the latest in pulleys, winches, sprockets, and windlasses
> were just at that moment attempting to negotiate its sheer sides, with little success.

One feels reading these lines a pulse of buoyant recognition that someone has here recorded the sullen effort of shifting, in late middle age, into a new phase. At the same time, one recognizes that Ashbery (whose lexical range is enormous, and who rarely repeats a word) is absolutely delighted to have found a use in lyric for the unlikely words "civil engineers," "pulleys," "winches," "sprockets," and "windlasses." The old metaphor of the soul's multiple powers (intellect, will, imagination, reason, etc.) pulling together has been Napoleonically updated to the technology of empire, retaining just enough old-fashionedness to be charming, and given just enough metallic modernity to quell all that nonsense (so Ashbery implies) of medieval psychology.

"Flow Chart," though it is divided into six sections, and though it masquerades as a narrative, is really a lyric poem, in that it imitates the structure of narrative while not having a narrative theme. There is no real end to the flow of the flow chart, and no one ever progresses in it except in circles. It is true that the beginning of each section of the poem acts like a beginning, and the end like an ending, but there are any number of mini-beginnings and crypto-endings scattered through the whole book. At times, Ashbery even seems to be telling us that this is his last work,

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that henceforth we are on our own:

I have no further bread and cheese for you; these days I count little
but the linens folded in my scented cedar closets, folded up against time, in case
I ever have a use for them; and you, you others, have only to break away
like chunks of ice from the much larger iceberg to accomplish your destiny, that day in court
the monkeys and jesters seemed to promise you—or was it a bad dream?

The infrastructure of all this—folded sheets of poems in closets ("presses," in the old sense), the Melville/Bishop iceberg, the vaguely Shakespearean monkeys and jesters, the ambiguous Keatsian "or was it a bad dream?"—is constructed from the flotsam and jetsam of culture. While Arnold and Eliot tended to quote their poetic touchstones directly, Ashbery, though perfectly willing to insert the odd line of "The Castaway," prefers to embed his allusions in weird and funny ways. The Bible, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Marvell, Cowper, Blake, Keats, Arnold, Hopkins, Whitman, Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, Henry James, Stevens, Eliot make cameo appearances here but chimerically altered: Hamlet's "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" turns up, for instance, as "the snakes and ladders/of outrageous fortune." Both the stately "Game of Chess" and "What the Thunder Said," from "The Waste Land," appear in parodic form:

Even in my late forties I patiently awaited this. After dinner she played Kjerulf. We sipped tea, looking at each other. . . .
Another day we read the thunder its own prepared statement.

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata. The sheer effrontery of Eliot's incorporating a "prepared statement" for thunder amuses Ashbery, and his wit at Eliot's expense marks a deep debt to and love for Eliot. But a scavenger hunt for manhandled quotations is not what Ashbery's reader is in the game for. Rather, the reader receives a highly idiosyncratic introduction to the contents of what Stevens called "a trash can at the end of the world," where all culture comes eventually to rest as pieces of itself.

In the past, the symbolic code that all poets resort to has usually been a fairly self-consistent one, no matter how heterodox. Scholars have felt that they could figure out Blake's or Yeats' "system," and make reasonable deductions about the author's symbolic intent. Ashbery of course has to write partly in the inherited code—the autumn of life, harvest as one's final ingathering, palaces as elaborate constructions, earthquakes and storms as catastrophe, etc.—but he also departs from old poetic codes for a freakish one of his own. In his code, "the sanitation department" stands temporarily for whatever mysterious extinction-machine vacuums up relationships; the next time the force of destruction shows up, however, it will be called "rain and rodents," or a dam that overflows, or the fate that makes you "wash up like a piece of polyester at the gulf's festering edge." Metaphors in Ashbery succeed each other vertiginously. One reads on the qui vive, riding the crests of ever-new imagery while, on some subliminal level, doing the decoding and relishing the sport.

The code is not always breakable. Ashbery feels free to use private information inaccessible to his reader (if only so that his autobiography in verse can be an intimate one, and the reticence that means so much to him will remain unviolated). We know that he will not reveal personal particulars; when he speaks, in one of his characteristic mixed metaphors, of "the skein of secret misery lobbed from generation to generation," we will not be told what went wrong among the Ashberys. But we are grateful to have the secret misery named as the shameful burden it is, and to see noted the parental insouciance with which it is passed down: "Here, it's *your* serve; *you* knit something with it." And when the code works it becomes a wonderful shorthand.

Here, in shorthand, is something about (so I gather) growing up among adults, and growing up gay, and changing by night (in one's own mind and perhaps in that of others) into a monster, and (another source of adolescent embarrassment) shooting up to over six feet. A recollection of adult advice opens the passage:

Retreat, retreat! was all they ever said, and seemed sometimes not to know what they meant. Thus night
appears to have existed always, and to one's surprise one finds oneself
adapting to it as though one had never known anything else, and growing fangs and howling
at the moon and avoiding questions from loved ones and overreacting.
Now it was time to be tall too, a further complication.

This sort of disguised autobiography runs

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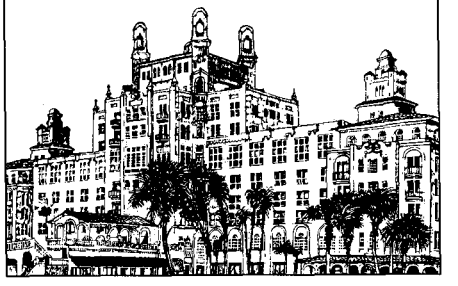

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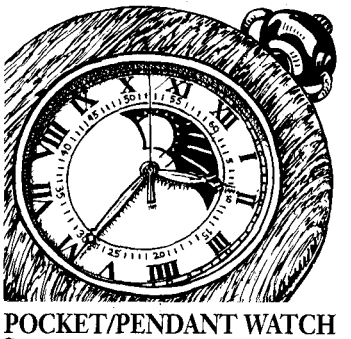

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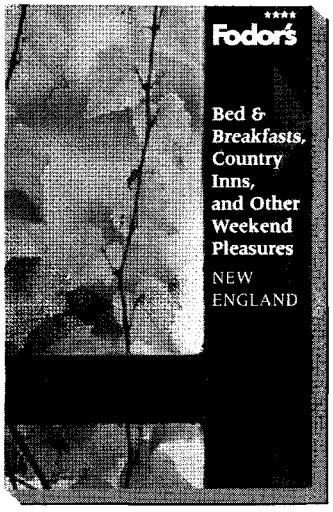

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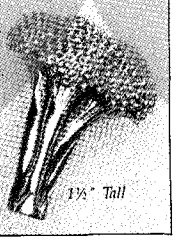

all through Part IV of "Flow Chart."

It is discouraging to be Ashbery, because the very culture of which he is the linguistic recorder cannot read him, so densely woven is the web of his text. His very effect—that one is gazing down through a stream of transparent words into pure consciousness—depends on the reader's noting, at least subconsciously, the whole orchestral potential of the English language, high and low, sufficiently to register the oboes here, the triangle there, the snare drums somewhere else. "Flow Chart" is like one huge party line, with everyone in the English-speaking world, past and present, from Chaucer to Ann Landers, interrupting each other in incessant fragments. This apparently aleatory music is conducted only by an invisible master at the synthesizer. The whole is too big to be subordinated to criticism: no critical essay could hope to control, except in very general terms, the sheer volume of linguistic and psychological data presented by the poem.

A COUPLE of years ago, I came across (in *Poetry New York 3*, published by the CUNY Graduate Center) a poem written by a philosopher named Frank White; it is called "On First Looking Into Ashbery." It recognizes how uninhibited Ashbery is, and how stuffy he makes his academic readers feel:

When you read the real thing,
A living poet speaking your language,
Colloquial, but in the poet's own give-away tones,
Picking over your common existence
Like a practiced hand at a rummage sale,
You almost choke on your own discourse,
Wonder how you can ever wear it in public again—
So out of date, so over-worn, so ill-suited to the occasion
It somehow suddenly seems.

And yet the philosopher-speaker bounces back, realizing that Ashbery's unfettered voice has the exhilarating effect of altering his own constricted one:

But only for a moment. The panic passes.
Soon you are having your say again,
Scared but talking back,
Accent barely detectably affected,
Having added one more high-fidelity speaker
To your sound equipment.

All poets are "high-fidelity speakers," transmitting what Hopkins called "the current language heightened"; but Ashbery, like such narrative or dramatic writers as Chaucer and Shakespeare, and unlike most lyric poets, has made this linguistic fidelity to the entire current language a notable area of experiment. His total "Sonata of Experience" has by now had such a sing-along effect that the literary magazines are full of his imitators, trailing inconsequence, slang, and jokes. But the imitators don't have Ashbery's inexhaustible vocabulary, and they don't have his Proustian syntax, not to mention his rueful self-mockery and his lavish decorativeness. "Flow Chart" contains, for example, a double sestina; its end words, according to Ashbery, are borrowed from a double sestina by Swinburne. (And with the mention of Swinburne another Ashbery affiliation is revealed. Both poets are makers of a liquid cascade of words: "Come speak with me," says Ashbery, "behind the screen of the waterfall's Holophane.")

For all his appearance of decadence and camp, Ashbery is rendering an account, at once strict and voluminous, of a naked contemporary moral consciousness that most of us still shrink from, and doing so in a language more ample than most of us can wield as our own. Poetry, says Ashbery, usually appears as "this purple weather/with the eye of a god attached, that sees/inward and outward." That definition speaks of poetry's psychological acuteness and also of its claim to render the objective world.

But there is another poetry, written in what Keats called "a finer tone," which passes beyond both psychology and description, and leaps into a savage and thrilling authority of language. No more than any other poet would Ashbery assert that such poetry is in his voluntary power, but, in the single most transfixing passage in "Flow Chart," he imagines it:

> And then everything you were going to say and
> everything they were going to say to you in reply would erupt
> in lightning, a steely glitter chasing shadows like a pack
> of hounds, once they tasted the flavor of blood, and then this light would gradually
> form prickly engraved letters on a page—*but who would read that!*

Lightning-letters—let him read them who dares. But also engraved, formal; the letters of an invitation. And prickly—they draw blood. Who would not want to read that? —HELEN VENDLER

•

Graduating with a BFA in painting from Northern Arizona University in 1976, Ernest Wilmeth turned to clay in 1982.—*Program of the New Mexico Arts and Crafts Fair.*

Pity.

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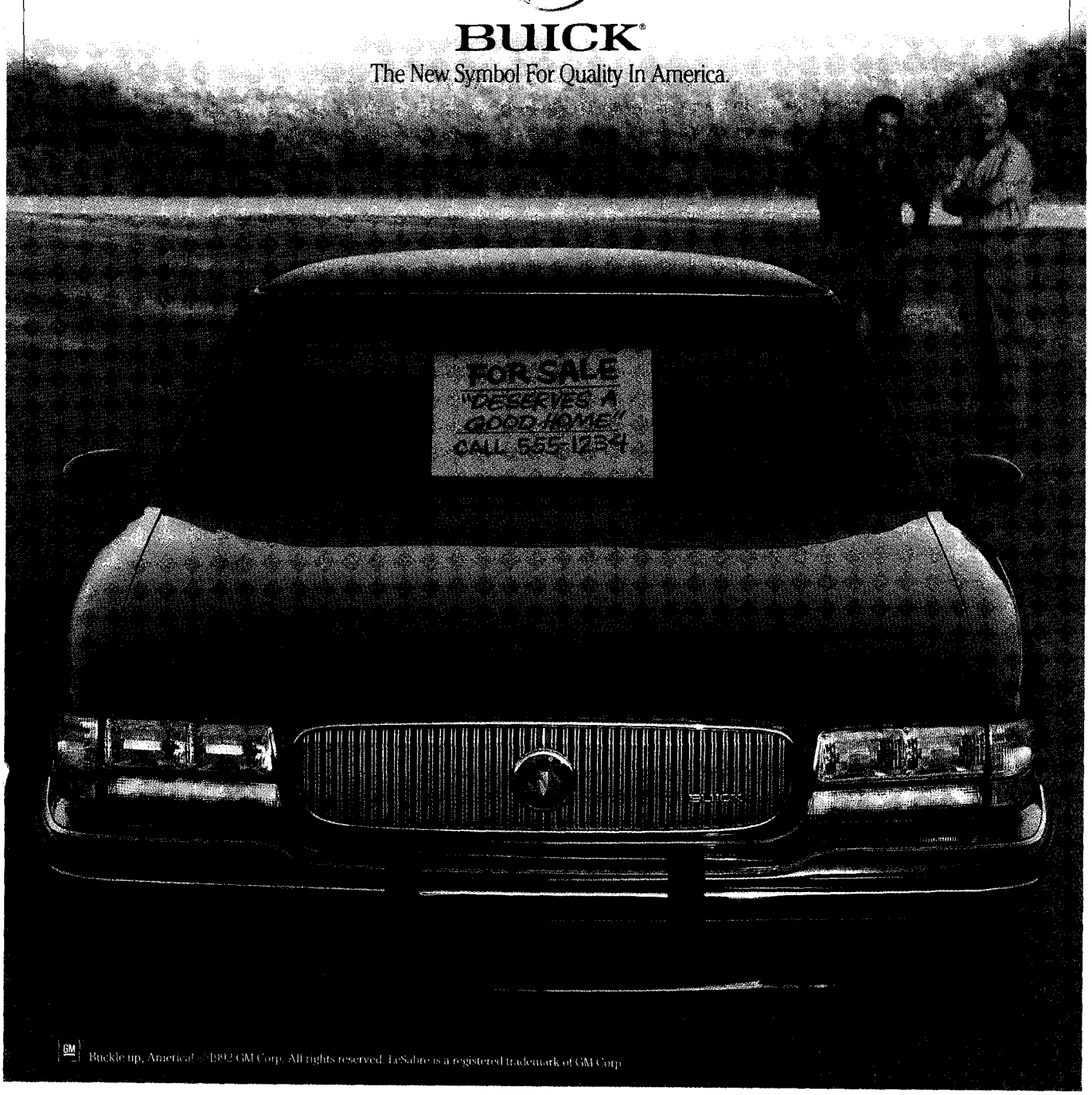

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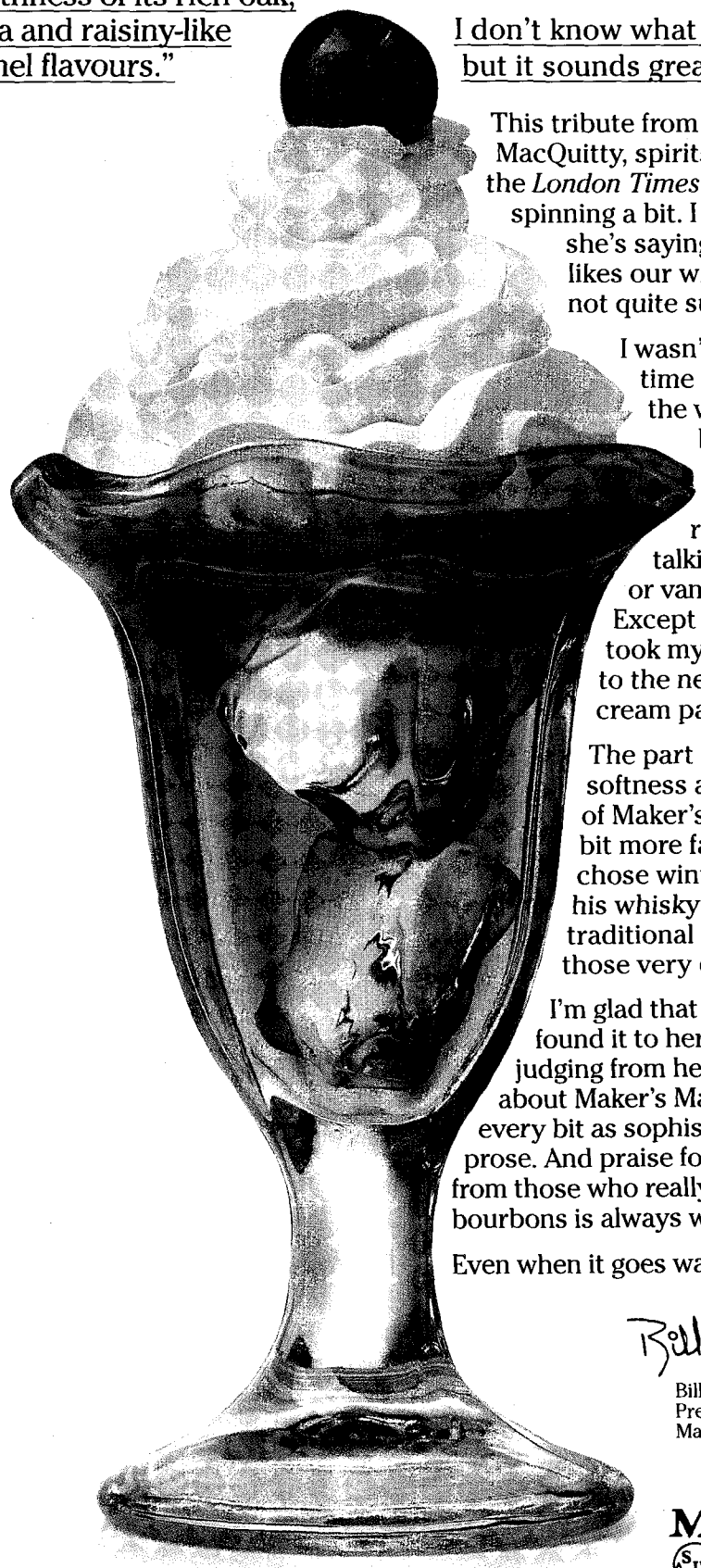
The London Times said of Maker's Mark, "What separates this bourbon from the rest is the softness and smoothness of its rich oak, vanilla and raisiny-like caramel flavours."

I don't know what that means, but it sounds great.



This tribute from Jane MacQuitty, spirits writer for the *London Times*, has my head spinning a bit. I think what she's saying is that she likes our whisky, but I'm not quite sure.

I wasn't there at the time my Dad created the whisky that became Maker's Mark, but I can't ever remember him talking about raisins or vanilla or caramel. Except maybe when he took my sister and me to the neighborhood ice cream parlor.

The part about the softness and smoothness of Maker's Mark sounds a bit more familiar. Dad chose winter wheat for his whisky instead of the traditional rye to give it those very qualities.

I'm glad that Ms. MacQuitty found it to her liking, because judging from her comments about Maker's Mark, her palate is every bit as sophisticated as her prose. And praise for our whisky from those who really appreciate fine bourbons is always welcome.

Even when it goes way over my head.

Bill Samuels, Jr.

Bill Samuels, Jr.
President
Maker's Mark Distillery

Maker's Mark®

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, KY 40037, 45% Alc./Vol. (90 Proof), Fully Matured

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